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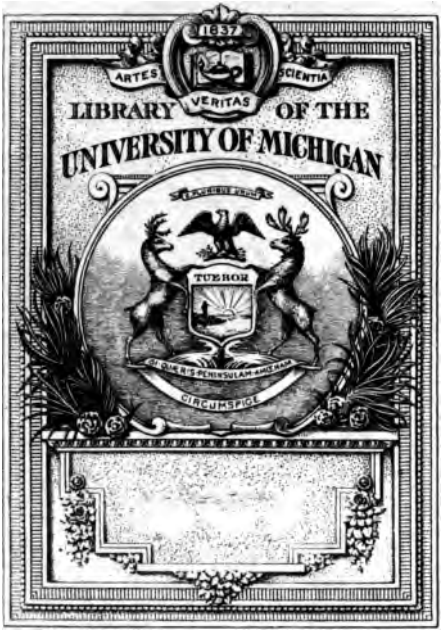
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EARTHAM.

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That [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
Upheld [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

By Mary"

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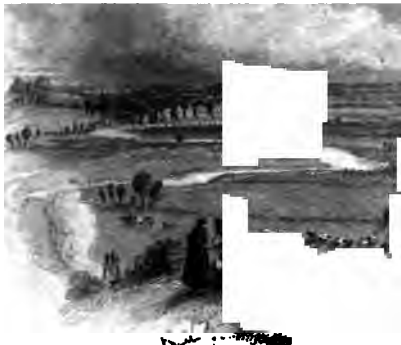

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THE

WORKS

OF

WILLIAM COWPER, Esq.

COMPRISING

HIS POEMS,

CORRESPONDENCE, AND TRANSLATIONS.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY THE EDITOR,

ROBERT SOUTHEY, Esq. LL. D.

POET LAUREATE, ETC.

VOL. X.

LONDON:
BALDWIN AND CRADOCK,
PATERNOSTER ROW.
1837.

CHISWICK PRESS:
C. WHITTINGHAM, COLLEGE HOUSE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS volume contains the remainder of Cowper's posthumous Poems, and the Translation of Andreini's Adamo, the joint work of Cowper and Hayley at Eartham, when Johnny of Norfolk "acted as Secretary, and committed the composition to paper, as it proceeded from the lips of the two social translators."

The version was made from one of the Milan editions, (1613. 1617.) There are great alterations in the later one of Perugia, (1640;) but if the translators had been aware of this when they commenced this work, they would still, says Hayley, have preferred the earlier copy, as best answering their "main purpose of enabling the reader to judge how far it is probable that the imagination of Milton might have caught fire from the ideas of Andreini, since the translation exhibits those ideas just as they appeared in that copy of the Adamo which Milton must have read, if he read any, during his travels in Italy. For the edition of Perugia

was not printed till several years after the return of our great poet to his own country."

The translation was first published by Hayley in that edition of Milton's Poetical Works which contained his own life of the poet, with Cowper's translations of the Latin and Italian poems, and Cowper's annotations; and which he entitled Cowper's Milton. It was printed at Chichester, in four volumes crown octavo, 1810.

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THE

POEMS

OF

WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

ON THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

(TO THE MARCH IN SCIPIO.)

WRITTEN WHEN THE NEWS ARRIVED.

Toll for the brave!
The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel,
And laid her on her side;

A land breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset;
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!
Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
His last sea-fight is fought;
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;
No tempest gave the shock;
She sprang no fatal leak;
She ran upon no rock:

His sword was in its sheath;
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down,
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes!
And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again,
Full-charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone;
His victories are o'er;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the wave no more.

IN SUBMERSIONEM NAVIGII, CUI GEORGIUS REGALE NOMEN, INDITUM.

PLANGIMUS fortes. Periére fortes,
Patrium propter perière littus
Bis quatèr centum; subitò sub alto
Æquore mersi.

Navis, innitens lateri, jacebat,
Malus ad summas trepidabat undas,
Cum levis, funes quatiens, ad imum
Depulit aura.

Plangimus fortes. Nimis, heu, caducam
Fortibus vitam voluêre Parcæ,
Nec sinunt ultra tibi nos recentes
Nectere laurus.

Magne, qui nomen, licet incanorum,
Traditum ex multis atavis tulisti!
At tuos olim memorabit ævum
Omne triumphos.

Non hyems illos furibunda mersit,
Non mari in clauso scopuli latentes,
Fissa non rimis abies, nec atrox
Abstulit ensis.

Navitæ sed tum nimium jocosi
Voce fallebant hilari laborem,
Et quiescebat, calamoque dextram impleverat heros.

Vos, quibus cordi est grave opus piumque,
Humidum ex alto spolium levate,
Et putrescentes sub aquis amicos
Reddite amicis!

Hi quidem (sic Dîs placuit) fuêre:
Sed ratis, nondum putris, ire possit
Rursus in bellum, Britonumque nomen
Tollere ad astra.

THE NEGRO'S COMPLAINT.

Forced from home and all its pleasures,
Afric's coast I left forlorn,
To increase the stranger's treasures,
O'er the raging billows borne.
Men from England bought and sold me,
Paid my price in paltry gold;
But, though slave they have enroll'd me,
Minds are never to be sold.

Still in thought as free as ever,
What are England's rights, I ask,
Me from my delights to sever,
Me to torture, me to task?
Fleecy locks and black complexion
Cannot forfeit Nature's claim;
Skins may differ, but affection
Dwells in white and black the same.

Why did all creating Nature
Make the plant for which we toil?
Sighs must fan it, tears must water,
Sweat of ours must dress the soil.

Think, ye masters, iron-hearted,
Lolling at your jovial boards,
Think how many backs have smarted
For the sweets your cane affords.

Is there, as ye sometimes tell us,
Is there One who reigns on high?
Has He bid you buy and sell us,
Speaking from his throne, the sky?
Ask him, if your knotted scourges,
Matches, blood-extorting screws,
Are the means that duty urges
Agents of his will to use?

Hark! he answers!—Wild tornadoes
Strewing yonder sea with wrecks,
Wasting towns, plantations, meadows,
Are the voice with which he speaks.
He, foreseeing what vexations
Afric's sons should undergo,
Fix'd their tyrants' habitations
Where his whirlwinds answer—No.

By our blood in Afric wasted,
Ere our necks received the chain;
By the miseries that we tasted,
Crossing in your barks the main;
By our sufferings, since ye brought us
To the man-degrading mart,
All sustain'd by patience, taught us
Only by a broken heart!

Deem our nation brutes no longer,
Till some reason ye shall find
Worthier of regard and stronger
Than the colour of our kind.
Slaves of gold, whose sordid dealings
Tarnish all your boasted powers,
Prove that you have human feelings
Ere you proudly question ours!

PITY FOR POOR AFRICANS.

Video meliora proboque,
Deteriora sequor.——

I own I am shock'd at the purchase of slaves,
And fear those who buy them and sell them are knaves;
What I hear of their hardships, their tortures, and groans
Is almost enough to draw pity from stones.

I pity them greatly, but I must be mum,
For how could we do without sugar and rum?
Especially sugar, so needful we see;
What, give up our desserts, our coffee, and tea!

Besides, if we do, the French, Dutch, and Danes,
Will heartily thank us, no doubt, for our pains:
If we do not buy the poor creatures, they will;
And tortures and groans will be multiplied still.

If foreigners likewise would give up the trade,
Much more in behalf of your wish might be said;
But, while they get riches by purchasing blacks,
Pray tell me why we may not also go snacks?

Your scruples and arguments bring to my mind
A story so pat, you may think it is coin'd,
On purpose to answer you, out of my mint;
But I can assure you I saw it in print.

A youngster at school, more sedate than the rest,
Had once his integrity put to the test;
His comrades had plotted an orchard to rob,
And ask'd him to go and assist in the job.

He was shock'd, sir, like you, and answer'd—'Oh, no!
What! rob our good neighbour? I pray you don't go!
Besides the man's poor, his orchard's his bread:
Then think of his children, for they must be fed."

"You speak very fine, and you look very grave,
But apples we want, and apples we'll have;
If you will go with us, you shall have a share,
If not, you shall have neither apple nor pear."

They spoke, and Tom ponder'd—"I see they will go:
Poor man! what a pity to injure him so!
Poor man! I would save him his fruit if I could,
But staying behind will do him no good.

"If the matter depended alone upon me,
His apples might hang till they dropp'd from the tree;
But since they will take them, I think I'll go too;
He will lose none by me, though I get a few."

His scruples thus silenced, Tom felt more at ease,
And went with his comrades the apples to seize;
He blamed and protested, but join'd in the plan;
He shared in the plunder, but pitied the man.

THE MORNING DREAM.

'Twas in the glad season of spring,
  Asleep at the dawn of the day,
I dream'd what I cannot but sing,
  So pleasant it seem'd as I lay.
I dream'd that, on ocean afloat,
  Far hence to the westward I sail'd,
While the billows high lifted the boat,
  And the fresh-blowing breeze never fail'd.

In the steerage a woman I saw;
  Such at least was the form that she wore,
Whose beauty impress'd me with awe,
  Ne'er taught me by woman before.
She sat, and a shield at her side
  Shed light, like a sun on the waves,
And, smiling divinely, she cried—
  "I go to make freemen of slaves."

Then raising her voice to a strain
  The sweetest that ear ever heard,
She sung of the slave's broken chain
  Wherever her glory appear'd.
Some clouds, which had over us hung,
  Fled, chased by her melody clear,
And methought while she liberty sung,
  'Twas liberty only to hear.

Thus swiftly dividing the flood,
To a slave-cultured island we came,
Where a Demon, her enemy, stood—
Oppression his terrible name.
In his hand, as the sign of his sway,
A scourge hung with lashes he bore,
And stood looking out for his prey
From Africa's sorrowful shore.

But soon as approaching the land
That goddess-like woman he view'd,
The scourge he let fall from his hand,
With blood of his subjects imbrued.
I saw him both sicken and die,
And the moment the monster expired,
Heard shouts that ascended the sky,
From thousands with rapture inspired.

Awaking, how could I but muse
At what such a dream should betide?
But soon my ear caught the glad news,
Which served my weak thought for a guide,—
That Britannia, renown'd o'er the waves
For the hatred she ever had shown
To the black-sceptred rulers of slaves,
Resolves to have none of her own.

SWEET MEAT HAS SOUR SAUCE:

OR,

THE SLAVE-TRADER IN THE DUMPS.

A TRADER I am to the African shore,
But since that my trading is like to be o'er,
I'll sing you a song that you ne'er heard before,
Which nobody can deny, deny,
Which nobody can deny.

When I first heard the news it gave me a shock,
Much like what they call an electrical knock,
And now I am going to sell off my stock,
Which nobody can deny.

'Tis a curious assortment of dainty regales,
To tickle the Negroes with when the ship sails,
Fine chains for the neck, and a cat with nine tails,
Which nobody can deny.

Here's supple-jack plenty, and store of rat-tan,
That will wind itself round the sides of a man,
As close as a hoop round a bucket or can,
Which nobody can deny.

Here's padlocks and bolts, and screws for the thumbs,
That squeeze them so lovingly till the blood comes;
They sweeten the temper like comfits or plums,
Which nobody can deny.

When a Negro his head from his victuals withdraws,
And clenches his teeth and thrusts out his paws,
Here's a notable engine to open his jaws,
Which nobody can deny.

Thus going to market, we kindly prepare
A pretty black cargo of African ware,
For what they must meet with when they get there,
Which nobody can deny.

'Twould do your heart good to see 'em below
Lie flat on their backs all the way as we go,
Like sprats on a gridiron, scores in a row,
Which nobody can deny.

But ah! if in vain I have studied an art
So gainful to me, all boasting apart,
I think it will break my compassionate heart,
Which nobody can deny.

For oh! how it enters my soul like an awl!
This pity, which some people self-pity call,
Is sure the most heart-piercing pity of all,
Which nobody can deny.

So this is my song, as I told you before;
Come, buy off my stock, for I must no more
Carry Cæsars and Pompeys to Sugar-cane shore,
Which nobody can deny, deny,
Which nobody can deny.

THE VALEDICTION.

FAREWELL, false hearts! whose best affections fail,
Like shallow brooks which summer suns exhale;
Forgetful of the man whom once ye chose,
Cold in his cause, and careless of his woes;

I bid you both a long and last adieu!
Cold in my turn, and unconcern'd like you.
First, farewell Niger! whom, now duly proved,
I disregard as much as I have loved.
Your brain well furnished, and your tongue well taught
To press with energy your ardent thought,
Your senatorial dignity of face,
Sound sense, intrepid spirit, manly grace,
Have raised you high as talents can ascend,
Made you a peer, but spoilt you for a friend!
Pretend to all that parts have e'er acquired;
Be great, be fear'd, be envied, be admired;
To fame as lasting as the earth pretend,
But not hereafter to the name of friend!
I sent you verse, and, as your lordship knows,
Back'd with a modest sheet of humble prose,
Not to recall a promise to your mind,
Fulfill'd with ease had you been so inclined,
But to comply with feelings, and to give
Proof of an old affection still alive.
Your sullen silence serves at least to tell
Your alter'd heart; and so, my lord, farewell!
Next, busy actor on a meaner stage,
Amusement-monger of a trifling age,
Illustrious histrionic patentee,
Terentius, once my friend, farewell to thee!
In thee some virtuous qualities combine,
To fit thee for a nobler post than thine,
Who, born a gentleman, hast stoop'd too low,
To live by buskin, sock and raree-show.
Thy schoolfellow, and partner of thy plays,
When Nichol swung the birch and twined the bays,

And having known thee bearded and full grown,
The weekly censor of a laughing town,
I thought the volume I presumed to send,
Graced with the name of a long-absent friend,
Might prove a welcome gift, and touch thine heart,
Not hard by nature, in a feeling part.
But thou it seems, (what cannot grandeur do,
Though but a dream?) art grown disdainful too;
And strutting in thy school of queens and kings,
Who fret their hour and are forgotten things,
Hast caught the cold distemper of the day,
And, like his lordship, cast thy friend away.
Oh Friendship! cordial of the human breast!
So little felt, so fervently profess'd!
Thy blossoms deck our unsuspecting years;
The promise of delicious fruit appears:
We hug the hopes of constancy and truth,
Such is the folly of our dreaming youth;
But soon, alas! detect the rash mistake,
That sanguine inexperience loves to make;
And view with tears the expected harvest lost,
Decay'd by time, or wither'd by a frost.
Whoever undertakes a friend's great part
Should be renew'd in nature, pure in heart,
Prepared for martyrdom, and strong to prove
A thousand ways the force of genuine love.
He may be call'd to give up health and gain,
To exchange content for trouble, ease for pain,
To echo sigh for sigh, and groan for groan,
And wet his cheeks with sorrows not his own.
The heart of man, for such a task too frail,
When most relied on, is most sure to fail;

And, summon'd to partake its fellow's woe,
Starts from its office, like a broken bow.
Votaries of business and of pleasure, prove
Faithless alike in friendship and in love.
Retired from all the circles of the gay,
And all the crowds that bustle life away,
To scenes where competition, envy, strife,
Beget no thunder-clouds to trouble life,
Let me, the charge of some good angel, find
One who has known and has escaped mankind;
Polite, yet virtuous, who has brought away
The manners, not the morals, of the day:
With him, perhaps with *her*, (for men have known
No firmer friendships than the fair have shown,)
Let me enjoy, in some unthought-of spot,
(All former friends forgiven, and forgot,)
Down to the close of life's fast fading scene,
Union of hearts, without a flaw between.
'Tis grace, 'tis bounty, and it calls for praise,
If God give health, that sunshine of our days;
And if he add, a blessing shared by few,
Content of heart, more praises still are due:—
But if he grant a friend, that boon possess'd
Indeed is treasure, and crowns all the rest;
And giving one, whose heart is in the skies,
Born from above, and made divinely wise,
He gives, what bankrupt nature never can,
Whose noblest coin is light and brittle man,
Gold, purer far than Ophir ever knew,
A soul, an image of himself, and therefore true.

ON THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO LONDON,

THE NIGHT OF THE 17TH MARCH, 1789.

WHEN, long sequester'd from his throne,
George took his seat again,
By right of worth, not blood alone,
Entitled here to reign;

Then, Loyalty, with all his lamps
New trimm'd, a gallant show,
Chasing the darkness and the damps,
Set London in a glow.

'Twas hard to tell of streets or squares,
Which form'd the chief display,
These most resembling cluster'd stars,
Those the long milky way.

Bright shone the roofs, the domes, the spires,
And rockets flew, self-driven,
To hang their momentary fires
Amid the vault of Heaven.

So, fire with water to compare,
The ocean serves on high
Up-spouted by a whale in air,
To express unwieldy joy.

Had all the pageants of the world
In one procession join'd,
And all the banners been unfurl'd
That heralds e'er design'd;

For no such sight had England's Queen
Forsaken her retreat,
Where, George recover'd made a scene
Sweet always, doubly sweet.

Yet glad she came that night to prove,
A witness undescried,
How much the object of her love
Was loved by all beside.

Darkness the skies had mantled o'er
In aid of her design,——
Darkness, O Queen! ne'er call'd before
To veil a deed of thine.

On borrow'd wheels away she flies,
Resolved to be unknown,
And gratify no curious eyes
That night, except her own.

Arrived, a night like noon she sees,
And hears the million hum;
As all by instinct, like the bees,
Had known their sovereign come.

Pleased she beheld aloft pourtray'd
On many a splendid wall,
Emblems of health, and heavenly aid,
And George the theme of all.

Unlike the enigmatic line,
So difficult to spell,
Which shook Belshazzar at his wine,
The night his city fell.

Soon, watery grew her eyes and dim,
But with a joyful tear,
None else, except in prayer for him,
George ever drew from her.

It was a scene in every part
Like those in fable feign'd,
And seem'd by some magician's art
Created and sustain'd.

But other magic there, she knew,
Had been exerted none,
To raise such wonders in her view,
Save love of George alone.

That cordial thought her spirits cheer'd,
And through the cumberous throng,
Not else unworthy to be fear'd,
Convey'd her calm along.

So, ancient poets say, serene
The sea-maid rides the waves,
And fearless of the billowy scene
Her peaceful bosom laves.

With more than astronomic eyes
She view'd the sparkling show;
One Georgian star adorns the skies,
She myriads found below.

Yet let the glories of a night
Like that, once seen, suffice;
Heaven grant us no such future sight,
Such previous woe the price!

ANNUS MEMORABILIS. 1789.

WRITTEN IN COMMEMORATION OF HIS MAJESTY'S HAPPY RECOVERY.

I RANSACK'D, for a theme of song,
Much ancient chronicle, and long;
I read of bright embattled fields,
Of trophied helmets, spears, and shields,
Of chiefs, whose single arm could boast
Prowess to dissipate a host;
Through tomes of fable and of dream
I sought an eligible theme,
But none I found, or found them shared
Already by some happier bard.
To modern times, with truth to guide
My busy search, I next applied;
Here cities won and fleets dispersed
Urged loud a claim to be rehearsed,
Deeds of unperishing renown,
Our fathers' triumphs and our own.
Thus as the bee, from bank to bower,
Assiduous sips at every flower,
But rests on none till that be found
Where most nectareous sweets abound,
So I, from theme to theme display'd
In many a page historic stray'd,
Siege after siege, fight after fight,
Contemplating with small delight,
(For feats of sanguinary hue
Not always glitter in my view,)
Till, settling on the current year,
I found the far sought treasure near.

A theme for poetry divine,
A theme to ennoble even mine,
In memorable Eighty-nine.

The spring of eighty-nine shall be
An æra cherish'd long by me,
Which joyful I will oft record,
And thankful at my frugal board;
For then the clouds of eighty-eight,
That threaten'd England's trembling state
With loss of what she least could spare,
Her sovereign's tutelary care,
One breath of Heaven, that cried—Restore!
Chased, never to assemble more:
And far the richest crown on earth,
If valued by its wearer's worth,
The symbol of a righteous reign
Sat fast on George's brows again.

Then peace and joy again possess'd
Our Queen's long-agitated breast;
Such joy and peace as can be known
By sufferers like herself alone,
Who losing, or supposing lost,
The good on earth they valued most,
For that dear sorrow's sake forego
All hope of happiness below,
Then suddenly regain the prize,
And flash thanksgivings to the skies!

O, Queen of Albion, queen of isles!
Since all thy tears were changed to smiles,
The eyes, that never saw thee, shine
With joy not unallied to thine,
Transports not chargeable with art
Illume the land's remotest part,

And strangers to the air of courts,
Both in their toils and at their sports,
The happiness of answer'd prayers,
That gilds thy features, show in theirs.
If they who on thy state attend,
Awe-struck, before thy presence bend,
'Tis but the natural effect
Of grandeur that ensures respect;
But she is something more than Queen
Who is beloved where never seen.

THE COCK-FIGHTER'S GARLAND.

MAY, 1789.

MUSE—hide his name of whom I sing,
Lest his surving House thou bring
For his sake into scorn,
Nor speak the School from which he drew
The much or little that he knew,
Nor Place where he was born.

That such a man once was, may seem
Worthy of record, (if the theme
Perchance may credit win,)
For proof to man, what Man may prove,
If Grace depart, and Demons move
The source of guilt within.

This man (for since the howling wild
Disclaims him, Man he must be styled)
Wanted no good below;
Gentle he was, if gentle birth
Could make him such; and he had worth,
If wealth can worth bestow.

In social talk and ready jest
He shone superior at the feast,
  And qualities of mind
Illustrious in the eyes of those
Whose gay society he chose
  Possess'd of every kind.

Methinks I see him powder'd red,
With bushy locks his well-dress'd head
  Wing'd broad on either side,
The mossy rose-bud not so sweet;
His steeds superb, his carriage neat
  As luxury could provide.

Can such be cruel? Such can be
Cruel as hell, and so was he;
  A tyrant entertain'd
With barbarous sports, whose fell delight
Was to encourage mortal fight
  'Twixt birds to battle train'd.

One feather'd champion he possess'd,
His darling far beyond the rest,
  Which never knew disgrace,
Nor e'er had fought, but he made flow
The life-blood of his fiercest foe,
  The Cæsar of his race.

It chanced, at last, when, on a day,
He push'd him to the desperate fray,
  His courage droop'd, he fled.
The Master storm'd, the prize was lost,
And, instant, frantic at the cost,
  He doom'd his favourite dead.

He seized him fast, and from the pit
Flew to the kitchen, snatch'd the spit,
And, bring me cord, he cried;
The cord was brought, and, at his word,
To that dire implement the bird
Alive and struggling, tied.

The horrid sequel asks a veil,
And all the terrors of the tale
That can be, shall be, sunk.—
Led by the sufferer's screams aright
His shock'd companions view the sight
And him with fury drunk.

All, suppliant, beg a milder fate
For the old warrior at the grate:
He, deaf to pity's call,
Whirl'd round him rapid as a wheel
His culinary club of steel,
Death menacing on all.

But vengeance hung not far remote,
For while he stretch'd his clamorous throat
And heaven and earth defied,
Big with a curse too closely pent
That struggled vainly for a vent,
He totter'd, reel'd, and died.

'Tis not for us, with rash surmise,
To point the judgements of the skies;
But judgements plain as this,
That, sent for Man's instruction, bring
A written label on their wing,
'Tis hard to read amiss.

ON THE

BENEFIT RECEIVED BY HIS MAJESTY FROM SEA-BATHING,

IN THE YEAR 1789.

O SOVEREIGN of an isle renown'd
For undisputed sway
Wherever o'er yon gulf profound
Her navies wing their way;

With juster claim she builds at length
Her empire on the sea,
And well may boast the waves her strength
Which strength restored to Thee.

TO MRS. THROCKMORTON,

ON

HER BEAUTIFUL TRANSCRIPT OF HORACE'S ODE

AD LIBRUM SUUM.

FEBRUARY, 1790.

MARIA, could Horace have guess'd
What honour awaited his ode
To his own little volume address'd,
The honour which you have bestow'd,—
Who have traced it in characters here,
So elegant, even, and neat,
He had laugh'd at the critical sneer
Which he seems to have trembled to meet.

And sneer, if you please, he had said,
A nymph shall hereafter arise
Who shall give me, when you are all dead,
The glory your malice denies;
Shall dignity give to my lay,
Although but a mere bagatelle;
And even a poet shall say,
Nothing ever was written so well.

INSCRIPTION

FOR A STONE ERECTED AT THE SOWING OF A GROVE OF OAKS AT CHILLINGTON, THE SEAT OF T. GIFFARD, ESQ. 1790.

JUNE, 1790.

OTHER stones the era tell,
When some feeble mortal fell;
I stand here to date the birth
Of these hardy sons of Earth.
Which shall longest brave the sky,
Storm and frost—these Oaks or I?
Pass an age or two away,
I must moulder and decay;
But the years that crumble me
Shall invigorate the tree,
Spread its branch, dilate its size,
Lift its summit to the skies.
Cherish honour, virtue, truth,
So shalt thou prolong thy youth.
Wanting these, however fast
Man be fix'd, and form'd to last,
He is lifeless even now,
Stone at heart, and cannot grow.

ANOTHER,

FOR A STONE ERECTED ON A SIMILAR OCCASION AT THE SAME PLACE IN THE FOLLOWING YEAR.

JUNE, 1790.

READER! Behold a monument
That asks no sigh or tear,
Though it perpetuate the event
Of a great burial here.

ANNO 1791.

HYMN

FOR THE USE OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AT OLNEY.

JULY, 1790.

HEAR, Lord, the song of praise and prayer,
In heaven thy dwelling-place,
From infants, made the public care,
And taught to seek thy face!

Thanks for thy Word and for thy Day;
And grant us, we implore,
Never to waste in sinful play
Thy holy Sabbaths more.

Thanks that we hear,—but oh! impart
To each desires sincere,
That we may listen with our heart,
And learn as well as hear.

For if vain thoughts the minds engage
Of elder far than we,
What hope that at our heedless age
Our minds should e'er be free?

Much hope, if thou our spirits take
Under thy gracious sway,
Who canst the wisest wiser make,
And babes as wise as they.

Wisdom and bliss thy word bestows,
A sun that ne'er declines;
And be thy mercies shower'd on those
Who placed us where it shines [1].

STANZAS

ON THE LATE INDECENT LIBERTIES TAKEN WITH THE REMAINS OF THE GREAT MILTON,—ANNO 1790.

AUGUST, 1790.

"ME too, perchance, in future days,
The sculptured stone shall show,
With Paphian myrtle or with bays
Parnassian on my brow.

"But I, or ere that season come,
Escaped from every care,
Shall reach my refuge in the tomb,
And sleep securely there [2]."

[1] This Hymn was written at the request of the Rev. James Bean, then Vicar of Olney, to be sung by the children of the Sunday Schools of that town, after a Charity Sermon, preached at the parish church for their benefit, on Sunday, July 31, 1790.—J.

[2] *Forsitan et nostros ducat de marmore vultus*
Nectens aut Paphia myrti aut Pernasside lauri
Fronde comas—At ego secura pace quiescam.
Milton in Manso.

So sang, in Roman tone and style,
The youthful bard, ere long
Ordain'd to grace his native isle
With her sublimest song.

Who then but must conceive disdain,
Hearing the deed unblest
Of wretches who have dared profane
His dread sepulchral rest?

Ill fare the hands that heaved the stones
Where Milton's ashes lay,
That trembled not to grasp his bones
And steal his dust away!

O ill-requited bard! neglect
Thy living worth repaid,
And blind idolatrous respect
As much affronts thee dead.

TO MRS. KING,

ON HER KIND PRESENT TO THE AUTHOR, A PATCHWORK COUNTERPANE OF HER OWN MAKING.

AUGUST 14, 1790.

THE Bard, if e'er he feel at all,
Must sure be quicken'd by a call
Both on his heart and head,
To pay with tuneful thanks the care
And kindness of a lady fair
Who deigns to deck his bed.

A bed like this, in ancient time,
On Ida's barren top sublime,

(As Homer's Epic shows,)
Composed of sweetest vernal flowers,
Without the aid of sun or showers,
For Jove and Juno rose.

Less beautiful, however gay,
Is that which in the scorching day
Receives the weary swain
Who, laying his long scythe aside,
Sleeps on some bank with daisies pied,
Till roused to toil again.

What labours of the loom I see!
Looms numberless have groan'd for me!
Should every maiden come
To scramble for the patch that bears
The impress of the robe she wears,
The bell would toll for some.

And oh, what havoc would ensue!
This bright display of every hue
All in a moment fled!
As if a storm should strip the bowers
Of all their tendrils, leaves, and flowers,—
Each pocketing a shred.

Thanks, then, to every gentle Fair,
Who will not come to peck me bare
As bird of borrow'd feather,
And thanks to one, above them all,
The gentle Fair of Pertenhall,
Who put the whole together.

IN

MEMORY OF THE LATE JOHN THORNTON, ESQ.

NOVEMBER, 1790.

POETS attempt the noblest task they can,
Praising the Author of all good in man,
And, next, commemorating Worthies lost,
The dead in whom that good abounded most.
Thee, therefore, of commercial fame, but more
Famed for thy probity from shore to shore;
Thee, THORNTON! worthy in some page to shine,
As honest and more eloquent than mine,
I mourn; or, since thrice happy thou must be,
The world, no longer thy abode, not thee.
Thee to deplore were grief mispent indeed;
It were to weep that goodness has its meed,
That there is bliss prepared in yonder sky,
And glory for the virtuous, when they die.
What pleasure can the miser's fondled hoard,
Or spendthrift's prodigal excess afford,
Sweet as the privilege of healing woe
By virtue suffer'd combating below?
That privilege was thine; Heaven gave thee means
To illumine with delight the saddest scenes,
Till thy appearance chased the gloom, forlorn
As midnight, and despairing of a morn.
Thou hadst an industry in doing good,
Restless as his who toils and sweats for food;
Avarice, in thee, was the desire of wealth
By rust unperishable or by stealth;
And if the genuine worth of gold depend
On application to its noblest end,

Thine had a value in the scales of Heaven,
Surpassing all that mine or mint had given.
And, though God made thee of a nature prone
To distribution boundless of thy own,
And still by motives of religious force
Impell'd thee more to that heroic course,
Yet was thy liberality discreet,
Nice in its choice, and of a temper'd heat,
And though in act unwearied, secret still,
As in some solitude the summer rill
Refreshes, where it winds, the faded green,
And cheers the drooping flowers, unheard, unseen.
Such was thy charity; no sudden start,
After long sleep, of passion in the heart,
But steadfast principle, and, in its kind,
Of close relation to the eternal mind,
Traced easily to its true source above,
To Him, whose works bespeak his nature, Love.
Thy bounties all were Christian, and I make
This record of thee for the Gospel's sake;
That the incredulous themselves may see
Its use and power exemplified in thee.

TO WARREN HASTINGS, ESQ.

BY AN OLD SCHOOLFELLOW OF HIS AT WESTMINSTER.

HASTINGS! I knew thee young, and of a mind
While young humane, conversable, and kind;
Nor can I well believe thee, gentle then,
Now grown a villain, and the worst of men.
But rather some suspect, who have oppress'd
And worried thee, as not themselves the best.

THE FOUR AGES.

A BRIEF FRAGMENT OF AN EXTENSIVE PROJECTED POEM.

MAY, 1791.

" I COULD be well content, allow'd the use
Of past experience, and the wisdom glean'd
From worn-out follies, now acknowledged such,
To recommence life's trial, in the hope
Of fewer errors, on a second proof!"
Thus while grey evening lull'd the wind, and call'd
Fresh odours from the shrubbery at my side,
Taking my lonely winding walk, I mused,
And held accustom'd conference with my heart;
When from within it thus a voice replied:
" Couldst thou in truth? and art thou taught at length
This wisdom, and but this, from all the past?
Is not the pardon of thy long arrear,
Time wasted, violated laws, abuse
Of talents, judgements, mercies, better far
Than opportunity vouchsafed to err
With less excuse, and haply, worse effect?"
I heard, and acquiesced: then to and fro
Oft pacing, as the mariner his deck,
My gravelly bounds, from self to human kind
I pass'd, and next consider'd, what is man?
Knows he his origin? can he ascend
By reminiscence to his earliest date?
Slept he in Adam? and in those from him
Through numerous generations, till he found
At length his destined moment to be born?

Or was he not, till fashion'd in the womb?
Deep mysteries both! which schoolmen must have toil'd
To unriddle, and have left them mysteries still.
It is an evil incident to man,
And of the worst, that unexplored he leaves
Truths useful and attainable with ease,
To search forbidden deeps, where mystery lies
Not to be solved, and useless, if it might.
Mysteries are food for angels; they digest
With ease, and find them nutriment; but man,
While yet he dwells below, must stoop to glean
His manna from the ground, or starve, and die.

* * * * * *

THE JUDGEMENT OF THE POETS.

MAY, 1791.

Two nymphs, both nearly of an age,
Of numerous charms possess'd,
A warm dispute once chanced to wage,
Whose temper was the best.

The worth of each had been complete,
Had both alike been mild;
But one, although her smile was sweet,
Frown'd oftener than she smiled.

And in her humour, when she frown'd,
Would raise her voice and roar,
And shake with fury to the ground
The garland that she wore.

The other was of gentler cast,
From all such frenzy clear,
Her frowns were seldom known to last,
And never proved severe.

To poets of renown in song
The nymphs referr'd the cause,
Who, strange to tell, all judged it wrong,
And gave misplaced applause.

They gentle call'd, and kind and soft,
The flippant and the scold,
And though she changed her mood so oft,
That failing left untold.

No judges, sure, were e'er so mad,
Or so resolved to err,—
In short, the charms her sister had
They lavish'd all on her.

Then thus the God whom fondly they
Their great Inspirer call,
Was heard, one genial summer's day,
To reprimand them all.

"Since thus ye have combined," he said,
"My favourite nymph to slight,
Adorning May, that peevish maid,
With June's undoubted right,

"The Minx shall, for your folly's sake,
Still prove herself a shrew,
Shall make your scribbling fingers ache,
And pinch your noses blue."

THE MORALIZER CORRECTED.

A TALE.

A HERMIT, (or if 'chance you hold
That title now too trite and old),
A man, once young, who lived retired
As hermit could have well desired,
His hours of study closed at last,
And finish'd his concise repast,
Stoppled his cruise, replaced his book
Within its customary nook,
And, staff in hand, set forth to share
The sober cordial of sweet air,
Like Isaac, with a mind applied
To serious thought at eveningtide.
Autumnal rains had made it chill,
And from the trees, that fringed his hill,
Shades slanting at the close of day
Chill'd more his else delightful way;
Distant a little mile he spied
A western bank's still sunny side,
And right toward the favour'd place
Proceeding with his nimblest pace,
In hope to bask a little yet,
Just reach'd it when the sun was set.
  Your hermit, young and jovial sirs!
Learns something from whate'er occurs;—
And hence, he said, my mind computes
The real worth of man's pursuits.
His object chosen, wealth or fame,
Or other sublunary game,

Imagination to his view
Presents it deck'd with every hue,
That can seduce him not to spare
His powers of best exertion there,
But youth, health, vigour to expend
On so desirable an end.
Ere long approach life s evening shades,
The glow that fancy gave it fades;
And, earn'd too late, it wants the grace
That first engaged him in the chase.
True, answer'd an angelic guide,
Attendant at the senior's side,—
But whether all the time it cost,
To urge the fruitless chase be lost,
Must be decided by the worth
Of that which call'd his ardour forth.
Trifles pursued, whate'er the event,
Must cause him shame or discontent;
A vicious object still is worse,
Successful there he wins a curse;
But he, whom e'en in life's last stage
Endeavours laudable engage,
Is paid at least in peace of mind,
And sense of having well design'd;
And if, ere he attain his end,
His sun precipitate descend,
A brighter prize than that he meant
Shall recompense his mere intent.
No virtuous wish can bear a date
Either too early or too late.

THE FAITHFUL BIRD.

THE greenhouse is my summer seat;
My shrubs displaced from that retreat
Enjoy'd the open air;
Two goldfinches, whose sprightly song
Had been their mutual solace long,
Lived happy prisoners there.

They sang as blithe as finches sing
That flutter loose on golden wing,
And frolic where they list;
Strangers to liberty, 'tis true,
But that delight they never knew,
And therefore never miss'd.

But nature works in every breast,
With force not easily suppress'd;
And Dick felt some desires,
That, after many an effort vain,
Instructed him at length to gain
A pass between his wires.

The open windows seem'd to invite
The freeman to a farewell flight;
But Tom was still confined;
And Dick, although his way was clear,
Was much too generous and sincere
To leave his friend behind.

So settling on his cage, by play,
And chirp, and kiss, he seem'd to say,

You must not live alone;—
Nor would he quit that chosen stand
Till I, with slow and cautious hand,
Return'd him to his own.

Oh ye, who never taste the joys
Of friendship, satisfied with noise,
Fandango, ball, and rout!
Blush when I tell you how a bird
A prison with a friend preferr'd
To liberty without.

THE NEEDLESS ALARM.

A TALE.

THERE is a field, through which I often pass,
Thick overspread with moss and silky grass,
Adjoining close to Kilwick's echoing wood,
Where oft the bitch fox hides her hapless brood,
Reserved to solace many a neighbouring squire,
That he may follow them through brake and brier,
Contusion hazarding of neck or spine,
Which rural gentlemen call sport divine.
A narrow brook, by rushy banks conceal'd,
Runs in a bottom, and divides the field;
Oaks intersperse it, that had once a head,
But now wear crests of oven wood instead;
And where the land slopes to its watery bourn
Wide yawns a gulf beside a ragged thorn;
Bricks line the sides, but shiver'd long ago,
And horrid brambles intertwine below;

A hollow scoop'd, I judge, in ancient time,
For baking earth, or burning rock to lime.
Not yet the hawthorn bore her berries red,
With which the fieldfare, wintry guest, is fed;
Nor Autumn yet had brush'd from every spray,
With her chill hand, the mellow leaves away;
But corn was housed, and beans were in the stack;
Now therefore issued forth the spotted pack,
With tails high mounted, ears hung low, and throats
With a whole gamut fill'd of heavenly notes,
For which, alas! my destiny severe,
Though ears she gave me two, gave me no ear.
The sun, accomplishing his early march,
His lamp now planted on heaven's topmost arch,
When, exercise and air my only aim,
And heedless whither, to that field I came,
Ere yet with ruthless joy the happy hound
Told hill and dale that Reynard's track was found,
Or with the high raised horn's melodious clang
All Kilwick[1] and all Dinglederry[1] rang.
Sheep grazed the field; some with soft bosom press'd
The herb as soft, while nibbling stray'd the rest;
Nor noise was heard but of the hasty brook,
Struggling, detain'd in many a petty nook.
All seem'd so peaceful, that, from them convey'd,
To me their peace by kind contagion spread.
But when the huntsman, with distended cheek,
'Gan make his instrument of music speak,
And from within the wood that crash was heard,
Though not a hound from whom it burst appear'd,
The sheep recumbent and the sheep that grazed,
All huddling into phalanx, stood and gazed,

[1] Two woods belonging to John Throckmorton, Esq.

Admiring, terrified, the novel strain,
Then coursed the field around, and coursed it round again;
But recollecting, with a sudden thought,
That flight in circles urged advanced them nought,
They gather'd close around the old pit's brink,
And thought again—but knew not what to think.
The man to solitude accustom'd long,
Perceives in every thing that lives a tongue;
Not animals alone, but shrubs and trees
Have speech for him, and understood with ease;
After long drought, when rains abundant fall,
He hears the herbs and flowers rejoicing all;
Knows what the freshness of their hue implies,
How glad they catch the largess of the skies;
But, with precision nicer still, the mind
He scans of every locomotive kind;
Birds of all feather, beasts of every name,
That serve mankind, or shun them, wild or tame;
The looks and gestures of their griefs and fears
Have all articulation in his ears;
He spells them true by intuition's light,
And needs no glossary to set him right.
This truth premised was needful as a text,
To win due credence to what follows next.
Awhile they mused; surveying every face,
Thou hadst supposed them of superior race;
Their periwigs of wool and fears combined,
Stamp'd on each countenance such marks of mind,
That sage they seem'd, as lawyers o'er a doubt,
Which, puzzling long, at last they puzzle out;
Or academic tutors, teaching youths,
Sure ne'er to want them, mathematic truths;

When thus a mutton statelier than the rest,
A ram, the ewes and wethers sad address'd:
  Friends! we have lived too long. I never heard
Sounds such as these, so worthy to be fear'd.
Could I believe, that winds for ages pent
In earth's dark womb have found at last a vent,
And from their prisonhouse below arise,
With all these hideous howlings to the skies,
I could be much composed, nor should appear,
For such a cause, to feel the slightest fear.
Yourselves have seen what time the thunders roll'd
All night, me resting quiet in the fold.
Or heard we that tremendous bray alone,
I could expound the melancholy tone;
Should deem it by our old companion made,
The ass; for he, we know, has lately stray'd,
And being lost, perhaps, and wandering wide,
Might be supposed to clamour for a guide.
But ah! those dreadful yells what soul can hear,
That owns a carcass, and not quake for fear?
Demons produce them doubtless, brazen-claw'd,
And fang'd with brass, the Demons are abroad;
I hold it therefore wisest and most fit
That, life to save, we leap into the pit.
  Him answer'd then his loving mate and true,
But more discreet than he, a Cambrian ewe.
  How? leap into the pit our life to save?
To save our life leap all into the grave?
For can we find it less? Contemplate first
The depth how aweful! falling there, we burst:
Or should the brambles interposed our fall
In part abate, that happiness were small;

For with a race like theirs no chance I see
Of peace or ease to creatures clad as we.
Meantime, noise kills not. Be it Dapple's bray,
Or be it not, or be it whose it may,
And rush those other sounds, that seem by tongues
Of demons utter'd, from whatever lungs,
Sounds are but sounds, and, till the cause appear,
We have at least commodious standing here.
Come fiend, come fury, giant, monster, blast
From earth or hell, we can but plunge at last.
While thus she spake, I fainter heard the peals,
For Reynard, close attended at his heels
By panting dog, tired man, and spatter'd horse,
Through mere good fortune, took a different course.
The flock grew calm again, and I, the road
Following, that led me to my own abode,
Much wonder'd that the silly sheep had found
Such cause of terror in an empty sound,
So sweet to huntsman, gentleman, and hound.

MORAL.

Beware of desperate steps. The darkest day,
Live till to-morrow, will have pass'd away.

INSCRIPTION

FOR THE TOMB OF MR. HAMILTON.

PAUSE here, and think; a monitory rhyme
Demands one moment of thy fleeting time.
Consult life's silent clock, thy bounding vein;
Seems it to say—"Health here has long to reign?"

Hast thou the vigour of thy youth? an eye
That beams delight? a heart untaught to sigh?
Yet fear! Youth ofttimes healthful and at ease,
Anticipates a day it never sees;
And many a tomb, like Hamilton's, aloud
Exclaims "Prepare thee for an early shroud!"

EPITAPH ON MRS. M. HIGGINS, OF WESTON.

1791.

LAURELS may flourish round the conqueror's tomb,
But happiest they who win the world to come:
Believers have a silent field to fight,
And their exploits are veil'd from human sight.
They in some nook, where little known they dwell,
Kneel, pray in faith, and rout the hosts of hell;
Eternal triumphs crown their toils divine,
And all those triumphs, Mary, now are thine.

THE RETIRED CAT.

1791.

A POET'S Cat, sedate and grave
As poet well could wish to have,
Was much addicted to inquire
For nooks to which she might retire,
And where, secure as mouse in chink,
She might repose, or sit and think.

I know not where she caught the trick,—
Nature perhaps herself had cast her
In such a mould PHILOSOPHIQUE,
Or else she learn'd it of her Master.
Sometimes ascending, *debonnair*,
An apple-tree, or lofty pear,
Lodged with convenience in the fork,
She watch'd the gardener at his work;
Sometimes her ease and solace sought
In an old empty watering-pot,
There wanting nothing, save a fan,
To seem some nymph in her sedan
Apparell'd in exactest sort,
And ready to be borne to court.
  But love of change it seems has place
Not only in our wiser race,
Cats also feel, as well as we,
That passion's force, and so did she.
Her climbing, she began to find,
Exposed her too much to the wind,
And the old utensil of tin
Was cold and comfortless within:
She therefore wish'd instead of those
Some place of more serene repose,
Where neither cold might come, nor air
Too rudely wanton with her hair,
And sought it in the likeliest mode
Within her master's snug abode.
  A drawer, it chanced, at bottom lined
With linen of the softest kind,
With such as merchants introduce
From India, for the ladies' use,

A drawer impending o'er the rest,
Half open in the topmost chest,
Of depth enough, and none to spare,
Invited her to slumber there;
Puss with delight beyond expression
Survey'd the scene and took possession.
Recumbent at her ease ere long,
And lull'd by her own humdrum song,
She left the cares of life behind,
And slept as she would sleep her last,
When in came, housewifely inclined,
The chambermaid, and shut it fast,
By no malignity impell'd,
But all unconscious whom it held.

Awaken'd by the shock, cried Puss,
" Was ever cat attended thus!
The open drawer was left, I see,
Merely to prove a nest for me,
For soon as I was well composed
Then came the maid, and it was closed.
How smooth these 'kerchiefs and how sweet!
Oh what a delicate retreat!
I will resign myself to rest
Till Sol declining in the west
Shall call to supper, when, no doubt,
Susan will come and let me out."

The evening came, the sun descended,
And puss remain'd still unattended.
The night roll'd tardily away,
(With her indeed 'twas never day;)
The sprightly morn her course renew'd,
The evening grey again ensued,

And puss came into mind no more
Than if entomb'd the day before.
With hunger pinch'd, and pinch'd for room,
She now presaged approaching doom,
Nor slept a single wink or purr'd,
Conscious of jeopardy incurr'd.
That night, by chance, the poet watching,
Heard an inexplicable scratching;
His noble heart went pit-a-pat,
And to himself he said—"What's that?"
He drew the curtain at his side,
And forth he peep'd, but nothing spied;
Yet, by his ear directed, guess'd
Something imprison'd in the chest,
And, doubtful what, with prudent care
Resolved it should continue there.
At length, a voice which well he knew,
A long and melancholy mew,
Saluting his poetic ears,
Consoled him, and dispell'd his fears;
He left his bed, he trod the floor,
He 'gan in haste the drawers explore,
The lowest first, and without stop
The rest in order to the top;
For 'tis a truth well known to most,
That whatsoever thing is lost,
We seek it, ere it come to light,
In every cranny but the right.
Forth skipp'd the cat, not now replete
As erst with airy self-conceit,
Nor in her own fond apprehension
A theme for all the world's attention,

But modest, sober, cured of all
Her notions hyperbolical,
And wishing for a place of rest
Any thing rather than a chest.
Then stepp'd the poet into bed
With this reflection in his head:

MORAL.

Beware of too sublime a sense
Of your own worth and consequence.
The man who dreams himself so great,
And his importance of such weight,
That all around in all that's done
Must move and act for Him alone,
Will learn in school of tribulation
The folly of his expectation.

YARDLEY OAK.

1791.

SURVIVOR sole, and hardly such, of all
That once lived here, thy brethren, at my birth,
(Since which I number threescore winters past,)
A shatter'd veteran, hollow-trunk'd perhaps,
As now, and with excoriate forks deform,
Relics of ages! Could a mind, imbued
With truth from Heaven, created thing adore,
I might with reverence kneel, and worship thee.
It seems idolatry, with some excuse,
When our forefather Druids in their oaks
Imagined sanctity. The conscience, yet

Unpurified by an authentic act
Of amnesty, the meed of blood divine,
Loved not the light, but, gloomy, into gloom
Of thickest shades, like Adam after taste
Of fruit proscribed, as to a refuge, fled.
Thou wast a bauble once; a cup and ball,
Which babes might play with; and the thievish jay,
Seeking her food, with ease might have purloin'd
The auburn nut that held thee, swallowing down
Thy yet close-folded latitude of boughs
And all thine embryo vastness at a gulp.
But Fate thy growth decreed; autumnal rains
Beneath thy parent tree mellow'd the soil
Design'd thy cradle; and a skipping deer,
With pointed hoof dibbling the glebe, prepared
The soft receptacle, in which, secure,
Thy rudiments should sleep the winter through.
So Fancy dreams. Disprove it, if ye can,
Ye reasoners broad awake, whose busy search
Of argument, employ'd too oft amiss,
Sifts half the pleasures of short life away!
Thou fell'st mature; and in the loamy clod
Swelling with vegetative force instinct
Didst burst thine egg, as theirs the fabled Twins,
Now stars; two lobes, protruding, pair'd exact;
A leaf succeeded, and another leaf,
And, all the elements thy puny growth
Fostering propitious, thou becamest a twig.
Who lived when thou wast such? Oh, couldst thou speak,
As in Dodona once thy kindred trees
Oracular, I would not curious ask

The future, best unknown, but at thy mouth
Inquisitive, the less ambiguous past.
By thee I might correct, erroneous oft,
The clock of history, facts and events
Timing more punctual, unrecorded facts
Recovering, and misstated setting right—
Desperate attempt, till trees shall speak again!
Time made thee what thou wast, king of the woods;
And Time hath made thee what thou art—a cave
For owls to roost in. Once thy spreading boughs
O'erhung the champaign; and the numerous flocks,
That grazed it, stood beneath that ample cope
Uncrowded, yet safe-shelter'd from the storm.
No flock frequents thee now. Thou hast outlived
Thy popularity, and art become
(Unless verse rescue thee awhile) a thing
Forgotten, as the foliage of thy youth.
While thus through all the stages thou hast push'd
Of treeship—first a seedling, hid in grass;
Then twig; then sapling; and, as century roll'd
Slow after century, a giant-bulk
Of girth enormous, with moss-cushion'd root
Upheaved above the soil, and sides emboss'd
With prominent wens globose,—till at the last
The rottenness, which time is charged to inflict
On other mighty ones, found also thee.
What exhibitions various hath the world
Witness'd of mutability in all
That we account most durable below!
Change is the diet, on which all subsist,
Created changeable, and change at last
Destroys them. Skies uncertain now the heat

Transmitting cloudless, and the solar beam
Now quenching in a boundless sea of clouds,—
Calm and alternate storm, moisture and drought,
Invigorate by turns the springs of life
In all that live, plant, animal, and man,
And in conclusion mar them. Nature's threads,
Fine passing thought, e'en in her coarsest works,
Delight in agitation, yet sustain,
The force, that agitates, not unimpair'd;
But, worn by frequent impulse, to the cause
Of their best tone their dissolution owe.
Thought cannot spend itself, comparing still
The great and little of thy lot, thy growth
From almost nullity into a state
Of matchless grandeur, and declension thence,
Slow, into such magnificent decay.
Time was, when, settling on thy leaf, a fly
Could shake thee to the root—and time has been
When tempests could not. At thy firmest age
Thou hadst within thy bole solid contents,
That might have ribb'd the sides and plank'd the deck
Of some flagg'd admiral; and tortuous arms,
The shipwright's darling treasure, didst present
To the four-quarter'd winds, robust and bold,
Warp'd into tough knee-timber[1], many a load!
But the axe spared thee. In those thriftier days
Oaks fell not, hewn by thousands, to supply
The bottomless demands of contest, waged

[1] Knee-timber is found in the crooked arms of oak, which, by reason of their distortion, are easily adjusted to the angle formed where the deck and the ship's sides meet.

For senatorial honours. Thus to Time
The task was left to whittle thee away
With his sly scythe, whose ever-nibbling edge,
Noiseless, an atom and an atom more
Disjoining from the rest, has, unobserved,
Achieved a labour, which had far and wide,
By man perform'd, made all the forest ring.
Embowell'd now, and of thy ancient self
Possessing nought but the scoop'd rind, that seems
An huge throat, calling to the clouds for drink,
Which it would give in rivulets to thy root,
Thou temptest none, but rather much forbidd'st
The feller's toil, which thou couldst ill requite.
Yet is thy root sincere, sound as the rock,
A quarry of stout spurs, and knotted fangs,
Which, crook'd into a thousand whimsies, clasp
The stubborn soil, and hold thee still erect.
So stands a kingdom, whose foundation yet
Fails not, in virtue and in wisdom laid,
Though all the superstructure, by the tooth
Pulverized of venality, a shell
Stands now, and semblance only of itself!
Thine arms have left thee. Winds have rent them off
Long since, and rovers of the forest wild
With bow and shaft, have burnt them. Some have left
A splinter'd stump, bleach'd to a snowy white;
And some, memorial none, where once they grew.
Yet life still lingers in thee, and puts forth
Proof not contemptible of what she can,
Even where death predominates. The spring
Finds thee not less alive to her sweet force,

Than yonder upstarts of the neighbouring wood,
So much thy juniors, who their birth received
Half a millenium since the date of thine.
But since, although well qualified by age
To teach, no spirit dwells in thee, nor voice
May be expected from thee, seated here
On thy distorted root, with hearers none,
Or prompter, save the scene, I will perform
Myself the oracle, and will discourse
In my own ear such matter as I may.
One man alone, the father of us all,
Drew not his life from woman; never gazed,
With mute unconsciousness of what he saw,
On all around him; learn'd not by degrees,
Nor owed articulation to his ear;
But, moulded by his Maker into man
At once, upstood intelligent, survey'd
All creatures, with precision understood
Their purport, uses, properties, assign'd
To each his name significant, and fill'd
With love and wisdom, render'd back to Heaven
In praise harmonious the first air he drew.
He was excused the penalties of dull
Minority. No tutor charged his hand
With the thought-tracing quill, or task'd his mind
With problems. History, not wanted yet,
Lean'd on her elbow, watching Time, whose course,
Eventful, should supply her with a theme.

* * * * * *

TO THE NIGHTINGALE,

WHICH THE AUTHOR HEARD SING ON NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1792.

WHENCE is it, that amazed I hear
From yonder wither'd spray,
This foremost morn of all the year,
The melody of May?

And why, since thousands would be proud
Of such a favour shown,
Am I selected from the crowd,
To witness it alone?

Sing'st thou, sweet Philomel, to me,
For that I also long
Have practised in the groves like thee,
Though not like thee in song?

Or sing'st thou rather under force
Of some divine command,
Commission'd to presage a course
Of happier days at hand?

Thrice welcome then! for many a long
And joyless year have I,
As thou to day, put forth my song
Beneath a wintry sky.

But Thee no wintry skies can harm,
Who only need'st to sing,
To make even January charm,
And every season Spring.

LINES

WRITTEN FOR INSERTION IN A COLLECTION OF HANDWRITINGS AND SIGNATURES MADE BY MISS PATTY, SISTER OF HANNAH MORE.

MARCH 6, 1792.

IN vain to live from age to age
While modern bards endeavour,
I write my name in Patty's page,
And gain my point for ever.

W. COWPER.

EPITAPH

ON A FREE BUT TAME REDBREAST, A FAVOURITE OF MISS SALLY HURDIS.

MARCH, 1792.

THESE are not dew-drops, these are tears,
And tears by Sally shed
For absent Robin, who she fears
With too much cause, is dead.

One morn he came not to her hand
As he was wont to come,
And, on her finger perch'd, to stand
Picking his breakfast-crumb.

Alarm'd she call'd him, and perplext
She sought him, but in vain;
That day he came not, nor the next,
Nor ever came again.

She therefore raised him here a tomb,
Though where he fell, or how,
None knows, so secret was his doom,
Nor where he moulders now.

Had half a score of coxcombs died,
In social Robin's stead,
Poor Sally's tears had soon been dried,
Or haply never shed.

But Bob was neither rudely bold
Nor spiritlessly tame,
Nor was, like theirs, his bosom cold,
But always in a flame.

SONNET TO WILLIAM WILBERFORCE, ESQ.

APRIL 16, 1792.

THY country, Wilberforce, with just disdain,
Hears thee by cruel men and impious call'd
Fanatic, for thy zeal to loose the enthrall'd
From exile, public sale, and slavery's chain.
Friend of the poor, the wrong'd, the fetter-gall'd,
Fear not lest labour such as thine be vain.
Thou hast achieved a part; hast gain'd the ear
Of Britain's senate to thy glorious cause;
Hope smiles, joy springs, and though cold caution pause
And weave delay, the better hour is near
That shall remunerate thy toils severe
By peace for Afric, fenced with British laws.
Enjoy what thou hast won, esteem and love
From all the just on earth, and all the blest above.

EPIGRAM.

(PRINTED IN THE NORTHAMPTON MERCURY.)

To purify their wine some people bleed
A lamb into the barrel, and succeed;
No nostrum, planters say, is half so good
To make fine sugar, as a *negro's* blood.
Now *lambs* and *negroes* both are harmless things,
And thence perhaps this wonderous virtue springs.
'Tis in the blood of innocence alone—
Good cause why planters never try their own.

TO DR. AUSTIN,

OF CECIL STREET, LONDON.

MAY 26, 1792.

AUSTIN! accept a grateful verse from me,
The poet's treasure, no inglorious fee.
Loved by the Muses, thy ingenuous mind
Pleasing requital in my verse may find;
Verse oft has dash'd the scythe of Time aside,
Immortalizing names which else had died.
And oh! could I command the glittering wealth
With which sick kings are glad to purchase health;
Yet, if extensive fame, and sure to live,
Were in the power of verse like mine to give,
I would not recompense his art with less,
Who, giving Mary health, heals my distress.
Friend of my friend[1]! I love thee, though unknown,
And boldly call thee, being his, my own.

[1] Hayley.

SONNET

ADDRESSED

TO WILLIAM HAYLEY, ESQ.

JUNE 2, 1792.

HAYLEY, thy tenderness fraternal shown
In our first interview, delightful guest!
To Mary and me for her dear sake distress'd,
Such as it is has made my heart thy own,
Though heedless now of new engagements grown;
For threescore winters make a wintry breast,
And I had purposed ne'er to go in quest
Of Friendship more, except with God alone.
But Thou hast won me; nor is God my foe,
Who, ere this last afflictive scene began,
Sent Thee to mitigate the dreadful blow,
My Brother, by whose sympathy I know
Thy true deserts infallibly to scan,
Not more to admire the Bard than love the Man.

MARY AND JOHN.

IF John marries Mary, and Mary alone,
'Tis a very good match between Mary and John.
Should John wed a score, Oh, the claws and the scratches!
It can't be a match:—'tis a bundle of matches.

W. Hayley

UNIV
OF
MICH.

TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

DEAR President, whose art sublime
Gives perpetuity to time,
And bids transactions of a day,
That fleeting hours would waft away
To dark futurity, survive,
And in unfading beauty live,—
You cannot with a grace decline
A special mandate of the Nine,
Yourself, whatever task you choose,
So much indebted to the Muse.
Thus say the sisterhood:—We come;
Fix well your pallet on your thumb,
Prepare the pencil and the tints,
We come to furnish you with hints.
French disappointment, British glory,
Must be the subject of the story.
First strike a curve, a graceful bow,
Then slope it to a point below;
Your outline easy, airy, light,
Fill'd up becomes a paper kite.
Let independence, sanguine, horrid,
Blaze like a meteor in the forehead:
Beneath (but lay aside your graces)
Draw six-and-twenty rueful faces,
Each with a staring, steadfast eye,
Fix'd on his great and good ally.
France flies the kite—'tis on the wing—
Britannia's lightning cuts the string.
The wind that raised it, ere it ceases,
Just rends it into thirteen pieces,

Takes charge of every fluttering sheet,
And lays them all at George's feet.
Iberia, trembling from afar,
Renounces the confederate war;
Her efforts and her arts o'ercome,
France calls her shatter'd navies home;
Repenting Holland learns to mourn
The sacred treaties she has torn;
Astonishment and awe profound
Are stamp'd upon the nations round;
Without one friend, above all foes,
Britannia gives the world repose.

ON THE

AUTHOR OF LETTERS ON LITERATURE[1].

The genius of the Augustan age
His head among Rome's ruins rear'd,
And bursting with heroic rage,
When literary Heron appear'd,

Thou hast, he cried, like him of old
Who set the Ephesian dome on fire,
By being scandalously bold,
Attain'd the mark of thy desire.

And for traducing Virgil's name
Shalt share his merited reward;
A perpetuity of fame,
That rots, and stinks, and is abhorr'd.

[1] Nominally by Robert Heron, but written by John Pinkerton. 8vo. 1785.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM BULL.

MY DEAR FRIEND, June 22, 1782.

If reading verse be your delight,
'Tis mine as much, or more, to write;
But what we would, so weak is man,
Lies oft remote from what we can.
For instance, at this very time,
I feel a wish, by cheerful rhyme,
To soothe my friend, and, had I power,
To cheat him of an anxious hour;
Not meaning, (for, I must confess,
It were but folly to suppress,)
His pleasure or his good alone,
But squinting partly at my own.
But though the sun is flaming high
In the centre of yon arch, the sky,
And he had once (and who but he?)
The name for setting genius free,
Yet whether poets of past days
Yielded him undeserved praise,
And he by no uncommon lot
Was famed for virtues he had not;
Or whether, which is like enough,
His Highness may have taken huff,
So seldom sought with invocation,
Since it has been the reigning fashion
To disregard his inspiration,
I seem no brighter in my wits,
For all the radiance he emits,
Than if I saw, through midnight vapour,
The glimmering of a farthing taper.

Oh for a succedaneum, then,
To' accelerate a creeping pen!
Oh for a ready succedaneum,
Quod caput, cerebrum, et cranium
Pondere liberet exoso,
Et morbo jam caliginoso!
'Tis here; this oval box well fill'd
With best tobacco, finely mill'd,
Beats all Anticyra's pretences
To disengage the encumber'd senses.
Oh Nymph of Transatlantic fame,
Where'er thine haunt, whate'er thy name.
Whether reposing on the side
Of Oroonoquo's spacious tide,
Or listening with delight not small
To Niagara's distant fall,
'Tis thine to cherish and to feed
The pungent nose-refreshing weed,
Which, whether pulverized it gain
A speedy passage to the brain,
Or whether, touch'd with fire, it rise
In circling eddies to the skies,
Does thought more quicken and refine
Than all the breath of all the Nine;
Forgive the bard, if bard he be,
Who once too wantonly made free,
To touch with a satiric wipe
That symbol of thy power, the pipe;
So may no blight infest thy plains,
And no unseasonable rains;
And so may smiling peace once more
Visit America's sad shore;

And thou, secure from all alarms,
Of thundering drums, and glittering arms,
Rove unconfined beneath the shade
Thy wide-expanded leaves have made;
So may thy votaries increase,
And fumigation never cease.
May Newton with renew'd delights
Perform thine odoriferous rites,
While clouds of incense half divine
Involve thy disappearing shrine;
And so may smoke-inhaling Bull
Be always filling, never full.

CATHARINA.

TO MISS STAPLETON, NOW MRS. COURTENAY.

SHE came—she is gone—we have met—
And meet perhaps never again;
The sun of that moment is set,
And seems to have risen in vain;
Catharina has fled like a dream,
(So vanishes pleasure, alas!)
But has left a regret and esteem
That will not so suddenly pass.

The last evening ramble we made,
Catharina, Maria, and I,
Our progress was often delay'd
By the nightingale warbling nigh.

We paused under many a tree,
And much she was charm'd with a tone
Less sweet to Maria and me,
Who so lately had witness'd her own.

My numbers that day she had sung,
And gave them a grace so divine,
As only her musical tongue
Could infuse into numbers of mine.
The longer I heard, I esteem'd
The work of my fancy the more,
And e'en to myself never seem'd
So tuneful a poet before.

Though the pleasures of London exceed
In number the days of the year,
Catharina, did nothing impede,
Would feel herself happier here;
For the close-woven arches of limes
On the banks of our river, I know,
Are sweeter to her many times
Than aught that the city can show.

So it is, when the mind is endued
With a well judging taste from above,
Then, whether embellish'd or rude,
'Tis nature alone that we love.
The achievements of art may amuse,
May even our wonder excite,
But groves, hills, and valleys diffuse
A lasting, a sacred delight.

Since then in the rural recess
Catharina alone can rejoice,
May it still be her lot to possess
The scene of her sensible choice!
To inhabit a mansion remote
From the clatter of street-pacing steeds,
And by Philomel's annual note
To measure the life that she leads.

With her book, and her voice, and her lyre,
To wing all her moments at home,
And with scenes that new rapture inspire,
As oft as it suits her to roam,
She will have just the life she prefers,
With little to hope or to fear,
And ours would be pleasant as hers,
Might we view her enjoying it here.

CATHARINA:

THE SECOND PART.

ON HER MARRIAGE TO GEORGE COURTENAY, ESQ.

JUNE, 1792.

BELIEVE it or not, as you chuse,
The doctrine is certainly true,
That the future is known to the Muse,
And poets are oracles too.
I did but express a desire,
To see Catharina at home,
At the side of my friend George's fire,
And lo—she is actually come.

Such prophecy some may despise,
  But the wish of a poet and friend
Perhaps is approved in the skies,
  And therefore attains to its end.
'Twas a wish that flew ardently forth
  From a bosom effectually warm'd
With the talents, the graces, and worth
  Of the person for whom it was form'd.

Maria[1] would leave us, I knew,
  To the grief and regret of us all,
But less to our grief, could we view
  Catharina the Queen of the Hall.
And therefore I wish'd as I did,
  And therefore this union of hands;
Not a whisper was heard to forbid,
  But all cry, Amen! to the bans.

Since therefore I seem to incur
  No danger of wishing in vain,
When making good wishes for Her,
  I will e'en to my wishes again;
With one I have made her a Wife,
  And now I will try with another,
Which I cannot suppress for my life,
  How soon I can make her a Mother.

[1] Lady Throckmorton.

ON

THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE

OUT OF NORFOLK,

THE GIFT OF MY COUSIN, ANN BODHAM.

O THAT those lips had language! Life has pass'd
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
"Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!"
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it!) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bidst me honour with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long,
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own;
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream, that thou art she.

My mother! when I learn'd that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile!—it answers—Yes.

I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?—It was.—Where thou art gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wish'd, I long believed,
And disappointed still, was still deceived;
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrows spent,
I learn'd at last submission to my lot,
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.
Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapt
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet-capt,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we call'd the pastoral house our own.
Shortlived possession! But the record fair,
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid;

Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionary plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestow'd
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glow'd:
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks,
That humour interposed too often makes;
All this still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorn'd in heaven, though little noticed here.

Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I prick'd them into paper with a pin,
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile,)
Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart;—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.—
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weather'd and the ocean cross'd)
Shoots into port at some well haven'd isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,

There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reach'd the shore,
"Where tempests never beat nor billows roar[1];"
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life long since has anchor'd by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distress'd,—
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-toss'd,
Sails ripp'd, seams opening wide, and compass lost,
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
Yet O the thought, that thou art safe, and he!
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise,—
The son of parents pass'd into the skies.
And now, farewell!—Time unrevoked has run
His wonted course, yet what I wish'd is done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again;
To have renew'd the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine;
And, while the wings of fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft,—
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

[1] Garth.

THE POPLAR FIELD.

THE poplars are fell'd; farewell to the shade,
And the whispering sound of the cool colonnade!
The winds play no longer and sing in the leaves,
Nor Ouse on his bosom their image receives.

Twelve years have elapsed since I first took a view
Of my favourite field, and the bank where they grew;
And now in the grass behold they are laid,
And the tree is my seat that once lent me a shade!

The blackbird has fled to another retreat,
Where the hazels afford him a screen from the heat,
And the scene where his melody charm'd me before
Resounds with his sweet flowing ditty no more.

My fugitive years are all hasting away,
And I must ere long lie as lowly as they,
With a turf on my breast, and a stone at my head,
Ere another such grove shall arise in its stead.

'Tis a sight to engage me, if any thing can,
To muse on the perishing pleasures of man;
Though his life be a dream, his enjoyments, I see,
Have a being less durable even than he[1].

[1] Cowper afterwards altered this last stanza in the following manner:—

The change both my heart and my fancy employs,
I reflect on the frailty of man and his joys;
Short-lived as we are, yet our pleasures, we see,
Have a still shorter date, and die sooner than we.

ON A MISCHIEVOUS BULL,

WHICH THE OWNER OF HIM SOLD AT THE AUTHOR'S INSTANCE.

Go!—thou art all unfit to share
The pleasures of this place
With such as its old tenants are,
Creatures of gentler race.

The squirrel here his hoard provides,
Aware of wintry storms;
And woodpeckers explore the sides
Of rugged oaks for worms.

The sheep here smooths the knotted thorn
With frictions of her fleece;
And here I wander eve and morn,
Like her, a friend to peace.

Ah!—I could pity thee exiled
From this secure retreat;—
I would not lose it to be styled
The happiest of the great.

But thou canst taste no calm delight;
Thy pleasure is to show
Thy magnanimity in fight,
Thy prowess,—therefore, go!

I care not whether east or north,
So I no more may find thee;
The angry Muse thus sings thee forth,
And claps the gate behind thee.

AN EPITAPH.

1792.

HERE lies one who never drew
Blood himself, yet many slew;
Gave the gun its aim, and figure
Made in field, yet ne'er pull'd trigger.
Armed men have gladly made
Him their guide, and him obey'd;
At his signified desire,
Would advance, present, and fire.
Stout he was, and large of limb,
Scores have fled at sight of him;
And to all this fame he rose
Only following his Nose.
Neptune was he call'd; not He
Who controuls the boisterous sea,
But of happier command,
Neptune of the furrow'd land;
And, your wonder vain to shorten,
Pointer to *Sir John Throckmorton.*

EPITAPH ON FOP,

A DOG BELONGING TO LADY THROCKMORTON.

AUGUST, 1792.

THOUGH once a puppy, and though Fop by name,
Here moulders one whose bones some honour claim;
No sycophant, although of spaniel race,
And though no hound, a martyr to the chase.

Ye squirrels, rabbits, leverets, rejoice!
Your haunts no longer echo to his voice;
This record of his fate exulting view,
He died worn out with vain pursuit of you.
"Yes"—the indignant shade of Fop replies—
"And worn with vain pursuit man also dies."

SONNET TO GEORGE ROMNEY, ESQ.

ON HIS PICTURE OF ME IN CRAYONS, DRAWN AT EARTHAM, IN THE SIXTY-FIRST YEAR OF MY AGE, AND IN THE MONTHS OF AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER, 1792.

OCTOBER, 1792.

ROMNEY, expert infallibly to trace
On chart or canvass, not the form alone
And semblance, but, however faintly shown,
The mind's impression too on every face;
With strokes that time ought never to erase
Thou hast so pencil'd mine, that though I own
The subject worthless, I have never known
The artist shining with superior grace.
But this I mark,—that symptoms none of woe
In thy incomparable work appear.
Well—I am satisfied it should be so,
Since, on maturer thought, the cause is clear;
For in my looks what sorrow couldst thou see
When I was Hayley's guest, and sat to thee?

ON RECEIVING HAYLEY'S PICTURE.

JANUARY, 1793.

In language warm as could be breathed or penn'd
Thy picture speaks the original my friend,
Not by those looks that indicate thy mind,
They only speak thee friend of all mankind;
Expression here more soothing still I see,
That friend of *all* a partial friend to *me*.

EPITAPH ON MR. CHESTER, OF CHICHELEY.

APRIL, 1793.

Tears flow, and cease not, where the good man lies,
Till all who know him follow to the skies.
Tears therefore fall where Chester's ashes sleep;
Him wife, friends, brothers, children, servants, weep;—
And justly—few shall ever him transcend
As husband, parent, brother, master, friend.

ON A PLANT OF VIRGIN'S-BOWER,

DESIGNED TO COVER A GARDEN-SEAT.

SPRING OF 1793.

Thrive, gentle plant! and weave a bower
For Mary and for me,
And deck with many a splendid flower
Thy foliage large and free.

Thou camest from Eartham, and wilt shade,
(If truly I divine,)
Some future day the illustrious head
Of him who made thee mine.

Should Daphne show a jealous frown,
And Envy seize the Bay,
Affirming none so fit to crown
Such honour'd brows as they,

Thy cause with zeal we shall defend,
And with convincing power;
For why should not the Virgin's friend
Be crown'd with Virgin's Bower?

TO MY COUSIN, ANNE BODHAM,

ON

RECEIVING FROM HER A NETWORK PURSE, MADE BY HERSELF.

MAY 4, 1793.

My gentle Anne, whom heretofore,
When I was young, and thou no more
Than plaything for a nurse,
I danced and fondled on my knee,
A kitten both in size and glee,—
I thank thee for my purse.

Gold pays the worth of all things here;
But not of love;—that gem's too dear
For richest rogues to win it;
I, therefore, as a proof of love,
Esteem thy present far above
The best things kept within it.

INSCRIPTION

FOR AN HERMITAGE IN THE AUTHOR'S GARDEN.

MAY, 1793.

THIS cabin, Mary, in my sight appears,
Built as it has been in our waning years,
A rest afforded to our weary feet,
Preliminary to—the last retreat.

TO MRS. UNWIN.

MAY, 1793.

MARY! I want a lyre with other strings,
Such aid from Heaven as some have feign'd they drew,
An eloquence scarce given to mortals, new
And undebased by praise of meaner things,
That ere through age or woe I shed my wings,
I may record thy worth with honour due,
In verse as musical as thou art true,
And that immortalizes whom it sings.
But thou hast little need. There is a book
By seraphs writ with beams of heavenly light,
On which the eyes of God not rarely look,
A chronicle of actions just and bright;
There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary, shine;
And, since thou own'st that praise, I spare thee mine.

TO JOHN JOHNSON,

ON HIS PRESENTING ME WITH AN ANTIQUE BUST OF HOMER.

MAY, 1793.

KINSMAN beloved, and as a son, by me!
When I behold this fruit of thy regard,
The sculptured form of my old favourite bard,
I reverence feel for him, and love for thee.
Joy too and grief. Much joy that there should be
Wise men and learn'd, who grudge not to reward
With some applause my bold attempt and hard,
Which others scorn: critics by courtesy.
The grief is this, that sunk in Homer's mine,
I lose my precious years now soon to fail,
Handling his gold, which howsoe'er it shine,
Proves dross, when balanced in the Christian scale.
Be wiser thou;—like our forefather DONNE,
Seek heavenly wealth, and work for God alone.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND,

ON HIS ARRIVING AT CAMBRIDGE WET, WHEN NO RAIN HAD FALLEN THERE.

MAY, 1793.

IF Gideon's fleece, which drench'd with dew he found,
While moisture none refresh'd the herbs around,
Might fitly represent the Church, endow'd
With heavenly gifts to heathens not allow'd;

In pledge, perhaps, of favours from on high,
Thy locks were wet when others' locks were dry.
Heaven grant us half the omen,—may we see
Not drought on others, but much dew on thee!

A TALE.

JUNE, 1793.

IN Scotland's realm, where trees are few,
Nor even shrubs abound;
But where, however bleak the view,
Some better things are found;

For husband there and wife may boast
Their union undefiled,
And false ones are as rare almost
As hedge-rows in the wild;

In Scotland's realm forlorn and bare
The history chanced of late,—
This history of a wedded pair,
A chaffinch and his mate.

The spring drew near, each felt a breast
With genial instinct fill'd;
They pair'd, and would have built a nest,
But found not where to build.

The heaths uncover'd and the moors
Except with snow and sleet,
Sea-beaten rocks and naked shores
Could yield them no retreat.

Long time a breeding-place they sought,
Till both grew vex'd and tired;
At length a ship arriving brought
The good so long desired.

A ship?—could such a restless thing
Afford them place of rest?
Or was the merchant charged to bring
The homeless birds a nest?

Hush!—silent hearers profit most,—
This racer of the sea
Proved kinder to them than the coast,
It served them with a tree.

But such a tree! 'twas shaven deal,
The tree they call a mast,
And had a hollow with a wheel
Through which the tackle pass'd.

Within that cavity aloft
Their roofless home they fix'd,
Form'd with materials neat and soft,
Bents, wool, and feathers mix'd.

Four ivory eggs soon pave its floor,
With russet specks bedight;
The vessel weighs, forsakes the shore,
And lessens to the sight.

The mother-bird is gone to sea,
As she had changed her kind;
But goes the male? Far wiser he
Is doubtless left behind.

No;—Soon as from ashore he saw
The winged mansion move,
He flew to reach it, by a law
Of never-failing love.

Then perching at his consort's side,
Was briskly borne along,
The billows and the blast defied,
And cheer'd her with a song.

The seaman with sincere delight
His feather'd shipmates eyes,
Scarce less exulting in the sight
Than when he tows a prize.

For seamen much believe in signs,
And from a chance so new
Each some approaching good divines,
And may his hopes be true!

Hail, honour'd land! a desert where
Not even birds can hide,
Yet parent of this loving pair
Whom nothing could divide.

And ye who, rather than resign
Your matrimonial plan,
Were not afraid to plough the brine
In company with man;

For whose lean country much disdain
We English often show,
Yet from a richer nothing gain
But wantonness and woe;

Long time a breeding-place they sought,
Till both grew vex'd and tired;
At length a ship arriving brought
The good so long desired.

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Your matrimonial plan,
Were not afraid to plough the brine
In company with man;

For whose lean country much disdain
We English often show,
Yet from a richer nothing gain
But wantonness and woe;

Be it your fortune, year by year,
The same resource to prove,
And may ye, sometimes landing here,
Instruct us how to love[1]!

TO WILLIAM HAYLEY, ESQ.

JUNE 29, 1793.

DEAR architect of fine CHATEAUX in air,
Worthier to stand for ever, if they could,
Than any built of stone, or yet of wood,
For back of royal elephant to bear;
O for permission from the skies to share,
Much to my own, though little to thy good,
With thee, (not subject to the jealous mood!
A partnership of literary ware!

[1] This tale is founded on an article of intelligence which the author found in the Buckinghamshire Herald, for Saturday, June 1, 1793, in the following words.

Glasgow, May 23.

"In a block, or pulley, near the head of the mast of a gabert, now lying at the Broomielaw, there is a chaffinch's nest and four eggs. The nest was built while the vessel lay at Greenock, and was followed hither by both birds. Though the block is occasionally lowered for the inspection of the curious, the birds have not forsaken the nest. The cock however visits the nest but seldom; while the hen never leaves it, but when she descends to the hull for food."

But I am bankrupt now; and doom'd henceforth
To drudge, in descant dry, on others' lays;
Bards, I acknowledge, of unequall'd worth,
But what is commentator's happiest praise?
That he has furnish'd lights for other eyes,
Which they who need them use, and then despise.

ON

A SPANIEL, CALLED BEAU,

KILLING A YOUNG BIRD.

JULY 15, 1793.

A SPANIEL, Beau, that fares like you,
Well fed, and at his ease,
Should wiser be than to pursue
Each trifle that he sees.

But you have kill'd a tiny bird,
Which flew not till to-day,
Against my orders, whom you heard
Forbidding you the prey.

Nor did you kill that you might eat,
And ease a doggish pain,
For him, though chased with furious heat,
You left where he was slain.

Nor was he of the thievish sort,
Or one whom blood allures,
But innocent was all his sport
Whom you have torn for yours.

My dog! what remedy remains,
Since, teach you all I can,
I see you, after all my pains,
So much resemble man!

BEAU'S REPLY.

Sir, when I flew to seize the bird
In spite of your command,
A louder voice than yours I heard,
And harder to withstand.

You cried—forbear!—but in my breast
A mightier cried—proceed!—
'Twas nature, sir, whose strong behest
Impell'd me to the deed.

Yet much as nature I respect,
I ventured once to break
(As you perhaps may recollect)
Her precept for your sake;

And when your linnet on a day,
Passing his prison door,
Had flutter'd all his strength away,
And panting press'd the floor;

Well knowing him a sacred thing,
Not destined to my tooth,
I only kiss'd his ruffled wing,
And lick'd the feathers smooth.

Let my obedience then excuse
My disobedience now,
Nor some reproof yourself refuse
From your aggrieved bow-wow;

If killing birds be such a crime,
(Which I can hardly see,)
What think you, sir, of killing time
With verse address'd to me?

ANSWER

TO

STANZAS ADDRESSED TO LADY HESKETH,

BY MISS CATHARINE FANSHAWE,

IN RETURNING A POEM OF MR. COWPER'S, LENT TO HER ON CONDITION SHE SHOULD NEITHER SHOW IT, NOR TAKE A COPY.

1793.

To be remember'd *thus* is fame,
And in the first degree;
And did the *few like her* the same,
The press might sleep for me.

So Homer, in the memory stored
Of many a Grecian belle,
Was once preserved—a richer hoard,
But never lodged so well.

TO THE

SPANISH ADMIRAL COUNT GRAVINA,

ON HIS TRANSLATING THE AUTHOR'S SONG ON A ROSE INTO ITALIAN VERSE.

1793.

My rose, Gravina, blooms anew;
And steep'd not now in rain,
But in Castalian streams by you,
Will never fade again.

ON FLAXMAN'S PENELOPE.

Sept. 1793.

The suitors sinn'd, but with a fair excuse,
Whom all this elegance might well seduce;
Nor can our censure on the husband fall,
Who, for a wife so lovely, slew them all.

ON RECEIVING

HEYNE'S VIRGIL FROM MR. HAYLEY.

Oct. 1793.

I should have deem'd it once an effort vain
To sweeten more sweet Maro's matchless strain,
But from that error now behold me free,
Since I received him as a gift from thee.

TO MARY.

AUTUMN OF 1793.

THE twentieth year is well nigh past,
Since first our sky was overcast;—
Ah would that this might be the last!
My Mary!

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,
I see thee daily weaker grow;—
'Twas my distress that brought thee low,
My Mary!

Thy needles, once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore,
Now rust disused, and shine no more,
My Mary!

For though thou gladly wouldst fulfil
The same kind office for me still,
Thy sight now seconds not thy will,
My Mary!

But well thou play'dst the housewife's part,
And all thy threads with magic art
Have wound themselves about this heart,
My Mary!

Thy indistinct expressions seem
Like language utter'd in a dream;
Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,
My Mary!

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary!

For could I view nor them nor thee,
What sight worth seeing could I see?
The sun would rise in vain for me,
My Mary!

Partakers of thy sad decline,
Thy hands their little force resign;
Yet gently prest, press gently mine,
My Mary!

Such feebleness of limbs thou provest,
That now at every step thou movest
Upheld by two, yet still thou lovest,
My Mary!

And still to love, though prest with ill,
In wintry age to feel no chill,
With me is to be lovely still,
My Mary!

But ah! by constant heed I know,
How oft the sadness that I show,
Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,
My Mary!

And should my future lot be cast
With much resemblance of the past,
Thy worn-out heart will break at last,
My Mary!

ON THE ICE ISLANDS,

SEEN FLOATING IN THE GERMAN OCEAN.

MARCH 19, 1799.

WHAT portents, from what distant region, ride,
Unseen till now in ours, the astonish'd tide?
In ages past, old Proteus, with his droves
Of sea-calves, sought the mountains and the groves;
But now, descending whence of late they stood,
Themselves the mountains seem to rove the flood;
Dire times were they, full-charged with human woes;
And these, scarce less calamitous than those.
What view we now? More wondrous still! Behold!
Like burnish'd brass they shine, or beaten gold;
And all around the pearl's pure splendour show,
And all around the ruby's fiery glow.
Come they from India, where the burning earth,
All bounteous, gives her richest treasures birth;
And where the costly gems, that beam around
The brows of mightiest potentates, are found?
No. Never such a countless dazzling store
Had left, unseen, the Ganges' peopled shore;
Rapacious hands, and ever-watchful eyes,
Should sooner far have mark'd and seized the prize.
Whence sprang they then? Ejected have they come
From Ves'vius', or from Ætna's burning womb?
Thus shine they self-illumed, or but display
The borrow'd splendours of a cloudless day?
With borrow'd beams they shine. The gales, that breathe
Now landward, and the current's force beneath,

Have borne them nearer; and the nearer sight,
Advantaged more, contemplates them aright.
Their lofty summits crested high, they show,
With mingled sleet, and long-incumbent snow,
The rest is ice. Far hence, where, most severe,
Bleak Winter well-nigh saddens all the year,
Their infant growth began. He bade arise
Their uncouth forms, portentous in our eyes.
Oft as dissolved by transient suns, the snow
Left the tall cliff to join the flood below,
He caught, and curdled with a freezing blast
The current, ere it reach'd the boundless waste.
By slow degrees uprose the wondrous pile,
And long successive ages roll'd the while,
Till, ceaseless in its growth, it claim'd to stand
Tall as its rival mountains on the land.
Thus stood, and, unremovable by skill,
Or force of man, had stood the structure still;
But that, though firmly fixt, supplanted yet
By pressure of its own enormous weight,
It left the shelving beach,—and with a sound
That shook the bellowing waves and rocks around,
Self-launch'd, and swiftly, to the briny wave,
As if instinct with strong desire to lave,
Down went the ponderous mass. So bards of old,
How Delos swam the Ægean deep, have told.
But not of ice was Delos. Delos bore
Herb, fruit, and flower. She, crown'd with laurel, wore
Even under wintry skies, a summer smile;
And Delos was Apollo's favourite isle.
But, horrid wanderers of the deep, to you
He deems Cimmerian darkness only due.

Your hated birth he deign'd not to survey,
But, scornful, turn'd his glorious eyes away.
Hence! Seek your home, nor longer rashly dare
The darts of Phœbus, and a softer air;
Lest ye regret, too late, your native coast,
In no congenial gulf for ever lost!

MONTES GLACIALES,

IN OCEANO GERMANICO NATANTES.

MARCH 11, 1799.

EN, quæ prodigia, ex oris allata remotis,
Oras adveniunt pavefacta per æquora nostras!
Non equidem priscæ sæclum rediisse videtur
Pyrrhæ, cum Proteus pecus altos visere montes
Et sylvas, egit. Sed tempora vix leviora
Adsunt, evulsi quando radicitus alti
In mare descendunt montes, fluctusque pererrant.
Quid verò hoc monstri est magis et mirabile visu?
Splendentes video, ceu pulchro ex ære vel auro
Conflatos, rutilisque accinctos undique gemmis,
Baccâ cæruleâ, et flammas imitante pyropo.
Ex oriente adsunt, ubi gazas optima tellus
Parturit omnigenas, quibus æva per omnia sumptu
Ingenti finxêre sibi diademata reges?
Vix hoc crediderim. Non fallunt talia acutos
Mercatorum oculos: prius et quàm littora Gangis
Liquissent, avidis gratissima præda fuissent.
Ortos unde putemus? An illos Ves'vius atrox

Protulit, ignivomisve ejecit faucibus Ætna?
Luce micant propriâ, Phœbive, per aëra purum
Nunc stimulantis equos, argentea tela retorquent?
Phœbi luce micant. Ventis et fluctibus altis
Appulsi, et rapidis subter currentibus undis,
Tandem non fallunt oculos. Capita alta videre est
Multâ onerata nive et canis conspersa pruinis.
Cætera sunt glacies. Procul hinc, ubi Bruma ferè omnes
Contristat menses, portenta hæc horrida nobis
Illa strui voluit. Quoties de culmine summo
Clivorum fluerent in littora prona, solutæ
Sole, nives, propero tendentes in mare cursu,
Illa gelu fixit. Paulatim attollere sese
Mirum cœpit opus; glacieque ab origine rerum
In glaciem aggestâ sublimes vertice tandem
Æquavit montes, non crescere nescia moles.
Sic immensa diu stetit, æternumque stetisset,
Congeries, hominum neque vi neque mobilis arte,
Littora ni tandem declivia deseruisset,
Pondere victa suo. Dilabitur. Omnia circum
Antra et saxa gemunt, subito concussa fragore,
Dum ruit in pelagum, tanquam studiosa natandi,
Ingens tota strues. Sic Delos dicitur olim,
Insula, in Ægæo fluitâsse erratica ponto.
Sed non ex glacie Delos; neque torpida Delum
Bruma inter rupes genuit nudum sterilemque.
Sed vestita herbis erat illa, ornataque nunquam
Deciduâ lauro; et Delum dilexit Apollo.
At vos, errones horrendi, et caligine digni
Cimmeriâ, Deus idem odit. Natalia vestra,
Nubibus involvens frontem, non ille tueri

Sustinuit. Patrium vos ergo requirite cælum!
Ite! Redite! Timete moras; ni lenitèr austro
Spirante, et nitidas Phœbo jaculante sagittas
Hostili vobis, pereatis gurgite misti!

THE SALAD. BY VIRGIL.

JUNE 8, 1799.

THE winter night now well nigh worn away,
The wakeful cock proclaim'd approaching day,
When Simulus, poor tenant of a farm
Of narrowest limits, heard the shrill alarm,
Yawn'd, stretch'd his limbs, and anxious to provide
Against the pangs of hunger unsupplied,
By slow degrees his tatter'd bed forsook,
And poking in the dark, explored the nook
Where embers slept with ashes heap'd around,
And with burnt fingers'-ends the treasure found.
It chanced that from a brand beneath his nose,
Sure proof of latent fire, some smoke arose;
When trimming with a pin the incrusted tow,
And stooping it towards the coals below,
He toils, with cheeks distended, to excite
The lingering flame, and gains at length a light.
With prudent heed he spreads his hand before
The quivering lamp, and opes his granary door.
Small was his stock, but taking for the day,
A measured stint of twice eight pounds away,

With these his mill he seeks. A shelf at hand,
Fixt in the wall, affords his lamp a stand:
Then baring both his arms, a sleeveless coat
He girds, the rough exuviæ of a goat;
And with a rubber, for that use design'd,
Cleansing his mill within, begins to grind;
Each hand has its employ; labouring amain,
This turns the winch, while that supplies the grain.
The stone revolving rapidly, now glows,
And the bruised corn a mealy current flows;
While he, to make his heavy labour light,
Tasks oft his left hand to relieve his right;
And chants with rudest accent, to beguile
His ceaseless toil, as rude a strain the while.
And now, "Dame Cybale, come forth!" he cries;
But Cybale, still slumbering, nought replies.
From Afric she, the swain's sole serving-maid,
Whose face and form alike her birth betray'd;
With woolly locks, lips tumid, sable skin,
Wide bosom, udders flaccid, belly thin,
Legs slender, broad and most misshapen feet,
Chapp'd into chinks, and parch'd with solar heat.
Such, summon'd oft, she came; at his command
Fresh fuel heap'd, the sleeping embers fann'd,
And made in haste her simmering skillet steam,
Replenish'd newly from the neighbouring stream.
The labours of the mill perform'd, a sieve
The mingled flour and bran must next receive,
Which shaken oft, shoots Ceres through refined,
And better dress'd, her husks all left behind.
This done, at once, his future plain repast,
Unleaven'd, on a shaven board he cast,

With tepid lymph, first largely soak'd it all,
Then gather'd it with both hands to a ball,
And spreading it again with both hands wide,
With sprinkled salt the stiffen'd mass supplied;
At length, the stubborn substance, duly wrought,
Takes from his palms impress'd the shape it ought,
Becomes an orb, and quarter'd into shares,
The faithful mark of just division bears.
Last, on his hearth it finds convenient space,
For Cybale before had swept the place,
And there, with tiles and embers overspread,
She leaves it—reeking in its sultry bed.
Nor Similus, while Vulcan thus, alone,
His part perform'd, proves heedless of his own,
But sedulous, not merely to subdue
His hunger, but to please his palate too,
Prepares more savoury food. His chimney-side
Could boast no gammon, salted well, and dried,
And hook'd behind him; but sufficient store
Of bundled anise, and a cheese it bore;
A broad round cheese, which, through its centre strung
With a tough broom-twig, in the corner hung;
The prudent hero therefore with address,
And quick dispatch, now seeks another mess.
Close to his cottage lay a garden-ground,
With reeds and osiers sparely girt around;
Small was the spot, but liberal to produce,
Nor wanted aught that serves a peasant's use;
And sometimes even the rich would borrow thence,
Although its tillage was his sole expense.
For oft, as from his toils abroad he ceased,
Home-bound by weather or some stated feast,

His debt of culture here he duly paid,
And only left the plough to wield the spade.
He knew to give each plant the soil it needs,
To drill the ground, and cover close the seeds;
And could with ease compel the wanton rill
To turn, and wind, obedient to his will.
There flourish'd star-wort, and the branching beet,
The sorrel acid, and the mallow sweet,
The skirret, and the leek's aspiring kind,
The noxious poppy—quencher of the mind!
Salubrious sequel of a sumptuous board,
The lettuce, and the long huge-bellied gourd;
But these (for none his appetite controll'd
With stricter sway) the thrifty rustic sold;
With broom-twigs neatly bound, each kind apart,
He bore them ever to the public mart;
Whence, laden still, but with a lighter load,
Of cash well earn'd, he took his homeward road,
Expending seldom, ere he quitted Rome,
His gains, in flesh-meat for a feast at home.
There, at no cost, on onions, rank and red,
Or the curl'd endive's bitter leaf, he fed:
On scallions sliced, or with a sensual gust
On rockets—foul provocatives of lust;
Nor even shunn'd, with smarting gums, to press
Nasturtium, pungent face-distorting mess!
Some such regale now also in his thought,
With hasty steps his garden-ground he sought;
There delving with his hands, he first displaced
Four plants of garlick, large, and rooted fast;
The tender tops of parsley next he culls,
Then the old rue-bush shudders as he pulls,

And coriander last to these succeeds,
That hangs on slightest threads her trembling seeds.
Placed near his sprightly fire he now demands
The mortar at his sable servant's hands;
When stripping all his garlick first, he tore
The exterior coats, and cast them on the floor,
Then cast away with like contempt the skin,
Flimsier concealment of the cloves within.
These search'd, and perfect found, he one by one
Rinsed, and disposed within the hollow stone;
Salt added, and a lump of salted cheese,
With his injected herbs he cover'd these,
And tucking with his left his tunic tight,
And seizing fast the pestle with his right,
The garlick bruising first he soon express'd,
And mix'd the various juices of the rest.
He grinds, and by degrees his herbs below
Lost in each other their own powers forego,
And with the cheese in compound, to the sight
Nor wholly green appear, nor wholly white.
His nostrils oft the forceful fume resent;
He cursed full oft his dinner for its scent,
Or with wry faces, wiping as he spoke
The trickling tears, cried—"Vengeance on the smoke!"
The work proceeds: not roughly turns he now
The pestle, but in circles smooth and slow;
With cautious hand that grudges what it spills,
Some drops of olive-oil he next instils;
Then vinegar with caution scarcely less;
And gathering to a ball the medley mess,
Last, with two fingers frugally applied,
Sweeps the small remnant from the mortar's side:

And thus complete in figure and in kind,
Obtains at length the Salad he design'd.
And now black Cybale before him stands,
The cake drawn newly glowing in her hands:
He glad receives it, chasing far away
All fears of famine for the passing day;
His legs enclosed in buskins, and his head
In its tough casque of leather, forth he led
And yoked his steers, a dull obedient pair,
Then drove afield, and plunged the pointed share.

THE CAST-AWAY.

March 20, 1799.

Obscurest night involved the sky,
The Atlantic billows roar'd,
When such a destined wretch as I,
Wash'd headlong from on board,
Of friends, of hope, of all bereft,
His floating home for ever left.

No braver chief could Albion boast
Than he, with whom he went,
Nor ever ship left Albion's coast
With warmer wishes sent.
He loved them both, but both in vain,
Nor him beheld, nor her again.

Not long beneath the whelming brine,
Expert to swim, he lay;
Nor soon he felt his strength decline,
Or courage die away;

But waged with death a lasting strife,
Supported by despair of life.

He shouted: nor his friends had fail'd
To check the vessel's course,
But so the furious blast prevail'd,
That pitiless perforce,
They left their outcast mate behind,
And scudded still before the wind.

Some succour yet they could afford;
And, such as storms allow,
The cask, the coop, the floated cord,
Delay'd not to bestow.
But he (they knew) nor ship nor shore,
Whate'er they gave, should visit more.

Nor, cruel as it seem'd, could he
Their haste himself condemn,
Aware that flight, in such a sea,
Alone could rescue them;
Yet bitter felt it still to die
Deserted, and his friends so nigh.

He long survives, who lives an hour
In ocean, self-upheld;
And so long he, with unspent power,
His destiny repell'd;
And ever as the minutes flew,
Entreated help, or cried—"Adieu!"

At length, his transient respite past,
His comrades, who before
Had heard his voice in every blast,
Could catch the sound no more:

For then, by toil subdued, he drank
The stifling wave, and then he sank.

No poet wept him; but the page
Of narrative sincere,
That tells his name, his worth, his age,
Is wet with Anson's tear:
And tears by bards or heroes shed
Alike immortalize the dead.

I therefore purpose not, or dream,
Descanting on his fate,
To give the melancholy theme
A more enduring date:
But misery still delights to trace
Its 'semblance in another's case.

No voice divine the storm allay'd,
No light propitious shone,
When, snatch'd from all effectual aid,
We perish'd, each alone:
But I beneath a rougher sea,
And whelm'd in deeper gulfs than he.

MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTION

TO

WILLIAM NORTHCOT.

HIC sepultus est
Inter suorum lacrymas
GULIELMUS NORTHCOT,
GULIELMI et MARIÆ filius

Unicus, unicè dilectus,
Qui floris ritu succisus est semihiantis,
Aprilis die septimo,
1780, Æt. 10.

Care, vale! Sed non æternum, care, valeto!
Namque iterum tecum, sim modò dignus, ero.
Tum nihil amplexus poterit divellere nostros,
Nec tu marcesces, nec lacrymabor ego.

TRANSLATION.

FAREWELL! "But not for ever," Hope replies,
Trace but his steps and meet him in the skies!
There nothing shall renew our parting pain,
Thou shalt not wither, nor I weep again.

A RIDDLE.

I AM just two and two, I am warm, I am cold,
And the parent of numbers that cannot be told.
I am lawful, unlawful—a duty, a fault,
I am often sold dear, good for nothing when bought;
An extraordinary boon, and a matter of course,
And yielded with pleasure when taken by force.

ANSWER.

FROM THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, VOL. LXXVI. P. 1224.

A RIDDLE by Cowper
Made me swear like a trooper;
But my anger, alas! was in vain;
For remembering the bliss
Of beauty's soft Kiss,
I now long for such riddles again. J. T.

IN SEDITIONEM HORRENDAM,

CORRUPTELIS GALLICIS, UT FERTUR, LONDINI NUPER EXORTAM.

PERFIDA, crudelis, victa et lymphata furore,
Non armis, laurum Gallia fraude petit.
Venalem pretio plebem conducit, et urit
Undique privatas patriciasque domos.
Nequicquam conata suâ, fœdissima sperat
Posse tamen nostrâ nos superare manu.
Gallia, vana struis! Precibus nunc utere! Vinces,
Nam mites timidis supplicibusque sumus.

TRANSLATION.

FALSE, cruel, disappointed, stung to the heart,
France quits the warrior's for the assassin's part,
To dirty hands a dirty bribe conveys,
Bids the low street and lofty palace blaze.
Her sons, too weak to vanquish us alone,
She hires the worst and basest of our own.
Kneel, France! a suppliant conquers us with ease,
We always spare a coward on his knees.

COWPER had sinn'd with some excuse,
If, bound in rhyming tethers,
He had committed this abuse
Of changing ewes for wethers[1];

[1] I have heard about my wether mutton from various quarters. It was a blunder hardly pardonable in a man who has lived amid fields and meadows, grazed by sheep, almost these thirty years. I have accordingly satirized myself in two stanzas

But, male for female is a trope,
Or rather bold misnomer,
That would have startled even Pope,
When he translated Homer.

STANZAS

SUBJOINED TO THE YEARLY BILL OF MORTALITY OF THE PARISH OF ALL-SAINTS, NORTHAMPTON [1],

ANNO DOMINI 1787.

Pallida Mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,
Regumque turres. HORACE.

Pale Death with equal foot strikes wide the door
Of royal halls and hovels of the poor.

WHILE thirteen moons saw smoothly run
The Nen's barge-laden wave,
All these, life's rambling journey done,
Have found their home, the grave.

Was man (frail always) made more frail
Than in foregoing years?
Did famine or did plague prevail,
That so much death appears?

which I composed last night, while I lay awake, tormented with pain, and well dosed with laudanum. If you find them not very brilliant, therefore, you will know how to account for it.—*Letter to Joseph Hill, April* 15, 1792.

[1] Composed for John Cox, parish clerk of Northampton.

No; these were vigorous as their sires,
Nor plague nor famine came;
This annual tribute Death requires,
And never waives his claim.

Like crowded forest-trees we stand,
And some are mark'd to fall;
The axe will smite at God's command,
And soon shall smite us all.

Green as the bay tree, ever green,
With its new foliage on,
The gay, the thoughtless, have I seen,
I pass'd,—and they were gone.

Read, ye that run, the aweful truth
With which I charge my page!
A worm is in the bud of youth,
And at the root of age.

No present health can health insure
For yet an hour to come;
No medicine, though it oft can cure,
Can always balk the tomb.

And oh! that humble as my lot,
And scorn'd as is my strain,
These truths, though known, too much forgot,
I may not teach in vain.

So prays your Clerk with all his heart,
And, ere he quits the pen,
Begs you for once to take his part,
And answer all—Amen!

ON A SIMILAR OCCASION,

FOR THE YEAR 1788.

Quod adest, memento
Componere æquus. Cætera fluminis
Ritu feruntur. HORACE.

Improve the present hour, for all beside
Is a mere feather on a torrent's tide.

COULD I, from Heaven inspired, as sure presage
To whom the rising year shall prove his last,
As I can number in my punctual page,
And item down the victims of the past;

How each would trembling wait the mournful sheet
On which the press might stamp him next to die;
And, reading here his sentence, how replete
With anxious meaning, heavenward turn his eye!

Time then would seem more precious than the joys
In which he sports away the treasure now;
And prayer more seasonable than the noise
Of drunkards, or the music-drawing bow.

Then doubtless many a trifler, on the brink
Of this world's hazardous and headlong shore,
Forced to a pause, would feel it good to think,
Told that his setting sun must rise no more.

Ah self-deceived! Could I prophetic say
Who next is fated, and who next to fall,
The rest might then seem privileged to play;
But, naming none, the Voice now speaks to all.

Observe the dappled foresters, how light
They bound and airy o'er the sunny glade;
One falls—the rest, wide scatter'd with affright,
Vanish at once into the darkest shade.

Had we their wisdom, should we, often warn'd,
Still need repeated warnings, and at last,
A thousand aweful admonitions scorn'd,
Die self-accused of life run all to waste?

Sad waste! for which no after-thrift atones!
The grave admits no cure for guilt or sin;
Dewdrops may deck the turf that hides the bones,
But tears of godly grief ne'er flow within.

Learn then, ye living! by the mouths be taught
Of all those sepulchres, instructors true,
That, soon or late, death also is your lot,
And the next opening grave may yawn for you.

ON A SIMILAR OCCASION,

For the Year 1789.

—Placidaque ibi demum morte quievit. Virg.
There calm at length he breathed his soul away.

"O most delightful hour by man
Experienced here below,
The hour that terminates his span,
His folly and his woe!

" Worlds should not bribe me back to tread
Again life's dreary waste,
To see again my day o'erspread
With all the gloomy past.

" My home henceforth is in the skies,
Earth, seas, and sun, adieu!
All heaven unfolded to my eyes,
I have no sight for you."

So spake Aspasio, firm possess'd
Of faith's supporting rod,
Then breathed his soul into its rest,
The bosom of his God.

He was a man among the few
Sincere on virtue's side;
And all his strength from Scripture drew,
To hourly use applied.

That rule he prized, by that he fear'd,
He hated, hoped, and loved;
Nor ever frown'd, or sad appear'd,
But when his heart had roved.

For he was frail as thou or I,
And evil felt within:
But when he felt it, heaved a sigh,
And loathed the thought of sin.

Such lived Aspasio; and at last
Call'd up from earth to heaven,
The gulf of death triumphant pass'd,
By gales of blessing driven.

His joys be mine, each Reader cries,
When my last hour arrives:
They shall be yours, my verse replies,
Such only be your lives.

ON A SIMILAR OCCASION,

FOR THE YEAR 1790.

Ne commonentem recta sperne. BUCHANAN.
Despise not my good counsel.

HE who sits from day to day
Where the prison'd lark is hung,
Heedless of his loudest lay,
Hardly knows that he has sung.

Where the watchman in his round
Nightly lifts his voice on high,
None accustom'd to the sound,
Wakes the sooner for his cry.

So your verse-man I, and Clerk,
Yearly in my song proclaim
Death at hand—yourselves his mark—
And the foe's unerring aim.

Duly at my time I come,
Publishing to all aloud,—
Soon the grave must be your home,
And your only suit a shroud.

But the monitory strain,
  Oft repeated in your ears,
Seems to sound too much in vain,
  Wins no notice, wakes no fears.

Can a truth, by all confess'd
  Of such magnitude and weight,
Grow, by being oft impress'd,
  Trivial as a parrot's prate?

Pleasure's call attention wins,
  Hear it often as we may;
New as ever seem our sins,
  Though committed every day.

Death and judgement, heaven and hell—
  These alone, so often heard,
No more move us than the bell
  When some stranger is interr'd.

O then, ere the turf or tomb
  Cover us from every eye,
Spirit of instruction! come,
  Make us learn that we must die.

ON A SIMILAR OCCASION,

FOR THE YEAR 1792.

Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,
Atque metus omnes et inexorabile fatum
Subjecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari!
VIRG.

Happy the mortal who has traced effects
To their first cause, cast fear beneath his feet,
And Death and roaring Hell's voracious fires!

THANKLESS for favours from on high,
Man thinks he fades too soon;
Though 'tis his privilege to die,
Would he improve the boon.

But he, not wise enough to scan
His blest concerns aright,
Would gladly stretch life's little span
To ages, if he might;

To ages in a world of pain,
To ages, where he goes
Gall'd by affliction's heavy chain,
And hopeless of repose.

Strange fondness of the human heart,
Enamour'd of its harm!
Strange world, that costs it so much smart,
And still has power to charm.

Whence has the world her magic power?
Why deem we death a foe?
Recoil from weary life's best hour,
And covet longer woe?

The cause is Conscience:—Conscience oft
Her tale of guilt renews;
Her voice is terrible though soft,
And dread of death ensues.

Then anxious to be longer spared
Man mourns his fleeting breath:
All evils then seem light compared
With the approach of Death.

'Tis judgement shakes him; there's the fear
That prompts the wish to stay:
He has incurr'd a long arrear,
And must despair to pay.

Pay?—follow Christ, and all is paid;
His death your peace ensures;
Think on the grave where he was laid,
And calm descend to yours.

ON A SIMILAR OCCASION,

FOR THE YEAR 1793.

De sacris autem hæc sit una sententia, ut conserventur.

CIC. DE LEG.

But let us all concur in this one sentiment, that things sacred be inviolate.

HE lives who lives to God alone,
And all are dead beside;
For other source than God is none
Whence life can be supplied.

To live to God is to requite
His love as best we may;
To make his precepts our delight,
His promises our stay.

But life, within a narrow ring
Of giddy joys comprised,
Is falsely named, and no such thing,
But rather death disguised.

Can life in them deserve the name,
Who only live to prove
For what poor toys they can disclaim
An endless life above?

Who, much diseased, yet nothing feel;
Much menaced, nothing dread;
Have wounds which only God can heal,
Yet never ask his aid?

Who deem his house a useless place,
Faith, want of common sense;
And ardour in the Christian race,
A hypocrite's pretence?

Who trample order; and the day
Which God asserts his own
Dishonour with unhallow'd play,
And worship chance alone?

If scorn of God's commands, impress'd
On word and deed, imply
The better part of man unbless'd
With life that cannot die;

Such want it, and that want, uncured
Till man resigns his breath,
Speaks him a criminal, assured
Of everlasting death.

Sad period to a pleasant course!
Yet so will God repay
Sabbaths profaned without remorse,
And mercy cast away.

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

VINCENT BOURNE.

THE THRACIAN.

THRACIAN parents, at his birth,
Mourn their babe with many a tear,
But with undissembled mirth
Place him breathless on his bier.

Greece and Rome with equal scorn,
"O the savages!" exclaim,
"Whether they rejoice or mourn,
Well entitled to the name!"

But the cause of this concern
And this pleasure would they trace,
Even they might somewhat learn
From the savages of Thrace.

RECIPROCAL KINDNESS,

THE PRIMARY LAW OF NATURE.

ANDROCLES from his injured lord in dread
Of instant death, to Libya's desert fled.
Tired with his toilsome flight, and parch'd with hea
He spied, at length, a cavern's cool retreat,

But scarce had given to rest his weary frame,
When, hugest of his kind, a lion came:
He roar'd approaching; but the savage din
To plaintive murmurs changed,—arrived within,
And with expressive looks, his lifted paw
Presenting, aid implored from whom he saw.
The fugitive, through terror at a stand,
Dared not awhile afford his trembling hand,
But bolder grown, at length inherent found
A pointed thorn, and drew it from the wound.
The cure was wrought; he wiped the sanious blood,
And firm and free from pain the lion stood.
Again he seeks the wilds, and day by day,
Regales his inmate with the parted prey;
Nor he disdains the dole, though unprepared,
Spread on the ground, and with a lion shared.
But thus to live—still lost—sequester'd still—
Scarce seem'd his lord's revenge a heavier ill.
Home! native home! O might he but repair!
He must, he will, though death attends him there.
He goes, and doom'd to perish, on the sands
Of the full theatre unpitied stands;
When lo! the self-same lion from his cage
Flies to devour him, famish'd into rage.
He flies, but viewing in his purposed prey
The man, his healer, pauses on his way,
And soften'd by remembrance into sweet
And kind composure, crouches at his feet.
Mute with astonishment the assembly gaze:
But why, ye Romans? Whence your mute amaze?
All this is natural: Nature bade him rend
An enemy; she bids him spare a friend.

A MANUAL,

MORE ANCIENT THAN THE ART OF PRINTING, AND NOT TO BE FOUND IN ANY CATALOGUE.

THERE is a book, which we may call
(Its excellence is such)
Alone a library, though small;
The ladies thumb it much.

Words none, things numerous it contains;
And, things with words compared,
Who needs be told, that has his brains,
Which merits most regard?

Ofttimes its leaves of scarlet hue
A golden edging boast;
And open'd, it displays to view
Twelve pages at the most.

Nor name, nor title, stamp'd behind,
Adorns its outer part;
But all within 'tis richly lined,
A magazine of art.

The whitest hands that secret hoard
Oft visit; and the fair
Preserve it in their bosoms stored,
As with a miser's care.

Thence implements of every size,
And form'd for various use,
(They need but to consult their eyes,)
They readily produce.

The largest and the longest kind
Possess the foremost page,
A sort most needed by the blind,
Or nearly such from age.

The full-charged leaf, which next ensues,
Presents in bright array
The smaller sort, which matrons use,
Not quite so blind as they.

The third, the fourth, the fifth supply
What their occasions ask,
Who with a more discerning eye
Perform a nicer task.

But still with regular decrease
From size to size they fall,
In every leaf grow less and less;
The last are least of all.

O! what a fund of genius, pent
In narrow space, is here!
This volume's method and intent
How luminous and clear!

It leaves no reader at a loss
Or posed, whoever reads:
No commentator's tedious gloss,
Nor even index needs.

Search Bodley's many thousands o'er!
No book is treasured there,
Nor yet in Granta's numerous store,
That may with this compare.

No!—rival none in either host
Of this was ever seen,
Or, that contents could justly boast,
So brilliant and so keen.

AN ENIGMA.

A NEEDLE small, as small can be,
In bulk and use, surpasses me,
Nor is my purchase dear;
For little, and almost for nought,
As many of my kind are bought
As days are in the year.

Yet though but little use we boast,
And are procured at little cost,
The labour is not light;
Nor few artificers it asks,
All skilful in their several tasks,
To fashion us aright.

One fuses metal o'er the fire,
A second draws it into wire,
The shears another plies,
Who clips in lengths the brazen thread
For him, who, chafing every shred,
Gives all an equal size.

A fifth prepares, exact and round,
The knob, with which it must be crown'd;
His follower makes it fast:
And with his mallet and his file
To shape the point, employs awhile
The seventh and the last.

Now therefore! Œdipus! declare
What creature, wonderful, and rare,
A process, that obtains
Its purpose with so much ado,
At last produces!—tell me true,
And take me for your pains!

SPARROWS SELF-DOMESTICATED

IN TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

None ever shared the social feast,
Or as an inmate or a guest,
Beneath the celebrated dome,
Where once Sir Isaac had his home,
Who saw not (and with some delight
Perhaps he view'd the novel sight)
How numerous, at the tables there,
The sparrows beg their daily fare.
For there, in every nook and cell,
Where such a family may dwell,
Sure as the vernal season comes
Their nests they weave in hope of crumbs,
Which kindly given, may serve with food
Convenient their unfeather'd brood;
And oft as with its summons clear
The warning bell salutes their ear,
Sagacious listeners to the sound,
They flock from all the fields around,
To reach the hospitable hall,
None more attentive to the call.

Arrived, the pensionary band,
Hopping and chirping, close at hand,
Solicit what they soon receive,
The sprinkled, plenteous donative.
Thus is a multitude, though large,
Supported at a trivial charge;
A single doit would overpay
The expenditure of every day,
And who can grudge so small a grace
To suppliants, natives of the place?

FAMILIARITY DANGEROUS.

As in her ancient mistress' lap
The youthful tabby lay,
They gave each other many a tap,
Alike disposed to play.

But strife ensues. Puss waxes warm,
And with protruded claws
Ploughs all the length of Lydia's arm,
Mere wantonness the cause.

At once, resentful of the deed,
She shakes her to the ground
With many a threat, that she shall bleed
With still a deeper wound.

But, Lydia, bid thy fury rest;
It was a venial stroke:
For she that will with kittens jest,
Should bear a kitten's joke.

INVITATION TO THE REDBREAST.

Sweet bird, whom the winter constrains—
And seldom another it can—
To seek a retreat, while he reigns,
In the well-shelter'd dwellings of man,
Who never can seem to intrude,
Though in all places equally free,
Come! oft as the season is rude,
Thou art sure to be welcome to me.

At sight of the first feeble ray,
That pierces the clouds of the east,
To inveigle thee every day
My windows shall show thee a feast;
For, taught by experience I know
Thee mindful of benefit long,
And that, thankful for all I bestow,
Thou wilt pay me with many a song.

Then, soon as the swell of the buds
Bespeaks the renewal of spring,
Fly hence, if thou wilt, to the woods,
Or where it shall please thee to sing:
And shouldst thou, compell'd by a frost,
Come again to my window or door,
Doubt not an affectionate host,
Only pay, as thou pay'dst me before.

Thus music must needs be confest
To flow from a fountain above;
Else how should it work in the breast
Unchangeable friendship and love?

And who on the globe can be found,
Save your generation and ours,
That can be delighted by sound,
Or boasts any musical powers?

STRADA'S NIGHTINGALE.

THE shepherd touch'd his reed; sweet Philomel
Essay'd, and oft essay'd to catch the strain,
And treasuring, as on her ear they fell,
The numbers, echoed note for note again.

The peevish youth, who ne'er had found before
A rival of his skill, indignant heard,
And soon (for various was his tuneful store)
In loftier tones defied the simple bird.

She dared the task, and rising, as he rose,
With all the force, that passion gives, inspired,
Return'd the sounds awhile, but in the close,
Exhausted fell, and at his feet expired.

Thus strength, not skill, prevail'd. O fatal strife,
By thee, poor songstress, playfully begun!
And O sad victory, which cost thy life,
And he may wish that he had never won!

ODE ON THE DEATH OF A LADY,

WHO LIVED ONE HUNDRED YEARS, AND DIED ON HER BIRTHDAY, 1728.

ANCIENT dame, how wide and vast,
To a race like ours appears,
Rounded to an orb at last,
All thy multitude of years!

We, the herd of human kind,
Frailer and of feebler powers;
We, to narrow bounds confined,
Soon exhaust the sum of ours.

Death's delicious banquet, we
Perish even from the womb,
Swifter than a shadow flee,
Nourish'd, but to feed the tomb.

Seeds of merciless disease
Lurk in all that we enjoy;
Some, that waste us by degrees,
Some, that suddenly destroy.

And if life o'erleap the bourn,
Common to the sons of men,
What remains, but that we mourn,
Dream, and dote, and drivel then?

Fast as moons can wax and wane,
Sorrow comes; and while we groan,
Pant with anguish and complain,
Half our years are fled and gone.

If a few, (to few 'tis given,)
Lingering on this earthly stage,
Creep and halt with steps uneven,
To the period of an age;

Wherefore live they, but to see
Cunning, arrogance, and force,
Sights lamented much by thee,
Holding their accustom'd course?

Oft was seen, in ages past,
All that we with wonder view;
Often shall be to the last;
Earth produces nothing new.

Thee we gratulate; content,
Should propitious Heaven design
Life for us, as calmly spent,
Though but half the length of thine.

THE CAUSE WON.

Two neighbours furiously dispute;
A field—the subject of the suit.
Trivial the spot, yet such the rage
With which the combatants engage,
'Twere hard to tell, who covets most
The prize—at whatsoever cost.
The pleadings swell. Words still suffice;
No single word but has its price:
No term but yields some fair pretence
For novel and increased expense.

Defendant thus becomes a name,
Which he, that bore it, may disclaim;
Since both, in one description blended,
Are plaintiffs—when the suit is ended.

THE SILK-WORM.

THE beams of April, ere it goes,
A worm, scarce visible, disclose;
All winter long content to dwell
The tenant of his native shell.
The same prolific season gives
The sustenance by which he lives,
The mulberry-leaf, a simple store,
That serves him—till he needs no more!
For, his dimensions once complete,
Thenceforth none ever sees him eat;
Though, till his growing time be past,
Scarce ever is he seen to fast.
That hour arrived, his work begins;
He spins and weaves, and weaves and spins;
Till circle upon circle wound
Careless around him and around,
Conceals him with a veil, though slight,
Impervious to the keenest sight.
Thus self-enclosed, as in a cask,
At length he finishes his task:
And, though a worm, when he was lost,
Or caterpillar at the most,
When next we see him, wings he wears,
And in papilio-pomp appears;

Becomes oviparous; supplies
With future worms and future flies,
The next ensuing year;—and dies!
Well were it for the world, if all
Who creep about this earthly ball,
Though shorter-lived than most he be,
Were useful in their kind as he.

THE INNOCENT THIEF.

Not a flower can be found in the fields,
Or the spot that we till for our pleasure,
From the largest to least, but it yields
The bee, never-wearied, a treasure.

Scarce any she quits unexplored,
With a diligence truly exact;
Yet, steal what she may for her hoard,
Leaves evidence none of the fact.

Her lucrative task she pursues,
And pilfers with so much address,
That none of their odour they lose,
Nor charm by their beauty the less.

Not thus inoffensively preys
The canker-worm, indwelling foe!
His voracity not thus allays
The sparrow, the finch, or the crow.

The worm, more expensively fed,
The pride of the garden devours;
And birds peck the seed from the bed,
Still less to be spared than the flowers.

But she with such delicate skill,
Her pillage so fits for her use,
That the chemist in vain with his still
Would labour the like to produce.

Then grudge not her temperate meals,
Nor a benefit blame as a theft;
Since, stole she not all that she steals,
Neither honey nor wax would be left.

DENNER'S OLD WOMAN.

In this mimic form of a matron in years,
How plainly the pencil of Denner appears!
The matron herself, in whose old age we see
Not a trace of decline, what a wonder is she!
No dimness of eye, and no cheek hanging low,
No wrinkle, or deep-furrow'd frown on the brow!
Her forehead indeed is here circled around
With locks like the ribbon, with which they are bound;
While glossy and smooth, and as soft as the skin
Of a delicate peach, is the down of her chin;
But nothing unpleasant, or sad, or severe,
Or that indicates life in its winter, is here.
Yet all is express'd, with fidelity due,
Nor a pimple, or freckle, conceal'd from the view.
Many fond of new sights, or who cherish a taste
For the labours of art to the spectacle haste;
The youths all agree, that could old age inspire
The passion of love, hers would kindle the fire,
And the matrons with pleasure confess that they see
Ridiculous nothing or hideous in thee.

The nymphs for themselves scarcely hope a decline,
O wonderful woman! as placid as thine.
Strange magic of art! which the youth can engage
To peruse, half-enamour'd, the features of age;
And force from the virgin a sigh of despair,
That she, when as old, shall be equally fair!
How great is the glory that Denner has gain'd,
Since Apelles not more for his Venus obtain'd!

THE TEARS OF A PAINTER.

APELLES, hearing that his boy
Had just expired, his only joy!
Although the sight with anguish tore him,
Bade place his dear remains before him.
He seized his brush, his colours spread;
And—"Oh! my child, accept,"—he said,
"('Tis all that I can now bestow,)
This tribute of a father's woe!"
Then, faithful to the two-fold part,
Both of his feelings and his art,
He closed his eyes, with tender care,
And form'd at once a fellow pair.
His brow with amber locks beset,
And lips he drew, not livid yet;
And shaded all that he had done
To a just image of his son.
Thus far is well. But view again
The cause of thy paternal pain!
Thy melancholy task fulfil!
It needs the last, last touches still.

Again his pencil's powers he tries,
For on his lips a smile he spies:
And still his cheek unfaded shows
The deepest damask of the rose.
Then, heedful to the finish'd whole,
With fondest eagerness he stole,
Till scarce himself distinctly knew
The cherub copied from the true.
Now, painter, cease! Thy task is done.
Long lives this image of thy son;
Nor short-lived shall thy glory prove,
Or of thy labour, or thy love.

THE MAZE.

From right to left, and to and fro,
Caught in a labyrinth, you go,
And turn, and turn, and turn again,
To solve the mystery, but in vain;
Stand still and breathe, and take from me
A clew, that soon shall set you free!
Not Ariadne, if you meet her,
Herself could serve you with a better.
You enter'd easily—find where—
And make, with ease, your exit there!

O SORROW PECULIAR TO THE SUFFERER.

The lover, in melodious verses,
His singular distress rehearses,
Still closing with a rueful cry,
"Was ever such a wretch as I?"

Yes! thousands have endured before
All thy distress; some, haply more.
Unnumber'd Corydons complain,
And Strephons, of the like disdain:
And if thy Chloe be of steel,
Too deaf to hear, too hard to feel;
Not her alone that censure fits,
Nor thou alone hast lost thy wits.

THE SNAIL.

To grass, or leaf, or fruit, or wall,
The Snail sticks close, nor fears to fall,
As if he grew there, house and all
Together.

Within that house secure he hides,
When danger imminent betides
Of storm, or other harm besides
Of weather.

Give but his horns the slightest touch,
His self-collecting power is such,
He shrinks into his house with much
Displeasure.

Where'er he dwells, he dwells alone,
Except himself has chattels none,
Well satisfied to be his own
Whole treasure.

Thus, hermit-like, his life he leads,
Nor partner of his banquet needs,
And if he meets one, only feeds
The faster.

Who seeks him must be worse than blind,
(He and his house are so combined,)
If, finding it, he fails to find
Its master.

THE CANTAB.

With two spurs or one; and no great matter which,
Boots bought, or boots borrow'd, a whip or a switch,
Five shillings or less for the hire of his beast,
Paid part into hand,—you must wait for the rest;
Thus equipt, Academicus climbs up his horse,
And out they both sally for better or worse;
His heart void of fear, and as light as a feather;
And in violent haste to go not knowing whither:
Through the fields and the towns, (see!) he scampers along,
And is look'd at, and laugh'd at, by old and by young.
Till at length overspent, and his sides smear'd with blood,
Down tumbles his horse, man and all in the mud.
In a waggon or chaise shall he finish his route?
Oh! scandalous fate! he must do it on foot.
Young gentlemen, hear!—I am older than you!
The advice, that I give, I have proved to be true.
Wherever your journey may be, never doubt it,
The faster you ride, you're the longer about it.

TRANSLATIONS

OF THE

LATIN AND ITALIAN POEMS OF MILTON.

BEGUN SEPTEMBER, 1791. FINISHED MARCH, 1792.

Translations of the Latin Poems.

ELEGIES.

ELEGY I.

TO CHARLES DEODATI.

AT length, my friend, the far-sent letters come,
Charged with thy kindness, to their destined home;
They come, at length, from Deva's western side,
Where prone she seeks the salt Vergivian tide.
Trust me, my joy is great that thou shouldst be,
Though born of foreign race, yet born for me,
And that my sprightly friend now free to roam,
Must seek again so soon his wonted home.
I well content, where Thames with influent tide
My native city laves, meantime reside,
Nor zeal nor duty now my steps impel
To reedy Cam, and my forbidden cell.
Nor aught of pleasure in those fields have I,
That, to the musing bard, all shade deny.

'Tis time that I a pedant's threats disdain,
And fly from wrongs my soul will ne'er sustain.
If peaceful days, in letter'd leisure spent,
Beneath my father's roof, be banishment,
Then call me banish'd, I will ne'er refuse
A name expressive of the lot I chuse.
I would that, exiled to the Pontic shore,
Rome's hapless bard had suffer'd nothing more;
He then had equall'd even Homer's lays,
And Virgil! thou hadst won but second praise.
For here I woo the Muse, with no control;
And here my books—my life—absorb me whole.
Here too I visit, or to smile, or weep,
The winding theatre's majestic sweep;
The grave or gay colloquial scene recruits
My spirits, spent in learning's long pursuits;
Whether some senior shrewd, or spendthrift heir,
Suitor or soldier, now unarm'd, be there;
Or some coif'd brooder o'er a ten years' cause,
Thunder the Norman gibberish of the laws.
The lacquey there oft dupes the wary sire,
And artful speeds the enamour'd son's desire.
There, virgins oft, unconscious what they prove,
What love is, know not, yet, unknowing, love.
Or if impassion'd Tragedy wield high
The bloody sceptre, give her locks to fly
Wild as the winds, and roll her haggard eye,
I gaze, and grieve, still cherishing my grief,
At times, even bitter tears yield sweet relief:
As when from bliss untasted torn away,
Some youth dies, hapless on his bridal day,

Or when the ghost, sent back from shades below,
Fills the assassin's heart with vengeful woe,
When Troy, or Argos, the dire scene affords,
Or Creon's hall laments its guilty lords.
Nor always city-pent, or pent at home,
I dwell; but when spring calls me forth to roam,
Expatiate in our proud suburban shades
Of branching elm, that never sun pervades.
Here many a virgin troop I may descry,
Like stars of mildest influence, gliding by.
Oh forms divine! Oh looks that might inspire
Even Jove himself, grown old, with young desire.
Oft have I gazed on gem-surpassing eyes,
Out-sparkling every star that gilds the skies.
Necks whiter than the ivory arm bestowed
By Jove on Pelops, or the milky road!
Bright locks, Love's golden snare! these falling low,
Those playing wanton o'er the graceful brow!
Cheeks too, more winning sweet than after shower
Adonis turn'd to Flora's favourite flower!
Yield, heroines, yield, and ye who shared the embrace
Of Jupiter in ancient times, give place!
Give place, ye turban'd fair of Persia's coast!
And ye, not less renown'd, Assyria's boast!
Submit, ye nymphs of Greece! ye, once the bloom
Of Ilion! and all ye, of haughty Rome,
Who swept, of old, her theatres with trains
Redundant, and still live in classic strains!
To British damsels beauty's palm is due;
Aliens! to follow them is fame for you.
Oh city, founded by Dardanian hands,
Whose towering front the circling realms commands,

Too blest abode! no loveliness we see
In all the earth, but it abounds in thee.
The virgin multitude that daily meets,
Radiant with gold and beauty, in thy streets,
Outnumbers all her train of starry fires,
With which Diana gilds thy lofty spires.
Fame says, that wafted hither by her doves,
With all her host of quiver-bearing loves,
Venus, preferring Paphian scenes no more,
Has fix'd her empire on thy nobler shore.
But lest the sightless boy inforce my stay,
I leave these happy walls, while yet I may.
Immortal Moly shall secure my heart
From all the sorcery of Circæan art,
And I will even repass Cam's reedy pools
To face once more the warfare of the schools.
Meantime accept this trifle! rhymes though few,
Yet such, as prove thy friend's remembrance true!

ELEGY II.

ON THE

DEATH OF THE UNIVERSITY BEADLE AT CAMBRIDGE.

COMPOSED BY MILTON IN THE SEVENTEENTH YEAR OF HIS AGE.

THEE, whose refulgent staff, and summons clear,
Minerva's flock long time was wont to obey,
Although thyself an herald, famous here,
The last of heralds, Death, has snatch'd away.
He calls on all alike, nor even deigns
To spare the office that himself sustains.

Thy locks were whiter than the plumes display'd
By Leda's paramour in ancient time,
But thou wast worthy ne'er to have decay'd,
Or Æson-like to know a second prime,
Worthy, for whom some goddess should have won
New life, oft kneeling to Apollo's son.

Commission'd to convene, with hasty call,
The gowned tribes, how graceful wouldst thou stand!
So stood Cyllenius erst in Priam's hall,
Wing-footed messenger of Jove's command;
And so Eurybates, when he address'd
To Peleus' son, Atrides' proud behest.

Dread queen of sepulchres! whose rigorous laws
And watchful eyes run through the realms below,
Oh, oft too adverse to Minerva's cause,
Too often to the Muse not less a foe,
Chuse meaner marks, and with more equal aim
Pierce useless drones, earth's burthen and its shame!

Flow, therefore, tears for him, from every eye,
All ye disciples of the Muses, weep!
Assembling, all, in robes of sable dye,
Around his bier, lament his endless sleep;
And let complaining elegy rehearse,
In every school, her sweetest, saddest verse.

ELEGY III.

ON THE

DEATH OF THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

COMPOSED IN THE AUTHOR'S SEVENTEENTH YEAR.

SILENT I sat, dejected, and alone,
Making in thought, the public woes my own,
When, first, arose the image in my breast
Of England's suffering by that scourge, the Pest!
How Death, his funeral torch and scythe in hand,
Entering the lordliest mansions of the land,
Has laid the gem-illumined palace low,
And levell'd tribes of nobles at a blow.
I, next, deplored the famed paternal pair,
Too soon to ashes turn'd, and empty air!
The heroes next, whom snatch'd into the skies,
All Belgia saw, and follow'd with her sighs;
But thee far most I mourn'd, regretted most,
Winton's chief shepherd, and her worthiest boast!
Pour'd out in tears I thus complaining said:
" Death, next in power to him who rules the dead!
Is't not enough that all the woodlands yield
To thy fell force, and every verdant field,
That lilies, at one noisome blast of thine,
And even the Cyprian queen's own roses, pine,
That oaks themselves, although the running rill
Suckle their roots, must wither at thy will,
That all the winged nations, even those
Whose heaven-directed flight the future shows,
And all the beasts, that in dark forests stray,
And all the herds of Proteus are thy prey.

Ah envious! arm'd with powers so unconfined!
Why stain thy hands with blood of human kind?
Why take delight, with darts, that never roam,
To chase a heaven-born spirit from her home?"
While thus I mourn'd, the star of evening stood,
Now newly risen above the western flood,
And Phœbus from his morning goal again
Had reach'd the gulfs of the Iberian main.
I wish'd repose, and on my couch reclined,
Took early rest, to night and sleep resign'd:
When—Oh for words to paint what I beheld!
I seem'd to wander in a spacious field,
Where all the champaign glow'd with purple light
Like that of sun-rise on the mountain height;
Flowers over all the field, of every hue
That ever Iris wore, luxuriant grew.
Nor Chloris, with whom amorous zephyrs play,
E'er dress'd Alcinous' garden half so gay.
A silver current, like the Tagus, roll'd
O'er golden sands, but sands of purer gold;
With dewy airs Favonius fann'd the flowers,
With airs awaken'd under rosy bowers;
Such, poets feign, irradiate all o'er
The sun's abode on India's utmost shore.
While I, that splendour and the mingled shade
Of fruitful vines, with wonder fixt survey'd,
At once, with looks that beam'd celestial grace,
The seer of Winton stood before my face.
His snowy vesture's hem descending low
His golden sandals swept, and pure as snow
New-fallen shone the mitre on his brow.
Where'er he trod a tremulous sweet sound
Of gladness shook the flowery scene around:

Attendant angels clap their starry wings,
The trumpet shakes the sky, all ether rings,
Each chants his welcome, folds him to his breast,
And thus a sweeter voice than all the rest:
"Ascend, my son! thy father's kingdom share!
My son! henceforth be freed from every care!"
So spake the voice, and at its tender close
With psaltry's sound the angelic band arose;
Then night retired, and chased by dawning day
The visionary bliss pass'd all away.
I mourn'd my banish'd sleep, with fond concern;
Frequent to me may dreams like this return!

ELEGY IV.

TO HIS TUTOR, THOMAS YOUNG,

CHAPLAIN TO THE ENGLISH FACTORY AT HAMBURGH.

WRITTEN IN THE AUTHOR'S EIGHTEENTH YEAR.

HENCE my epistle—skim the deep—fly o'er
Yon smooth expanse to the Teutonic shore!
Haste—lest a friend should grieve for thy delay,
And the gods grant, that nothing thwart thy way!
I will myself invoke the king, who binds,
In his Sicanian echoing vault, the winds,
With Doris and her nymphs, and all the throng
Of azure gods, to speed thee safe along.
But rather to ensure thy happier haste,
Ascend Medea's chariot, if thou may'st;
Or that, whence young Triptolemus of yore
Descended, welcome on the Scythian shore.

Ah envious! arm'd with powers so unconfined!
Why stain thy hands with blood of human kind?
Why take delight, with darts, that never roam,
To chase a heaven-born spirit from her home?"
While thus I mourn'd, the star of evening stood,
Now newly risen above the western flood,
And Phœbus from his morning goal again
Had reach'd the gulfs of the Iberian main.
I wish'd repose, and on my couch reclined,
Took early rest, to night and sleep resign'd:
When—Oh for words to paint what I beheld!
I seem'd to wander in a spacious field,
Where all the champaign glow'd with purple light
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E'er dress'd Alcinous' garden half so gay.
A silver current, like the Tagus, roll'd
O'er golden sands, but sands of purer gold;
With dewy airs Favonius fann'd the flowers,
With airs awaken'd under rosy bowers;
Such, poets feign, irradiate all o'er
The sun's abode on India's utmost shore.
While I, that splendour and the mingled shade
Of fruitful vines, with wonder fixt survey'd,
At once, with looks that beam'd celestial grace,
The seer of Winton stood before my face.
His snowy vesture's hem descending low
His golden sandals swept, and pure as snow
New-fallen shone the mitre on his brow.
Where'er he trod a tremulous sweet sound
*Of gl*adness shook the flowery scene around:

Attendant angels clap their starry wings,
The trumpet shakes the sky, all ether rings,
Each chants his welcome, folds him to his breast,
And thus a sweeter voice than all the rest:
"Ascend, my son! thy father's kingdom share!
My son! henceforth be freed from every care!"
So spake the voice, and at its tender close
With psaltry's sound the angelic band arose;
Then night retired, and chased by dawning day
The visionary bliss pass'd all away.
I mourn'd my banish'd sleep, with fond concern;
Frequent to me may dreams like this return!

ELEGY IV.

TO HIS TUTOR, THOMAS YOUNG,

CHAPLAIN TO THE ENGLISH FACTORY AT HAMBURGH.

WRITTEN IN THE AUTHOR'S EIGHTEENTH YEAR.

HENCE my epistle—skim the deep—fly o'er
Yon smooth expanse to the Teutonic shore!
Haste—lest a friend should grieve for thy delay,
And the gods grant, that nothing thwart thy way!
I will myself invoke the king, who binds,
In his Sicanian echoing vault, the winds,
With Doris and her nymphs, and all the throng
Of azure gods, to speed thee safe along.
But rather to ensure thy happier haste,
Ascend Medea's chariot, if thou may'st;
Or that, whence young Triptolemus of yore
Descended, welcome on the Scythian shore.

The sands, that line the German coast, descried,
To opulent Hamburga turn aside!
So called, if legendary fame be true,
From Hama, whom a club-arm'd Cimbrian slew.
There lives, deep-learn'd and primitively just,
A faithful steward of his Christian trust,
My friend, and favourite inmate of my heart,
That now is forced to want its better part.
What mountains now, and seas, alas, how wide!
From me this other, dearer self divide,
Dear, as the sage renown'd for moral truth
To the prime spirit of the Attic youth;
Dear, as the Stagyrite to Ammon's son,
His pupil, who disdain'd the world he won;
Nor so did Chiron, or so Phœnix shine
In young Achilles' eyes, as he in mine.
First led by him through sweet Aonian shade,
Each sacred haunt of Pindus I survey'd;
And favour'd by the muse, whom I implored,
Thrice on my lip the hallow'd stream I pour'd.
But thrice the sun's resplendent chariot roll'd
To Aries, has new-tinged his fleece with gold,
And Chloris twice has dress'd the meadows gay,
And twice has summer parch'd their bloom away,
Since last delighted on his looks I hung,
Or my ear drank the music of his tongue:
Fly, therefore, and surpass the tempest's speed;
Aware thyself, that there is urgent need!
Him, entering, thou shalt haply seated see
Beside his spouse, his infants on his knee;
Or turning, page by page, with studious look,
Some bulky father, or God's holy book;

Or ministering (which is his weightiest care)
To Christ's assembled flock their heavenly fare.
Give him, whatever his employment be,
Such gratulation, as he claims, from me;
And, with a down-cast eye, and carriage meek,
Addressing him, forget not thus to speak!

" If, compass'd round with arms thou canst attend
To verse, verse greets thee from a distant friend.
Long due, and late, I left the English shore;
But make me welcome for that cause the more!
Such from Ulysses, his chaste wife to cheer,
The slow epistle came, though late, sincere.
But wherefore this? why palliate I the deed,
For which the culprit's self could hardly plead?
Self-charged, and self-condemn'd, his proper part
He feels neglected, with an aching heart;
But thou forgive! delinquents, who confess,
And pray forgiveness, merit anger less;
From timid foes the lion turns away,
Nor yawns upon or rends a crouching prey;
Even pike-wielding Thracians learn to spare,
Won by soft influence of a suppliant prayer;
And Heaven's dread thunderbolt arrested stands
By a cheap victim, and uplifted hands.
Long had he wish'd to write, but was withheld,
And, writes at last, by love alone compell'd;
For fame, too often true when she alarms,
Reports thy neighbouring fields a scene of arms;
Thy city against fierce besiegers barr'd,
And all the Saxon chiefs for fight prepared.
Enyo wastes thy country wide around,
And saturates with blood the tainted ground;

Mars rests contented in his Thrace no more,
But goads his steeds to fields of German gore,
The ever verdant olive fades and dies,
And Peace, the trumpet-hating goddess, flies,
Flies from that earth which justice long had left,
And leaves the world of its last guard bereft.

"Thus horror girds thee round. Meantime alone
Thou dwell'st, and helpless in a soil unknown;
Poor, and receiving from a foreign hand
The aid denied thee in thy native land.
Oh, ruthless country, and unfeeling more
Than thy own billow-beaten chalky shore!
Leavest thou to foreign care the worthies, given
By Providence, to guide thy steps to heaven?
His ministers, commission'd to proclaim
Eternal blessings in a Saviour's name?
Ah then most worthy, with a soul unfed,
In Stygian night to lie for ever dead!
So once the venerable Tishbite stray'd
An exiled fugitive from shade to shade,
When, flying Ahab, and his fury wife,
In lone Arabian wilds, he shelter'd life;
So, from Philippa, wander'd forth forlorn
Cilician Paul, with sounding scourges torn;
And Christ himself, so left, and trod no more,
The thankless Gergesene's forbidden shore.

"But thou take courage! strive against despair!
Quake not with dread, nor nourish anxious care!
Grim war indeed on every side appears,
And thou art menaced by a thousand spears;
Yet none shall drink thy blood, or shall offend
Even the defenceless bosom of my friend.

For thee the ægis of thy God shall hide,
Jehovah's self shall combat on thy side.
The same, who vanquish'd under Sion's towers
At silent midnight, all Assyria's powers;
The same, who overthrew in ages past
Damascus' sons that laid Samaria waste!
Their king he fill'd and them with fatal fears
By mimic sounds of clarions in their ears,
Of hoofs, and wheels, and neighings from afar,
Of clashing armour, and the din of war.
" Thou, therefore, (as the most afflicted may,)
Still hope, and triumph o'er thy evil day!
Look forth, expecting happier times to come,
And to enjoy, once more, thy native home!"

ELEGY V.

ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

WRITTEN IN THE AUTHOR'S TWENTIETH YEAR.

TIME, never wandering from his annual round,
Bids Zephyr breathe the spring, and thaw the ground;
Bleak winter flies, new verdure clothes the plain,
And earth assumes her transient youth again.
Dream I, or also to the spring belong
Increase of genius, and new powers of song?
Spring gives them, and, how strange soe'er it seems,
Impels me now to some harmonious themes.
Castalia's fountain, and the forked hill
By day, by night, my raptured fancy fill;
My bosom burns and heaves, I hear within
A sacred sound that prompts me to begin.

Lo! Phœbus comes, with his bright hair he blends
The radiant laurel wreath; Phœbus descends;
I mount, and, undepress'd by cumberous clay,
Through cloudy regions win my easy way;
Rapt through poetic shadowy haunts I fly;
The shrines all open to my dauntless eye,
My spirit searches all the realms of light,
And no Tartarean gulfs elude my sight.
But this ecstatic trance—this glorious storm
Of inspiration—what will it perform?
Spring claims the verse, that with his influence glows,
And shall be paid with what himself bestows.
Thou, veil'd with opening foliage, lead'st the throng
Of feather'd minstrels, Philomel! in song;
Let us, in concert, to the season sing,
Civic and silvan heralds of the Spring!
With notes triumphant Spring's approach declare!
To Spring, ye Muses, annual tribute bear!
The Orient left and Æthiopia's plains,
The Sun now northward turns his golden reins;
Night creeps not now, yet rules with gentle sway,
And drives her dusky horrors swift away;
Now less fatigued, on this ethereal plain
Boötes follows his celestial wain;
And now the radiant sentinels above,
Less numerous, watch around the courts of Jove,
For, with the night, force, ambush, slaughter fly,
And no gigantic guilt alarms the sky.
Now haply says some shepherd, while he views,
Recumbent on a rock, the reddening dews,
This night, this surely, Phœbus miss'd the fair,
Who stops his chariot by her amorous care.

Cynthia, delighted by the morning's glow,
Speeds to the woodland, and resumes her bow;
Resigns her beams, and, glad to disappear,
Blesses his aid, who shortens her career.
Come—Phœbus cries—Aurora come—too late
Thou linger'st, slumbering, with thy wither'd mate!
Leave him, and to Hymettus's top repair!
Thy darling Cephalus expects thee there.
The goddess, with a blush, her love betrays,
But mounts, and driving rapidly, obeys.
Earth now desires thee, Phœbus! and to engage
Thy warm embrace, casts off the guise of age;
Desires thee, and deserves; for who so sweet,
When her rich bosom courts thy genial heat?
Her breath imparts to every breeze that blows,
Arabia's harvest, and the Paphian rose.
Her lofty front she diadems around
With sacred pines, like Ops on Ida crown'd;
Her dewy locks with various flowers new-blown,
She interweaves, various, and all her own,
For Proserpine, in such a wreath attired,
Tænarian Dis himself with love inspired.
Fear not, lest, cold and coy, the nymph refuse!
Herself, with all her sighing Zephyrs sues;
Each courts thee, fanning soft his scented wing,
And all her groves with warbled wishes ring.
Nor, unendow'd and indigent, aspires
The amorous Earth to engage thy warm desires,
But, rich in balmy drugs, assists thy claim,
Divine Physician! to that glorious name.
If splendid recompense, if gifts can move
Desire in thee, (gifts often purchase love,)

She offers all the wealth her mountains hide,
And all that rests beneath the boundless tide.
How oft, when headlong from the heavenly steep,
She sees thee playing in the western deep,
How oft she cries—" Ah Phœbus! why repair
Thy wasted force, why seek refreshment there?
Can Tethys win thee? wherefore shouldst thou lave
A face so fair in her unpleasant wave?
Come, seek my green retreats, and rather chuse
To cool thy tresses in my crystal dews,
The grassy turf shall yield thee sweeter rest;
Come, lay thy evening glories on my breast,
And breathing fresh, through many a humid rose,
Soft whispering airs shall lull thee to repose!
No fears I feel like Semele to die,
Nor let thy burning wheels approach too nigh,
For thou canst govern them; here therefore rest,
And lay thy evening glories on my breast!"
Thus breathes the wanton Earth her amorous flame,
And all her countless offspring feel the same;
For Cupid now through every region strays,
Brightening his faded fires with solar rays;
His new-strung bow sends forth a deadlier sound,
And his new-pointed shafts more deeply wound;
Nor Dian's self escapes him now untried,
Nor even Vesta at her altar-side;
His mother too repairs her beauty's wane,
And seems sprung newly from the deep again.
Exulting youths the Hymeneal sing,
With Hymen's name roofs, rocks, and vallies ring;
He, new-attired, and by the season drest,
Proceeds, all fragrant, in his saffron vest.

Now, many a golden-cinctured virgin roves
To taste the pleasures of the fields and groves;
All wish, and each alike, some favourite youth
Hers, in the bonds of Hymeneal truth.
Now pipes the shepherd through his reeds again,
Nor Phillis wants a song, that suits the strain;
With songs the seaman hails the starry sphere,
And dolphins rise from the abyss to hear;
Jove feels himself the season, sports again
With his fair spouse, and banquets all his train.
Now too the Satyrs, in the dusk of eve,
Their mazy dance through flowery meadows weave,
And neither god nor goat, but both in kind,
Silvanus, wreath'd with cypress, skips behind.
The Dryads leave their hollow silvan cells
To roam the banks and solitary dells;
Pan riots now, and from his amorous chafe
Ceres and Cybele seem hardly safe;
And Faunus, all on fire to reach the prize,
In chase of some enticing Oread flies,
She bounds before, but fears too swift a bound,
And hidden lies, but wishes to be found.
Our shades entice the Immortals from above,
And some kind power presides o'er every grove;
And long, ye powers, o'er every grove preside,
For all is safe and blest, where ye abide!
Return, O Jove! the age of gold restore—
Why choose to dwell, where storms and thunder roar?
At least, thou, Phœbus! moderate thy speed!
Let not the vernal hours too swift proceed,
Command rough Winter back, nor yield the pole
Too soon to Night's encroaching long controul!

ELEGY VI.

TO CHARLES DEODATI,

Who, while he spent his Christmas in the country, sent the Author a poetical Epistle, in which he requested that his verses, if not so good as usual, might be excused on account of the many feasts to which his friends invited him, and which would not allow him leisure to finish them as he wished.

WITH no rich viands overcharged, I send
Health, which perchance you want, my pamper'd friend;
But wherefore should thy muse tempt mine away
From what she loves, from darkness into day?
Art thou desirous to be told how well
I love thee, and in verse? verse cannot tell,
For verse has bounds, and must in measure move;
But neither bounds nor measure knows my love.
How pleasant, in thy lines described, appear
December's harmless sports, and rural cheer!
French spirits kindling with cerulean fires,
And all such gambols as the time inspires!
Think not that wine against good verse offends;
The Muse and Bacchus have been always friends,
Nor Phœbus blushes sometimes to be found
With ivy, rather than with laurel, crown'd.
The Nine themselves ofttimes have join'd the song
And revels of the Bacchanalian throng;
Not even Ovid could in Scythian air
Sing sweetly—why? no vine would flourish there.
What in brief numbers sung Anacreon's muse?
Wine, and the rose, that sparkling wine bedews.

Pindar with Bacchus glows;—his every line
Breathes the rich fragrance of inspiring wine,
While, with loud crash o'erturn'd, the chariot lies
And brown with dust the fiery courser flies.
The Roman lyrist steep'd in wine his lays
So sweet in Glycera's and Chloe's praise.
Now too the plenteous feast and mantling bowl
Nourish the vigour of thy sprightly soul;
The flowing goblet makes thy numbers flow,
And casks not wine alone, but verse bestow.
Thus Phœbus favours, and the arts attend,
Whom Bacchus, and whom Ceres, both befriend:
What wonder then, thy verses are so sweet,
In which these triple powers so kindly meet?
The lute now also sounds, with gold in-wrought,
And touch'd, with flying fingers, nicely taught,
In tapestried halls high roof'd, the sprightly lyre
Directs the dancers of the virgin choir.
If dull repletion fright the Muse away,
Sights, gay as these, may more invite her stay:
And, trust me, while the ivory keys resound,
Fair damsels sport, and perfumes steam around,
Apollo's influence, like ethereal flame,
Shall animate, at once, thy glowing frame,
And all the Muse shall rush into thy breast,
By love and music's blended powers possest.
For numerous powers light Elegy befriend,
Hear her sweet voice, and at her call attend;
Her, Bacchus, Ceres, Venus, all approve,
And, with his blushing mother, gentle Love.
Hence to such bards we grant the copious use
Of banquets, and the vine's delicious juice.

But they, who demi-gods and heroes praise,
And feats perform'd in Jove's more youthful days,
Who now the counsels of high heaven explore,
Now shades, that echo the Cerberean roar,
Simply let these, like him of Samos, live,
Let herbs to them a bloodless banquet give;
In beechen goblets let their beverage shine,
Cool from the crystal spring, their sober wine!
Their youth should pass in innocence, secure
From stain licentious, and in manners pure,
Pure as the priest, when robed in white he stands,
The fresh lustration ready in his hands.
Thus Linus lived, and thus, as poets write,
Tiresias, wiser for his loss of sight;
Thus exiled Chalcas, thus the bard of Thrace,
Melodious tamer of the savage race;
Thus train'd by temperance, Homer led, of yore,
His chief of Ithaca from shore to shore,
Through magic Circe's monster-peopled reign,
And shoals insidious with the siren train;
And through the realms where grizly spectres dwell,
Whose tribes he fetter'd in a gory spell;
For these are sacred bards, and, from above,
Drink large infusions from the mind of Jove.
Would'st thou, (perhaps 'tis hardly worth thine ear,)
Would'st thou be told my occupation here?
The promised King of peace employs my pen,
The eternal covenant made for guilty men,
The new-born Deity with infant cries
Filling the sordid hovel, where he lies:
The hymning Angels, and the herald star,
That led the Wise, who sought him from afar,

And idols on their own unhallow'd shore
Dash'd, at his birth, to be revered no more!
This theme on reeds of Albion I rehearse:
The dawn of that blest day inspired the verse;
Verse, that, reserved in secret, shall attend
Thy candid voice, my critic, and my friend!

ELEGY VII.

COMPOSED IN THE AUTHOR'S NINETEENTH YEAR.

As yet a stranger to the gentle fires,
That Amathusia's smiling queen inspires,
Not seldom I derided Cupid's darts,
And scorn'd his claim to rule all human hearts.
"Go, child," I said, "transfix the timorous dove!
An easy conquest suits an infant love;
Enslave the sparrow, for such prize shall be
Sufficient triumph to a chief like thee!
Why aim thy idle arms at human kind?
Thy shafts prevail not 'gainst the noble mind."
The Cyprian heard, and, kindling into ire,
(None kindles sooner,) burn'd with double fire.
It was the spring, and newly risen day
Peep'd o'er the hamlets on the first of May;
My eyes too tender for the blaze of light,
Still sought the shelter of retiring night,
When Love approach'd, in painted plumes array'd,
The insidious god his rattling darts betray'd,
Nor less his infant features, and the sly
Sweet intimations of his threatening eye.

Such the Sigeian boy is seen above,
Filling the goblet for imperial Jove;
Such he, on whom the nymphs bestow'd their charms,
Hylas, who perish'd in a Naiad's arms.
Angry he seem'd, yet graceful in his ire,
And added threats, not destitute of fire.
"My power," he said, "by others' pain alone,
'Twere best to learn; now learn it by thy own!
With those who feel my power that power attest,
And in thy anguish be my sway confest!
I vanquish'd Phœbus, though returning vain
From his new triumph o'er the Python slain,
And, when he thinks on Daphne, even he
Will yield the prize of archery to me.
A dart less true the Parthian horseman sped,
Behind him kill'd, and conquer'd as he fled:
Less true the expert Cydonian, and less true
The youth whose shaft his latent Procris slew.
Vanquish'd by me see huge Orion bend,
By me Alcides, and Alcides' friend.
At me should Jove himself a bolt design,
His bosom first should bleed transfixt by mine.
But all thy doubts this shaft will best explain,
Nor shall it reach thee with a trivial pain,
Thy Muse, vain youth! shall not thy peace ensure,
Nor Phœbus' serpent yield thy wound a cure."
He spoke, and, waving a bright shaft in air,
Sought the warm bosom of the Cyprian fair.
That thus a child should bluster in my ear,
Provoked my laughter, more than moved my fear.
I shunn'd not, therefore, public haunts, but stray'd
Careless in city or suburban shade,

And passing, and repassing, nymphs, that moved
With grace divine, beheld where'er I roved.
Bright shone the vernal day, with double blaze,
As beauty gave new force to Phœbus' rays.
By no grave scruples check'd, I freely eyed
The dangerous show, rash youth my only guide,
And many a look of many a fair unknown
Met full, unable to controul my own.
But one I mark'd (then peace forsook my breast)
One—oh how far superior to the rest!
What lovely features! such the Cyprian queen
Herself might wish, and Juno wish her mien.
The very nymph was she, whom when I dared
His arrows, Love had even then prepared;
Nor was himself remote, nor unsupplied
With torch well-trimm'd and quiver at his side;
Now to her lips he clung, her eye-lids now,
Then settled on her cheeks, or on her brow;
And with a thousand wounds from every part
Pierced, and transpierced, my undefended heart.
A fever, new to me, of fierce desire
Now seized my soul, and I was all on fire,
But she, the while, whom only I adore,
Was gone, and vanish'd, to appear no more.
In silent sadness I pursue my way;
I pause, I turn, proceed, yet wish to stay,
And while I follow her in thought, bemoan
With tears, my soul's delight so quickly flown.
When Jove had hurl'd him to the Lemnian coast,
So Vulcan sorrow'd for Olympus lost,
And so Oeclides, sinking into night,
From the deep gulf look'd up to distant light.

Wretch that I am, what hopes for me remain,
Who cannot cease to love, yet love in vain?
Oh could I once, once more behold the fair,
Speak to her, tell her, of the pangs I bear,
Perhaps she is not adamant, would show
Perhaps some pity at my tale of woe.
Oh inauspicious flame!—'tis mine to prove
A matchless instance of disastrous love.
Ah spare me, gentle power!—If such thou be,
Let not thy deeds and nature disagree;
Spare me, and I will worship at no shrine
With vow and sacrifice, save only thine.
Now I revere thy fires, thy bow, thy darts,
Now own thee sovereign of all human hearts.
Remove! no—grant me still this raging woe!
Sweet is the wretchedness that lovers know:
But pierce hereafter (should I chance to see
One destined mine) at once both her and me.

Such were the trophies, that, in earlier days,
By vanity seduced, I toil'd to raise,
Studious, yet indolent, and urged by youth,
That worst of teachers! from the ways of truth;
Till learning taught me, in his shady bower,
To quit love's servile yoke, and spurn his power.
Then, on a sudden, the fierce flame supprest,
A frost continual settled on my breast,
Whence Cupid fears his flames extinct to see,
And Venus dreads a Diomede in me.

EPIGRAMS.

ON THE INVENTOR OF GUNS.

PRAISE in old times the sage Prometheus won,
Who stole æthereal radiance from the sun;
But greater he, whose bold invention strove
To emulate the fiery bolts of Jove.

[The Poems on the subject of the Gunpowder Treason I have not translated, both because the matter of them is unpleasant, and because they are written with an asperity, which, however it might be warranted in Milton's day, would be extremely unseasonable now.] C.

TO LEONORA SINGING AT ROME[1].

ANOTHER Leonora once inspired
Tasso, with fatal love to frenzy fired;
But how much happier, lived he now, were he,
Pierced with whatever pangs for love of thee!
Since could he hear that heavenly voice of thine,
With Adriana's lute of sound divine,
Fiercer than Pentheus' though his eye might roll,
Or idiot apathy benumb his soul,
You still, with medicinal sounds might cheer
His senses wandering in a blind career;
And sweetly breathing through his wounded breast,
Charm, with soul-soothing song, his thoughts to rest.

[1] I have translated only two of the three poetical compliments addressed to Leonora, as they appear to me far superior to what I have omitted. C.

TO THE SAME.

NAPLES, too credulous, ah! boast no more
The sweet-voiced Siren buried on thy shore,
That, when Parthenope deceased, she gave
Her sacred dust to a Chalcidic grave,
For still she lives, but has exchanged the hoarse
Pausilipo for Tiber's placid course,
Where, idol of all Rome, she now in chains,
Of magic song, both gods and men detains.

THE COTTAGER AND HIS LANDLORD.

A FABLE.

A PEASANT to his lord paid yearly court,
Presenting pippins, of so rich a sort
That he, displeased to have a part alone,
Removed the tree, that all might be his own.
The tree, too old to travel, though before
So fruitful, wither'd, and would yield no more.
The 'squire, perceiving all his labour void,
Cursed his own pains, so foolishly employ'd.
And "Oh," he cried, "that I had lived content
With tribute, small indeed, but kindly meant!
My avarice has expensive proved to me,
Has cost me both my pippins, and my tree."

TO CHRISTINA, QUEEN OF SWEDEN,

WITH CROMWELL'S PICTURE.

CHRISTINA, maiden of heroic mien!
Star of the North! of northern stars the queen!
Behold what wrinkles I have earn'd, and how
The iron casque still chafes my veteran brow,
While following fate's dark footsteps, I fulfil
The dictates of a hardy people's will.
But soften'd, in thy sight, my looks appear,
Not to all Queens or Kings alike severe.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

ON THE DEATH OF THE VICE-CHANCELLOR,

A PHYSICIAN.

LEARN, ye nations of the earth,
The condition of your birth;
Now be taught your feeble state;
Know, that all must yield to fate!

If the mournful rover, Death,
Say but once—"Resign your breath!"
Vainly of escape you dream,
You must pass the Stygian stream.

Could the stoutest overcome
Death's assault, and baffle doom,
Hercules had both withstood,
Undiseased by Nessus' blood.

Ne'er had Hector press'd the plain
By a trick of Pallas slain,
Nor the chief to Jove allied
By Achilles' phantom died.

Could enchantments life prolong,
Circe, saved by magic song,
Still had lived, and equal skill
Had preserved Medea still.

Dwelt in herbs, and drugs, a power
To avert man's destined hour,
Learn'd Machaon should have known
Doubtless to avert his own.

Chiron had survived the smart
Of the Hydra-tainted dart,
And Jove's bolt had been, with ease,
Foil'd by Asclepiades.

Thou too, sage! of whom forlorn
Helicon and Cirrha mourn,
Still hadst fill'd thy princely place,
Regent of the gowned race;

Hadst advanced to higher fame
Still, thy much-ennobled name,
Nor in Charon's skiff explored
The Tartarean gulf abhorr'd.

But resentful Proserpine,
Jealous of thy skill divine,
Snapping short thy vital thread,
Thee too number'd with the dead.

Wise and good! untroubled be
The green turf, that covers thee!
Thence, in gay profusion, grow
All the sweetest flowers that blow!

Pluto's consort bid thee rest!
Æacus pronounce thee blest,
To her home thy shade consign,
Make Elysium ever thine!

ON THE DEATH OF THE BISHOP OF ELY.

WRITTEN IN THE AUTHOR'S SEVENTEENTH YEAR.

My lids with grief were tumid yet,
And still my sullied cheek was wet
With briny tears, profusely shed
For venerable Winton dead;
When Fame, whose tales of saddest sound,
Alas! are ever truest found,
The news through all our cities spread
Of yet another mitred head
By ruthless fate to death consign'd,
Ely, the honour of his kind!
At once, a storm of passion heaved
My boiling bosom; much I grieved,
But more I raged, at every breath
Devoting Death himself to death.
With less revenge did Naso teem,
When hated Ibis was his theme;
With less, Archilochus, denied
The lovely Greek, his promised bride.

But lo! while thus I execrate,
Incensed, the minister of fate,
Wondrous accents, soft, yet clear,
Wafted on the gale I hear.
"Ah, much deluded! lay aside
Thy threats, and anger misapplied!
Art not afraid with sounds like these
To offend, where thou canst not appease?
Death is not (wherefore dream'st thou thus?)
The son of Night and Erebus;
Nor was of fell Erynnis born
On gulfs where Chaos rules forlorn:
But, sent from God, his presence leaves,
To gather home his ripen'd sheaves,
To call encumber'd souls away
From fleshly bonds to boundless day,
(As when the winged hours excite,
And summon forth the morning-light)
And each to convoy to her place
Before the Eternal Father's face.
But not the wicked;—them, severe
Yet just, from all their pleasures here
He hurries to the realms below,
Terrific realms of penal woe!
Myself no sooner heard his call,
Than, 'scaping through my prison-wall,
I bade adieu to bolts and bars,
And soar'd, with angels, to the stars,
Like him of old, to whom 'twas given
To mount, on fiery wheels, to heaven.
Boötes' waggon, slow with cold,
Appall'd me not; nor to behold

The sword, that vast Orion draws,
Or even the Scorpion's horrid claws.
Beyond the Sun's bright orb I fly,
And, far beneath my feet, descry
Night's dread goddess, seen with awe,
Whom her winged dragons draw.
Thus, ever wondering at my speed,
Augmented still as I proceed,
I pass the planetary sphere,
The Milky Way—and now appear
Heaven's crystal battlements, her door
Of massy pearl, and emerald floor.
But here I cease. For never can
The tongue of once a mortal man
In suitable description trace
The pleasures of that happy place;
Suffice it, that those joys divine
Are all, and all for ever, mine!"

NATURE UNIMPAIRED BY TIME.

Ah, how the human mind wearies herself
With her own wanderings, and, involved in gloom
Impenetrable, speculates amiss!
Measuring, in her folly, things divine
By human; laws inscribed on adamant
By laws of man's device, and counsels fixt
For ever, by the hours that pass and die.
How?—shall the face of nature then be plough'd
Into deep wrinkles, and shall years at last
On the great Parent fix a sterile curse?

Shall even she confess old age, and halt
And, palsy-smitten, shake her starry brows?
Shall foul Antiquity with rust and drought,
And Famine, vex the radiant worlds above?
Shall Time's unsated maw crave and ingulf
The very heavens, that regulate his flight?
And was the Sire of all able to fence
His works, and to uphold the circling worlds,
But, through improvident and heedless haste,
Let slip the occasion?—so then—all is lost—
And in some future evil hour, yon arch
Shall crumble and come thundering down, the poles
Jar in collision, the Olympian king
Fall with his throne, and Pallas, holding forth
The terrors of the Gorgon shield in vain,
Shall rush to the abyss, like Vulcan hurl'd
Down into Lemnos, through the gate of heaven.
Thou also, with precipitated wheels,
Phœbus! thy own son's fall shalt imitate,
With hideous ruin shalt impress the deep
Suddenly, and the flood shall reek, and hiss,
At the extinction of the lamp of day.
Then too shall Hæmus, cloven to his base,
Be shatter'd, and the huge Ceraunian hills,
Once weapons of Tartarean Dis, immersed
In Erebus, shall fill himself with fear.
No. The Almighty Father surer laid
His deep foundations, and providing well
For the event of all, the scales of Fate
Suspended in just equipoise, and bade
His universal works, from age to age,
One tenour hold, perpetual, undisturb'd.

Hence the prime mover wheels itself about
Continual, day by day, and with it bears
In social measure swift the heavens around.
Not tardier now is Saturn than of old,
Nor radiant less the burning casque of Mars.
Phœbus, his vigour unimpair'd, still shows
The effulgence of his youth, nor needs the god
A downward course, that he may warm the vales;
But ever rich in influence, runs his road,
Sign after sign, through all the heavenly zone.
Beautiful, as at first, ascends the star
From odoriferous Ind, whose office is
To gather home betimes the ethereal flock,
To pour them o'er the skies again at eve,
And to discriminate the night and day.
Still Cynthia's changeful horn waxes, and wanes,
Alternate, and with arms extended still,
She welcomes to her breast her brother's beams.
Nor have the elements deserted yet
Their functions: thunder, with as loud a stroke
As erst, smites through the rocks, and scatters them.
The east still howls, still the relentless north
Invades the shuddering Scythian, still he breathes
The winter, and still rolls the storms along.
The king of ocean, with his wonted force,
Beats on Pelorus; o'er the deep is heard
The hoarse alarm of Triton's sounding shell;
Nor swim the monsters of the Ægean sea
In shallows, or beneath diminish'd waves.
Thou too, thy ancient vegetative power
Enjoy'st, O Earth! Narcissus still is sweet,
And, Phœbus! still thy favourite, and still

Thy favourite, Cytherea! both retain
Their beauty; nor the mountains, ore-enrich'd
For punishment of man, with purer gold
Teem'd ever, or with brighter gems the deep.
Thus, in unbroken series, all proceeds;
And shall, till wide involving either pole,
And the immensity of yonder heaven,
The final flames of destiny absorb
The world, consumed in one enormous pyre!

ON THE PLATONIC IDEA,

AS IT WAS UNDERSTOOD BY ARISTOTLE.

Ye sister powers, who o'er the sacred groves
Preside, and thou, fair mother of them all,
Mnemosyne! and thou, who in thy grot
Immense, reclined at leisure, hast in charge
The archives, and the ordinances of Jove,
And dost record the festivals of heaven,
Eternity!—inform us who is He,
That great original by nature chosen
To be the archetype of human kind,
Unchangeable, immortal, with the poles
Themselves coeval, one, yet every where,
An image of the god who gave him being?
Twin-brother of the goddess born from Jove,
He dwells not in his father's mind, but, though
Of common nature with ourselves, exists
Apart, and occupies a local home.
Whether, companion of the stars, he spend

Eternal ages, roaming at his will
From sphere to sphere the tenfold heavens; or dwell
On the moon's side that nearest neighbours earth;
Or torpid on the banks of Lethe sit
Among the multitude of souls ordain'd
To flesh and blood, or whether (as may chance)
That vast and giant model of our kind
In some far distant region of this globe
Sequester'd stalk, with lifted head on high
O'ertowering Atlas, on whose shoulders rest
The stars, terrific even to the gods.
Never the Theban seer, whose blindness proved
His best illumination, him beheld
In secret vision; never him the son
Of Pleione, amid the noiseless night
Descending, to the prophet-choir reveal'd;
Him never knew the Assyrian priest, who yet
The ancestry of Ninus chronicles,
And Belus, and Osiris, far-renown'd;
Nor even thrice great Hermes, although skill'd
So deep in mystery, to the worshippers
Of Isis show'd a prodigy like him.
And thou, who hast immortalized the shades
Of Academus, if the schools received
This monster of the fancy first from thee,
Either recall at once the banish'd bards
To thy republic, or thyself evinced
A wilder fabulist, go also forth.

TO HIS FATHER.

Oh that Pieria's spring would through my breast
Pour its inspiring influence, and rush
No rill, but rather an o'erflowing flood!
That, for my venerable Father's sake
All meaner themes renounced, my muse, on wings
Of duty borne, might reach a loftier strain.
For thee, my Father! howsoe'er it please,
She frames this slender work, nor know I aught
That may thy gifts more suitably requite;
Though to requite them suitably would ask
Returns much nobler, and surpassing far
The meagre stores of verbal gratitude:
But, such as I possess, I send thee all.
This page presents thee in their full amount
With thy son's treasures, and the sum is nought;
Nought, save the riches that from airy dream
In secret grottos, and in laurel bowers,
I have, by golden Clio's gift, acquired.
Verse is a work divine; despise not thou
Verse therefore, which evinces (nothing more)
Man's heavenly source, and which, retaining still
Some scintillations of Promethean fire,
Bespeaks him animated from above.
The Gods love verse; the infernal Powers themselves
Confess the influence of verse, which stirs
The lowest deep, and binds in triple chains
Of adamant both Pluto and the Shades.
In verse the Delphic priestess, and the pale
Tremulous Sibyl, make the future known,

And he who sacrifices, on the shrine
Hangs verse, both when he smites the threatening bull
And when he spreads his reeking entrails wide
To scrutinize the Fates enveloped there.
We too, ourselves, what time we seek again
Our native skies, and one eternal now
Shall be the only measure of our being,
Crown'd all with gold, and chanting to the lyre
Harmonious verse, shall range the courts above,
And make the starry firmament resound.
And, even now, the fiery spirit pure
That wheels yon circling orbs, directs, himself,
Their mazy dance with melody of verse
Unutterable, immortal, hearing which
Huge Ophiuchus holds his hiss suppress'd,
Orion soften'd, drops his ardent blade,
And Atlas stands unconscious of his load.
Verse graced of old the feasts of kings, ere yet
Luxurious dainties, destined to the gulf
Immense of gluttony, were known, and ere
Lyæus deluged yet the temperate board.
Then sat the bard, a customary guest
To share the banquet, and his length of locks
With beechen honours bound, proposed in verse
The characters of heroes and their deeds
To imitation, sang of Chaos old,
Of nature's birth, of gods that crept in search
Of acorns fallen, and of the thunder-bolt
Not yet produced from Etna's fiery cave.
And what avails, at last, tune without voice,
Devoid of matter? Such may suit perhaps
The rural dance, but such was ne'er the song

Of Orpheus, whom the streams stood still to hear,
And the oaks follow'd. Not by chords alone
Well touch'd, but by resistless accents more
To sympathetic tears the ghosts themselves
He moved: these praises to his verse he owes.
Nor thou persist, I pray thee, still to slight
The sacred Nine, and to imagine vain
And useless, Powers, by whom inspired, thyself
Art skilful to associate verse with airs
Harmonious, and to give the human voice
A thousand modulations, heir by right
Indisputable of Arion's fame.
Now say, what wonder is it, if a son
Of thine delight in verse, if so conjoin'd
In close affinity, we sympathize
In social arts, and kindred studies sweet?
Such distribution of himself to us
Was Phœbus' choice; thou hast thy gift, and I
Mine also, and between us we receive,
Father and son, the whole inspiring God.
No! howsoe'er the semblance thou assume
Of hate, thou hatest not the gentle Muse,
My Father! for thou never badest me tread
The beaten path, and broad, that leads right on
To opulence, nor didst condemn thy son
To the insipid clamours of the bar,
To laws voluminous, and ill observed;
But, wishing to enrich me more, to fill
My mind with treasure, led'st me far away
From city din to deep retreats, to banks
And streams Aonian, and, with free consent,
Didst place me happy at Apollo's side.

I speak not now, on more important themes
Intent, of common benefits, and such
As nature bids, but of thy larger gifts,
My Father! who, when I had open'd once
The stores of Roman rhetoric, and learn'd
The full-toned language of the eloquent Greeks,
Whose lofty music graced the lips of Jove,
Thyself didst counsel me to add the flowers
That Gallia boasts; those too with which the smooth
Italian his degenerate speech adorns,
That witnesses his mixture with the Goth;
And Palestine's prophetic songs divine.
To sum the whole, whate'er the heaven contains,
The earth beneath it, and the air between,
The rivers and the restless deep, may all
Prove intellectual gain to me, my wish
Concurring with thy will; science herself,
All cloud removed, inclines her beauteous head,
And offers me the lip, if, dull of heart,
I shrink not, and decline her gracious boon.
Go now and gather dross, ye sordid minds,
That covet it; what could my Father more?
What more could Jove himself, unless he gave
His own abode, the heaven in which he reigns?
More eligible gifts than these were not
Apollo's to his son, had they been safe,
As they were insecure, who made the boy
The world's vice-luminary, bade him rule
The radiant chariot of the day, and bind
To his young brows his own all-dazzling wreath.
I therefore, although last and least, my place
Among the learned in the laurel grove

Will hold, and where the conqueror's ivy twines,
Henceforth exempt from the unletter'd throng
Profane, nor even to be seen by such.
Away then, sleepless Care, Complaint away,
And, Envy, with thy "jealous leer malign!"
Nor let the monster Calumny shoot forth
Her venom'd tongue at me. Detested foes!
Ye all are impotent against my peace,
For I am privileged, and bear my breast
Safe, and too high for your viperean wound.
But thou, my Father! since to render thanks
Equivalent, and to requite by deeds
Thy liberality, exceeds my power,
Suffice it, that I thus record thy gifts,
And bear them treasured in a grateful mind!
Ye too, the favourite pastime of my youth,
My voluntary numbers, if ye dare
To hope longevity, and to survive
Your master's funeral, not soon absorb'd
In the oblivious Lethæan gulf,
Shall to futurity perhaps convey
This theme, and by these praises of my sire
Improve the Fathers of a distant age!

TO SALSILLUS, A ROMAN POET,

MUCH INDISPOSED.

The original is written in a measure called *Scazon*, which signifies *limping*, and the measure is so denominated, because, though in other respects Iambic, it terminates with a Spondee, and has consequently a more tardy movement.

The reader will immediately see that this property of the Latin verse cannot be imitated in English.

My halting Muse, that dragg'st by choice along
Thy slow, slow step, in melancholy song,
And likest that pace, expressive of thy cares,
Not less than Deiopea's sprightlier airs,
When, in the dance, she beats, with measured tread,
Heaven's floor, in front of Juno's golden bed;
Salute Salsillus, who to verse divine
Prefers, with partial love, such lays as mine.
Thus writes that Milton then, who wafted o'er
From his own nest, on Albion's stormy shore,
Where Eurus, fiercest of the Æolian band,
Sweeps, with ungovern'd rage, the blasted land,
Of late to more serene Ausonia came
To view her cities of illustrious name,
To prove, himself a witness of the truth,
How wise her elders, and how learn'd her youth.
Much good, Salsillus! and a body free
From all disease, that Milton asks for thee,
Who now endurest the languor, and the pains,
That bile inflicts, diffused through all thy veins,

Relentless malady! not moved to spare
By thy sweet Roman voice, and Lesbian air!
Health, Hebe's sister, sent us from the skies,
And thou, Apollo, whom all sickness flies,
Pythius, or Pæan, or what name divine
Soe'er thou choose, haste, heal a priest of thine!
Ye groves of Faunus, and ye hills, that melt
With vinous dews, where meek Evander dwelt,
If aught salubrious in your confines grow,
Strive which shall soonest heal your poet's woe,
That, render'd to the Muse he loves, again
He may enchant the meadows with his strain.
Numa, reclined in everlasting ease,
Amid the shade of dark embowering trees,
Viewing with eyes of unabated fire
His loved Ægeria, shall that strain admire:
So soothed, the tumid Tiber shall revere
The tombs of kings, nor desolate the year,
Shall curb his waters with a friendly reign,
And guide them harmless, till they meet the main.

TO GIOVANNI BATTISTA MANSO,

MARQUIS OF VILLA.

MILTON'S ACCOUNT OF MANSO.

Giovanni Battista Manso, Marquis of Villa, is an Italian nobleman of the highest estimation among his countrymen, for genius, literature, and military accomplishments. To him Torquato Tasso addressed his Dialogues on Friendship, for he was much the friend of Tasso, who has also celebrated him among the other princes of his country, in his poem entitled Gerusalemme Conquistata, book xx.

Fra cavalieri magnanimi, e cortesi,
Risplende il Manso.

During the author's stay at Naples, he received at the hands of the Marquis a thousand kind offices and civilities, and, desirous not to appear ungrateful, sent him this poem a short time before his departure from that city.

THESE verses also to thy praise the Nine,
Oh Manso! happy in that theme design,
For Gallus, and Mæcenas gone, they see
None such besides, or whom they love as thee;
And if my verse may give the meed of fame,
Thine too shall prove an everlasting name.
Already such, it shines in Tasso's page,
(For thou wast Tasso's friend,) from age to age,
And, next, the Muse consign'd, (not unaware
How high the charge,) Marino to thy care,
Who, singing, to the nymphs, Adonis' praise,
Boasts thee the patron of his copious lays.

To thee alone the poet would entrust
His latest vows, to thee alone his dust;
And thou with punctual piety hast paid,
In labour'd brass, thy tribute to his shade.
Nor this contented thee,—but lest the grave
Should aught absorb of theirs, which thou couldst save,
All future ages thou hast deign'd to teach
The life, lot, genius, character of each,
Eloquent as the Carian sage, who true
To his great theme, the life of Homer drew.
I, therefore, though a stranger youth, who come
Chill'd by rude blasts, that freeze my northern home,
Thee dear to Clio, confident proclaim,
And thine, for Phœbus' sake, a deathless name.
Nor thou, so kind, wilt view with scornful eye
A Muse scarce rear'd beneath our sullen sky,
Who fears not, indiscreet as she is young,
To seek in Latium hearers of her song.
We too, where Thames with his unsullied waves
The tresses of the blue-hair'd Ocean laves,
Hear oft by night, or slumbering seem to hear,
O'er his wide stream, the swan's voice warbling clear,
And we could boast a Tityrus of yore,
Who trod, a welcome guest, your happy shore.
Yes, dreary as we own our northern clime,
Even we to Phœbus raise the polish'd rhyme.
We too serve Phœbus; Phœbus has received
(If legends old may claim to be believed,)
No sordid gifts from us, the golden ear,
The burnish'd apple, ruddiest of the year,
The fragrant crocus, and to grace his fane,
Fair damsels chosen from the Druid train;

Druids, our native bards in ancient time,
Who gods and heroes praised in hallow'd rhyme.
Hence, often as the maids of Greece surround
Apollo's shrine with hymns of festive sound,
They name the virgins, who arrived of yore,
With British off'rings, on the Delian shore;
Loxo, from giant Corineus sprung,
Upis, on whose blest lips the future hung,
And Hecaerge, with the golden hair,
All deck'd with Pictish hues, and all with bosoms bare.
Thou, therefore, happy sage, whatever clime
Shall ring with Tasso's praise in after-time,
Or with Marino's, shalt be known their friend,
And with an equal flight to fame ascend.
The world shall hear how Phœbus and the Nine
Were inmates once, and willing guests of thine.
Yet Phœbus, when of old constrain'd to roam
The earth, an exile from his heavenly home,
Enter'd, no willing guest, Admetus' door,
Though Hercules had ventured there before.
But gentle Chiron's cave was near, a scene
Of rural peace, clothed with perpetual green,
And thither, oft as respite he required
From rustic clamours loud, the god retired.
There, many a time, on Peneus' bank reclined
At some oak's root, with ivy thick entwined,
Won by his hospitable friend's desire,
He soothed his pains of exile with the lyre.
Then shook the hills, then trembled Peneus' shore,
Nor Oeta felt his load of forests more;
The upland elms descended to the plain,
And soften'd lynxes wonder'd at the strain.

Well may we think, O dear to all above!
Thy birth distinguish'd by the smile of Jove,
And that Apollo shed his kindliest power,
And Maia's son, on that propitious hour,
Since only minds so born can comprehend
A poet's worth, or yield that worth a friend.
Hence, on thy yet unfaded cheek appears
The lingering freshness of thy greener years;
Hence, in thy front and features we admire
Nature unwither'd and a mind entire.
Oh might so true a friend to me belong,
So skill'd to grace the votaries of song,
Should I recall hereafter into rhyme
The kings and heroes of my native clime,
Arthur the chief, who even now prepares,
In subterraneous being, future wars,
With all his martial knights, to be restored,
Each to his seat, around the federal board,
And oh, if spirit fail me not, disperse
Our Saxon plunderers, in triumphant verse!
Then, after all, when, with the past content,
A life I finish, not in silence spent,
Should he, kind mourner, o'er my death-bed bend,
I shall but need to say—"Be yet my friend!"
He, too, perhaps, shall bid the marble breathe
To honour me, and with the graceful wreath
Or of Parnassus, or the Paphian isle,
Shall bind my brows,—but I shall rest the while.
Then also, if the fruits of Faith endure,
And Virtue's promised recompense be sure,
Borne to those seats, to which the blest aspire
By purity of soul, and virtuous fire,

These rites, as Fate permits, I shall survey
With eyes illumined by celestial day,
And, every cloud from my pure spirit driven,
Joy in the bright beatitude of Heaven!

ON THE DEATH OF DAMON.

THE ARGUMENT.

Thyrsis and Damon, shepherds and neighbours, had always pursued the same studies, and had, from their earliest days, been united in the closest friendship. Thyrsis, while travelling for improvement, received intelligence of the death of Damon, and, after a time, returning and finding it true, deplores himself, and his solitary condition, in this poem.

By Damon is to be understood Charles Deodati, connected with the Italian city of Lucca by his father's side, in other respects an Englishman; a youth of uncommon genius, erudition, and virtue.

Ye nymphs of Himera, (for ye have shed
Erewhile for Daphnis, and for Hylas dead,
And over Bion's long-lamented bier,
The fruitless meed of many a sacred tear,)
Now through the villas laved by Thames, rehearse
The woes of Thyrsis in Sicilian verse,
What sighs he heaved, and how with groans profound
He made the woods, and hollow rocks resound,
Young Damon dead; nor even ceased to pour
His lonely sorrows at the midnight hour.
The green wheat twice had nodded in the ear,
And golden harvest twice enrich'd the year,

Since Damon's lips had gasp'd for vital air
The last, last time, nor Thyrsis yet was there;
For he, enamour'd of the Muse, remain'd
In Tuscan Fiorenza long detain'd,
But, stored at length with all he wish'd to learn,
For his flock's sake now hasted to return;
And when the shepherd had resumed his seat
At the elm's root, within his old retreat,
Then 'twas his lot, then, all his loss to know,
And, from his burthen'd heart, he vented thus his woe.

"Go, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts are due
To other cares, than those of feeding you.
Alas! what deities shall I suppose
In heaven, or earth, concern'd for human woes,
Since, oh my Damon! their severe decree
So soon condemns me to regret of thee!
Depart'st thou thus, thy virtues unrepaid
With fame and honour, like a vulgar shade?
Let him forbid it, whose bright rod controls
And separates sordid from illustrious souls,
Drive far the rabble, and to thee assign
A happier lot, with spirits worthy thine!

"Go, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts are due
To other cares, than those of feeding you.
Whate'er befall, unless by cruel chance
The wolf first give me a forbidding glance,
Thou shalt not moulder undeplored, but long
Thy praise shall dwell on every shepherd's tongue;
To Daphnis first they shall delight to pay,
And, after him, to thee the votive lay,
While Pales shall the flocks and pastures love,
Or Faunus to frequent the field or grove,

At least, if ancient piety and truth,
With all the learned labours of thy youth,
May serve thee aught, or to have left behind
A sorrowing friend, and of the tuneful kind.
"Go, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts are due
To other cares, than those of feeding you.
Yes, Damon! such thy sure reward shall be;
But ah, what doom awaits unhappy me?
Who now my pains and perils shall divide,
As thou wast wont, for ever at my side,
Both when the rugged frost annoy'd our feet,
And when the herbage all was parch'd with heat;
Whether the grim wolf's ravage to prevent,
Or the huge lion's, arm'd with darts we went?
Whose converse, now, shall calm my stormy day,
With charming song, who now beguile my way?
"Go, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts are due
To other cares, than those of feeding you.
In whom shall I confide? whose counsel find
A balmy medicine for my troubled mind?
Or whose discourse, with innocent delight,
Shall fill me now and cheat the wintry night,
While hisses on my hearth the pulpy pear,
And blackening chestnuts start and crackle there,
While storms abroad the dreary meadows whelm,
And the wind thunders through the neighbouring elm?
"Go, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts are due
To other cares, than those of feeding you.
Or who, when summer suns their summit reach,
And Pan sleeps hidden by the sheltering beech,
When shepherds disappear, nymphs seek the sedge,
And the stretch'd rustic snores beneath the hedge,

Who then shall render me thy pleasant vein
Of Attic wit, thy jests, thy smiles again?
"Go, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts are due
To other cares, than those of feeding you.
Where glens and vales are thickest overgrown
With tangled boughs, I wander now alone,
Till night descend, while blustering wind and shower
Beat on my temples through the shatter'd bower.
"Go, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts are due
To other cares, than those of feeding you.
Alas! what rampant weeds now shame my fields,
And what a mildew'd crop the furrow yields!
My rambling vines, unwedded to the trees,
Bear shrivell'd grapes, my myrtles fail to please,
Nor please me more my flocks; they, slighted, turn
Their unavailing looks on me, and mourn.
"Go, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts are due
To other cares, than those of feeding you.
Ægon invites me to the hazel grove,
Amyntas, on the river's bank to rove,
And young Alphesibœus to a seat
Where branching elms exclude the mid-day heat.
'Here fountains spring,—here mossy hillocks rise;
Here Zephyr whispers, and the stream replies.'
Thus each persuades, but, deaf to every call,
I gain the thickets, and escape them all.
"Go, seek your home, my lambs; my thoughts are due
To other cares, than those of feeding you.
Then Mopsus said, (the same who reads so well
The voice of birds, and what the stars foretell,
For he by chance had noticed my return,)
'*What* means thy sullen mood, this deep concern?

Ah Thyrsis! thou art either crazed with love,
Or some sinister influence from above;
Dull Saturn's influence oft the shepherds rue;
His leaden shaft oblique has pierced thee through.'

" Go, go, my lambs, unpastured as ye are,
My thoughts are all now due to other care.
The nymphs amazed, my melancholy see,
And 'Thyrsis!' cry, 'what will become of thee?
What would'st thou, Thyrsis? such should not appear
The brow of youth, stern, gloomy, and severe;
Brisk youth should laugh, and love,—ah shun the fate
Of those, twice wretched mopes! who love too late!'

" Go, go, my lambs, unpastured as ye are,
My thoughts are all now due to other care.
Ægle with Hyas came to soothe my pain,
And Baucis' daughter, Dryope the vain,
Fair Dryope, for voice and finger neat
Known far and near, and for her self-conceit;
Chloris too came, whose cottage on the lands,
That skirt the Idumanian current, stands;
But all in vain they came, and but to see
Kind words, and comfortable, lost on me.

" Go, go, my lambs, unpastured as ye are,
My thoughts are all now due to other care.
Ah blest indifference of the playful herd,
None by his fellow chosen, or preferr'd!
No bonds of amity the flocks enthrall,
But each associates, and is pleased with all;
So graze the dappled deer in numerous droves,
And all his kind alike the zebra loves;
The same law governs where the billows roar,
And Proteus' shoals o'erspread the desert shore;

The sparrow, meanest of the feather'd race,
His fit companion finds in every place,
With whom he picks the grain that suits him best,
Flirts here and there, and late returns to rest,
And whom if chance the falcon make his prey,
Or hedger with his well-aim'd arrow slay,
For no such loss the gay survivor grieves;
New love he seeks, and new delight receives.
We only, an obdurate kind, rejoice,
Scorning all others in a single choice.
We scarce in thousands meet one kindred mind,
And if the long-sought good at last we find,
When least we fear it, Death our treasure steals,
And gives our heart a wound, that nothing heals.

"Go, go, my lambs, unpastured as ye are;
My thoughts are all now due to other care.
Ah, what delusion lured me from my flocks,
To traverse Alpine snows and rugged rocks!
What need so great had I to visit Rome,
Now sunk in ruins, and herself a tomb?
Or had she flourish'd still as when, of old,
For her sake Tityrus forsook his fold,
What need so great had I to incur a pause
Of thy sweet intercourse for such a cause,
For such a cause to place the roaring sea,
Rocks, mountains, woods, between my friend and me?
Else, had I grasp'd thy feeble hand, composed
Thy decent limbs, thy drooping eyelids closed,
And, at the last, had said—'Farewell,—ascend,—
Nor even in the skies forget thy friend!'

"Go, go, my lambs, untended homeward fare;
My thoughts are all now due to other care.

Although well pleased, ye tuneful Tuscan swains!
My mind the memory of your worth retains,
Yet not your worth can teach me less to mourn
My Damon lost;—he too was Tuscan born,
Born in your Lucca, city of renown!
And wit possess'd, and genius, like your own.
Oh how elate was I, when stretch'd beside
The murmuring course of Arno's breezy tide,
Beneath the poplar grove I pass'd my hours,
Now cropping myrtles, and now vernal flowers,
And hearing, as I lay at ease along,
Your swains contending for the prize of song!
I also dared attempt, (and, as it seems,
Not much displeased attempting,) various themes,
For even I can presents boast from you,
The shepherd's pipe, and osier basket too,
And Dati, and Francini, both have made
My name familiar to the beechen shade,
And they are learn'd, and each in every place
Renown'd for song, and both of Lydian race.
"Go, go, my lambs, untended homeward fare;
My thoughts are all now due to other care.
While bright the dewy grass with moon-beams shone,
And I stood hurdling in my kids alone,
How often have I said, (but thou hadst found
Ere then thy dark cold lodgment under ground,)
Now Damon sings, or springes sets for hares,
Or wicker-work for various use prepares!
How oft, indulging fancy, have I plann'd
New scenes of pleasure, that I hoped at hand,
Call'd thee abroad as I was wont, and cried,
'What hoa! my friend,—come lay thy task aside,

Haste, let us forth together, and beguile
The heat beneath yon whispering shades awhile,
Or on the margin stray of Colne's clear flood,
Or where Cassibelan's grey turrets stood!
There thou shalt cull me simples, and shalt teach
Thy friend the name and healing powers of each,
From the tall blue-bell to the dwarfish weed,
What the dry land and what the marshes breed,
For all their kinds alike to thee are known,
And the whole art of Galen is thy own.'
Ah, perish Galen's art, and wither'd be
The useless herbs that gave not health to thee!
Twelve evenings since, as in poetic dream
I meditating sat some statelier theme,
The reeds no sooner touch'd my lip, though new,
And unessay'd before, than wide they flew,
Bursting their waxen bands, nor could sustain
The deep-toned music of the solemn strain;
And I am vain perhaps, but I will tell
How proud a theme I choose,—ye groves, farewell!
" Go, go, my lambs, untended homeward fare;
My thoughts are all now due to other care.
Of Brutus, Dardan chief, my song shall be,
How with his barks he plough'd the British sea,
First from Rutupia's towering headland seen,
And of his consort's reign, fair Imogen;
Of Brennus and Belinus, brothers bold,
And of Arviragus, and how of old
Our hardy sires the Armorican controll'd,
And of the wife of Gorloïs, who, surprised
By Uther, in her husband's form disguised,
(Such was the force of Merlin's art,) became
Pregnant with Arthur of heroic fame.

These themes I now revolve,—and oh—if Fate
Porportion to these themes my lengthen'd date,
Adieu my shepherd's reed! yon pine-tree bough
Shall be thy future home; there dangle thou
Forgotten and disused, unless ere long
Thou change thy Latian for a British song;
A British?—even so,—the powers of man
Are bounded; little is the most he can:
And it shall well suffice me, and shall be
Fame, and proud recompense enough for me,
If Usa, golden-hair'd, my verse may learn,
If Alain bending o'er his crystal urn,
Swift-whirling Abra, Trent's o'ershadow'd stream,
Thames, lovelier far than all in my esteem,
Tamar's ore-tinctured flood, and, after these,
The wave-worn shores of utmost Orcades.
"Go, go, my lambs, untended homeward fare;
My thoughts are all now due to other care.
All this I kept in leaves of laurel-rind
Enfolded safe, and for thy view design'd,
This, and a gift from Manso's hand beside,
(Manso, not least his native city's pride,)
Two cups, that radiant as their giver shone,
Adorn'd by sculpture with a double zone.
The spring was graven there; here slowly wind
The Red-sea shores with groves of spices lined;
Her plumes of various hues amid the boughs
The sacred, solitary Phœnix shows,
And watchful of the dawn, reverts her head,
To see Aurora leave her watery bed.—
In other part, the expansive vault above,
And there too, even there, the god of love;

With quiver arm'd he mounts, his torch displays
A vivid light, his gem-tipt arrows blaze,
Around his bright and fiery eyes he rolls,
Nor aims at vulgar minds, or little souls,
Nor deigns one look below, but aiming high
Sends every arrow to the lofty sky;
Hence forms divine, and minds immortal, learn
The power of Cupid, and enamour'd burn.

" Thou also Damon, (neither need I fear
That hope delusive,) thou art also there;
For whither should simplicity like thine
Retire? where else such spotless virtue shine?
Thou dwell'st not (thought profane) in shades below,
Nor tears suit thee;—cease then my tears to flow!
Away with grief, on Damon ill bestow'd!
Who, pure himself, has found a pure abode,
Has pass'd the showery arch, henceforth resides
With saints and heroes, and from flowing tides
Quaffs copious immortality and joy,
With hallow'd lips!—Oh! blest without alloy,
And now enrich'd, with all that faith can claim,
Look down, entreated by whatever name,
If Damon please thee most (that rural sound
Shall oft with echoes fill the groves around),
Or if Diodatus, by which alone
In those ethereal mansions thou art known.
Thy blush was maiden, and thy youth the taste
Of wedded bliss knew never, pure and chaste,
The honours, therefore, by divine decree
The lot of virgin worth, are given to thee;
Thy brows encircled with a radiant band,
And the green palm-branch waving in thy hand,

Thou in immortal nuptials shalt rejoice,
And join with seraphs thy according voice,
Where rapture reigns, and the ecstatic lyre
Guides the blest orgies of the blazing quire."

AN ODE ADDRESSED TO MR. JOHN ROUSE,

LIBRARIAN OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

ON A LOST VOLUME OF MY POEMS, WHICH HE DESIRED ME TO REPLACE, THAT HE MIGHT ADD THEM TO MY OTHER WORKS DEPOSITED IN THE LIBRARY.

This Ode is rendered without rhime, that it might more adequately represent the original, which, as Milton himself informs us, is of no certain measure. It may possibly for this reason disappoint the reader, though it cost the writer more labour than the translation of any other piece in the whole collection.

STROPHE.

My twofold book! single in show,
But double in contents,
Neat, but not curiously adorn'd,
Which, in his early youth,
A poet gave, no lofty one in truth,
Although an earnest wooer of the Muse—
Say while in cool Ausonian shades,
Or British wilds he roam'd,
Striking by turns his native lyre,
By turns the Daunian lute,
And stepp'd almost in air,—

ANTISTROPHE.

Say, little book, what furtive hand
Thee from thy fellow-books convey'd,

What time, at the repeated suit
Of my most learned friend,
I sent thee forth, an honour'd traveller,
From our great city to the source of Thames,
Cærulean sire;
Where rise the fountains, and the raptures ring
Of the Aonian choir,
Durable as yonder spheres,
And through the endless lapse of years
Secure to be admired?

STROPHE II.

Now what god, or demigod,
For Britain's ancient genius moved
(If our afflicted land
Have expiated at length the guilty sloth
Of her degenerate sons)
Shall terminate our impious feuds,
And discipline, with hallow'd voice, recall?
Recall the Muses too,
Driven from their ancient seats
In Albion, and well nigh from Albion's shore,
And with keen Phœbean shafts
Piercing the unseemly birds,
Whose talons menace us,
Shall drive the harpy race from Helicon afar?

ANTISTROPHE.

But thou, my book, though thou hast stray'd,
Whether by treachery lost,
Or indolent neglect, thy bearer's fault,
From all thy kindred books,

To some dark cell, or cave forlorn,
Where thou endurest, perhaps,
The chafing of some hard untutor'd hand,
Be comforted—
For lo! again the splendid hope appears
That thou may'st yet escape
The gulfs of Lethe, and on oary wings
Mount to the everlasting courts of Jove!

STROPHE III.

Since Rouse desires thee, and complains
That though by promise his,
Thou yet appear'st not in thy place
Among the literary noble stores,
Given to his care,
But, absent, leavest his numbers incomplete.
He, therefore, guardian vigilant
Of that unperishing wealth,
Calls thee to the interior shrine, his charge,
Where he intends a richer treasure far
Than Iön kept (Iön, Erectheus' son
Illustrious, of the fair Creüsa born)
In the resplendent temple of his god,
Tripods of gold, and Delphic gifts divine.

ANTISTROPHE.

Haste, then, to the pleasant groves,
The Muses' favourite haunt;
Resume thy station in Apollo's dome.
Dearer to him
Than Delos, or the fork'd Parnassian hill!
Exulting go,

Since now a splendid lot is also thine,
And thou art sought by my propitious friend;
For there thou shalt be read
With authors of exalted note,
The ancient glorious lights of Greece and Rome.

EPODE.

Ye then, my works, no longer vain,
And worthless deem'd by me!
Whate'er this steril genius has produced
Expect, at last, the rage of envy spent,
An unmolested happy home,
Gift of kind Hermes, and my watchful friend;
Where never flippant tongue profane
Shall entrance find,
And whence the coarse unletter'd multitude
Shall babble far remote.
Perhaps some future distant age,
Less tinged with prejudice and better taught,
Shall furnish minds of power
To judge more equally.
Then, malice silenced in the tomb,
Cooler heads and sounder hearts,
Thanks to Rouse, if aught of praise
I merit, shall with candour weigh the claim.

Translations of the Italian Poems.

SONNET.

FAIR Lady! whose harmonious name the Rhine,
Through all his grassy vale, delights to hear,
Base were indeed the wretch, who could forbear
To love a spirit elegant as thine,
That manifests a sweetness all divine,
Nor knows a thousand winning acts to spare,
And graces, which Love's bow and arrows are,
Tempering thy virtues to a softer shine.
When gracefully thou speak'st, or singest gay,
Such strains, as might the senseless forest move,
Ah then—turn each his eyes and ears away,
Who feels himself unworthy of thy love!
Grace can alone preserve him, ere the dart
Of fond desire yet reach his inmost heart.

SONNET.

As on a hill-top rude, when closing day
Imbrowns the scene, some pastoral maiden fair
Waters a lovely foreign plant with care,
Borne from its native genial airs away,
That scarcely can its tender bud display,
So, on my tongue these accents, new and rare,
Are flowers exotic, which Love waters there,
While thus, O sweetly scornful! I essay
Thy praise, in verse to British ears unknown,
And Thames exchange for Arno's fair domain;

So Love has will'd, and ofttimes Love has shown
That what he wills, he never wills in vain.
Oh that this hard and steril breast might be
To Him, who plants from heaven, a soil as free!

CANZONE.

They mock my toil—the nymphs and amorous swains—
And whence this fond attempt to write, they cry,
Love-songs in language that thou little know'st?
How darest thou risk to sing these foreign strains?
Say truly,—find'st not oft thy purpose cross'd,
And that thy fairest flowers here fade and die?
Then with pretence of admiration high—
Thee other shores expect, and other tides;
Rivers, on whose grassy sides
Her deathless laurel leaf, with which to bind
Thy flowing locks, already Fame provides;
Why then this burthen, better far declined?
Speak, Muse! for me.—The fair one said, who guides
My willing heart, and all my fancy's flights,
"This is the language in which Love delights."

SONNET.

TO CHARLES DIODATI.

Charles—and I say it wondering—thou must know
That I, who once assumed a scornful air,
And scoff'd at Love, am fallen in his snare.
(Full many an upright man has fallen so.)

Yet think me not thus dazzled by the flow
Of golden locks, or damask cheek; more rare
The heart-felt beauties of my foreign fair,
A mien majestic, with dark brows that show
The tranquil lustre of a lofty mind;
Words exquisite of idioms more than one,
And song, whose fascinating power might bind,
And from her sphere draw down the labouring Moon,
With such fire-darting eyes, that should I fill
My ears with wax, she would enchant me still.

SONNET.

LADY! it cannot be, but that thine eyes
Must be my sun, such radiance they display,
And strike me even as Phœbus him, whose way
Through horrid Libya's sandy desert lies.
Meantime, on that side steamy vapours rise
Where most I suffer. Of what kind are they,
New as to me they are, I cannot say,
But deem them, in the lover's language—sighs.
Some, though with pain, my bosom close conceals,
Which, if in part escaping thence, they tend
To soften thine, thy coldness soon congeals.
While others to my tearful eyes ascend,
Whence my sad nights in showers are ever drown'd,
Till my Aurora come, her brow with roses bound.

SONNET.

ENAMOUR'D, artless, young, on foreign ground,
Uncertain whither from myself to fly,
To thee, dear Lady, with an humble sigh
Let me devote my heart, which I have found
By certain proofs, not few, intrepid, sound,
Good, and addicted to conceptions high:
When tempests shake the world, and fire the sky,
It rests in adamant self-wrapt around,
As safe from envy, and from outrage rude,
From hopes and fears that vulgar minds abuse,
As fond of genius and fixt fortitude,
Of the resounding lyre, and every Muse.
Weak you will find it in one only part,
Now pierced by Love's immedicable dart.

TRANSLATION FROM VIRGIL.

ÆNEID, BOOK VIII. LINE 18.

THUS Italy was moved;—nor did the chief
Æneas in his mind less tumult feel.
On every side his anxious thought he turns,
Restless, unfix'd, not knowing what to choose.
And as a cistern that in brim of brass
Confines the crystal flood, if chance the sun
Smite on it, or the moon's resplendent orb,
The quivering light now flashes on the walls,
Now leaps uncertain to the vaulted roof:
Such were the wavering motions of his mind.
'Twas night—and weary nature sunk to rest;

The birds, the bleating flocks, were heard no more.
At length, on the cold ground, beneath the damp
And dewy vault, fast by the river's brink,
The father of his country sought repose.
When lo! among the spreading poplar boughs,
Forth from his pleasant stream, propitious rose
The god of Tiber: clear transparent gauze
Infolds his loins, his brows with reeds are crown'd;
And these his gracious words to sooth his care:
"Heaven-born, who bring'st our kindred home again
Rescued, and giv'st eternity to Troy,
Long have Laurentum and the Latian plains
Expected thee; behold thy fix'd abode.
Fear not the threats of war, the storm is pass'd,
The gods appeased. For proof that what thou hear'st
Is no vain forgery or delusive dream,
Beneath the grove that borders my green bank,
A milk-white swine, with thirty milk-white young,
Shall greet thy wondering eyes. Mark well the place,
For 'tis thy place of rest, there end thy toils:
There, twice ten years elapsed, fair Alba's walls
Shall rise, fair Alba, by Ascanius' hand.
Thus shall it be;—now listen, while I teach
The means to accomplish these events at hand.
The Arcadians here, a race from Pallas sprung,
Following Evander's standard and his fate,
High on these mountains, a well chosen spot,
Have built a city, for their grandsire's sake
Named Pallenteum. These perpetual war
Wage with the Latians: join'd in faithful league
And arms confederate, add them to your camp.
Myself between my winding banks will speed

Your well-oar'd barks to stem the opposing tide.
Rise, goddess-born, arise; and with the first
Declining stars seek Juno in thy prayer,
And vanquish all her wrath with suppliant vows.
When conquest crowns thee, then remember me.
I am the Tiber, whose cerulean stream
Heaven favours; I with copious flood divide
These grassy banks, and cleave the fruitful meads;
My mansion this,—and lofty cities crown
My fountain head."—He spoke and sought the deep,
And plunged his form beneath the closing flood.
Æneas at the morning dawn awoke,
And, rising, with uplifted eye beheld
The orient sun, then dipp'd his palms, and scoop'd
The brimming stream, and thus address'd the skies:
"Ye nymphs, Laurentian nymphs, who feed the source
Of many a stream, and thou, with thy blest flood,
O Tiber! hear, accept me, and afford,
At length afford, a shelter from my woes.
Where'er in secret cavern under ground
Thy waters sleep, where'er they spring to light,
Since thou hast pity for a wretch like me,
My offerings and my vows shall wait thee still:
Great horned Father of Hesperian floods,
Be gracious now, and ratify thy word!"
He said, and chose two galleys from his fleet,
Fits them with oars, and clothes the crew in arms.
When lo! astonishing and pleasing sight,
The milk-white dam, with her unspotted brood,
Lay stretch'd upon the bank, beneath the grove.
To thee, the pious Prince, Juno, to thee
Devotes them all, all on thine altar bleed.

That livelong night old Tiber smooth'd his flood,
And so restrain'd it that it seem'd to stand
Motionless as a pool, or silent lake,
That not a billow might resist their oars.
With cheerful sound of exhortation soon
Their voyage they begin; the pitchy keel
Slides through the gentle deep; the quiet stream
Admires the unwonted burthen that it bears,
Well polish'd arms, and vessels painted gay.
Beneath the shade of various trees, between
The umbrageous branches of the spreading groves,
They cut their liquid way, nor day nor night
They slack their course, unwinding as they go
The long meanders of the peaceful tide.
The glowing sun was in meridian height,
When from afar they saw the humble walls,
And the few scatter'd cottages, which now
The Roman power has equall'd with the clouds;
But such was then Evander's scant domain.
They steer to shore, and hasten to the town.
It chanced, the Arcadian monarch on that day,
Before the walls, beneath a shady grove,
Was celebrating high, in solemn feast,
Alcides and his tutelary gods.
Pallas, his son, was there, and there the chief
Of all his youth; with these, a worthy tribe,
His poor but venerable senate, burnt
Sweet incense, and their altars smoked with blood.
Soon as they saw the towering masts approach
Sliding between the trees, while the crew rest
Upon their silent oars, amazed they rose,
Not without fear, and all forsook the feast.

But Pallas undismay'd, his javelin seized,
Rush'd to the bank, and from a rising ground
Forbade them to disturb the sacred rites.
" Ye stranger youth! what prompts you to explore
This untried way? and whither do ye steer?
Whence, and who are ye? Bring ye peace or war?"
Æneas from his lofty deck holds forth
The peaceful olive branch, and thus replies:
" Trojans and enemies to the Latian state,
Whom they with unprovoked hostilities
Have driven away, thou seest. We seek Evander;
Say this,—and say beside, the Trojan chiefs
Are come, and seek his friendship and his aid."
Pallas with wonder heard that aweful name,
And " whosoe'er thou art," he cried, " come forth;
Bear thine own tidings to my father's ear,
And be a welcome guest beneath our roof."
He said, and press'd the stranger to his breast,
Then led him from the river to the grove,
Where, courteous, thus Æneas greets the king:
" Best of the Grecian race, to whom I bow
(So wills my fortune) suppliant, and stretch forth
In sign of amity this peaceful branch,
I fear'd thee not, although I knew thee well
A Grecian leader, born in Arcady,
And kinsman of the Atridæ. Me my virtue,
That means no wrong to thee,—the Oracles,
Our kindred families allied of old,
And thy renown diffused through every land,
Have all conspired to bind in friendship to thee,
And send me not unwilling to thy shores.
Dardanus, author of the Trojan state,

(So say the Greeks,) was fair Electra's son;
Electra boasted Atlas for her sire,
Whose shoulders high sustain the æthereal orbs.
Your sire is Mercury, whom Maia bore,
Sweet Maia, on Cyllene's hoary top.
Her, if we credit aught tradition old,
Atlas of yore, the selfsame Atlas, claim'd
His daughter. Thus united close in blood,
Thy race and ours one common sire confess.
With these credentials fraught, I would not send
Ambassadors with artful phrase to sound
And win thee by degrees, but came myself;
Me, therefore, me thou seest; my life the stake:
'Tis I, Æneas, who implore thine aid.
Should Daunia, that now aims the blow at thee,
Prevail to conquer us, nought then, they think,
Will hinder, but Hesperia must be theirs,
All theirs, from the upper to the nether sea.
Take then our friendship and return us thine!
We too have courage, we have noble minds,
And youth well tried and exercised in arms."

Thus spoke Æneas. He with fix'd regard
Survey'd him speaking, features, form and mien.
Then briefly thus,—"Thou noblest of thy name,
How gladly do I take thee to my heart,
How gladly thus confess thee for a friend!
In thee I trace Anchises; his thy speech,
Thy voice, thy countenance. For I well remember
Many a day since, when Priam journey'd forth
To Salamis, to see the land where dwelt
Hesione, his sister, he push'd on
E'en to Arcadia's frozen bounds. 'Twas then

The bloom of youth was glowing on my cheek;
Much I admired the Trojan chiefs, and much
Their king, the son of great Laomedon,
But most Anchises, towering o'er them all.
A youthful longing seized me to accost
The hero and embrace him; I drew near,
And gladly led him to the walls of Pheneus.
Departing, he distinguish'd me with gifts,
A costly quiver stored with Lycian darts,
A robe inwove with gold, with gold imboss'd
Two bridles, those which Pallas uses now.
The friendly league thou hast solicited
I give thee therefore, and to-morrow all
My chosen youth shall wait on your return.
Meanwhile, since thus in friendship ye are come,
Rejoice with us and join to celebrate
These annual rites, which may not be delay'd,
And be at once familiar at our board."
He said, and bade replace the feast removed;
Himself upon a grassy bank disposed
The crew; but for Æneas order'd forth
A couch spread with a lion's tawny shag,
And bade him share the honours of his throne.
The appointed youth with glad alacrity
Assist the labouring priest to load the board
With roasted entrails of the slaughter'd beeves,
Well-kneaded bread and mantling bowls. Well pleased,
Æneas and the Trojan youth regale
On the huge length of a well-pastured chine.
Hunger appeased, and tables all dispatch'd,
Thus spake Evander: "Superstition here,
In this old solemn feasting, has no part.

No, Trojan friend, from utmost danger saved,
In gratitude this worship we renew.
Behold that rock which nods above the vale,
Those bulks of broken stone dispersed around;
How desolate the shatter'd cave appears,
And what a ruin spreads the incumber'd plain.
Within this pile, but far within, was once
The den of Cacus; dire his hateful form
That shunn'd the day, half monster and half man.
Blood newly shed stream'd ever on the ground
Smoking, and many a visage pale and wan
Nail'd at his gate, hung hideous to the sight.
Vulcan begot the brute: vast was his size,
And from his throat he belch'd his father's fires.
But the day came that brought us what we wish'd,
The assistance and the presence of a God.
Flush'd with his victory and the spoils he won
From triple-form'd Geryon lately slain,
The great avenger, Hercules, appear'd.
Hither he drove his stately bulls, and pour'd
His herds along the vale. But the sly thief
Cacus, that nothing might escape his hand
Of villany or fraud, drove from the stalls
Four of the lordliest of his bulls, and four,
The fairest of his heifers; by the tail
He dragg'd them to his den, that, there conceal'd,
No footsteps might betray the dark abode.
And now his herd with provender sufficed,
Alcides would be gone: they as they went
Still bellowing loud, made the deep-echoing woods
And distant hills resound: when hark! one ox,
Imprison'd close within the vast recess,

Lows in return, and frustrates all his hope.
Then fury seized Alcides, and his breast
With indignation heaved: grasping his club
Of knotted oak, swift to the mountain top
He ran, he flew. Then first was Cacus seen
To tremble, and his eyes bespoke his fears.
Swift as an eastern blast he sought his den,
And dread, increasing, wing'd him as he went.
Drawn up in iron slings above the gate,
A rock was hung enormous. Such his haste,
He burst the chains, and dropp'd it at the door,
Then grappled it with iron work within
Of bolts and bars by Vulcan's art contrived.
Scarce was he fast, when panting for revenge
Came Hercules; he gnash'd his teeth with rage,
And quick as lightning glanced his eyes around
In quest of entrance. Fiery red and stung
With indignation, thrice he wheel'd his course
About the mountain; thrice, but thrice in vain,
He strove to force the quarry at the gate,
And thrice sat down o'erwearied in the vale.
There stood a pointed rock, abrupt and rude,
That high o'erlook'd the rest, close at the back
Of the fell monster's den, where birds obscene
Of ominous note resorted, choughs and daws.
This, as it lean'd obliquely to the left,
Threatening the stream below, he from the right
Push'd with his utmost strength, and to and fro
He shook the mass, loosening its lowest base,
Then shoved it from its seat; down fell the pile;
Sky thunder'd at the fall; the banks give way,
The affrighted stream flows upward to his source.

Behold the kennel of the brute exposed,
The gloomy vault laid open. So, if chance
Earth yawning to the centre should disclose
The mansions, the pale mansions of the dead,
Loathed by the gods, such would the gulf appear,
And the ghosts tremble at the sight of day.
The monster braying with unusual din
Within his hollow lair, and sore amazed
To see such sudden inroads of the light,
Alcides press'd him close with what at hand
Lay readiest, stumps of trees, and fragments huge
Of millstone size. He, (for escape was none,)
Wondrous to tell! forth from his gorge discharged
A smoky cloud that darken'd all the den;
Wreath after wreath he vomited amain,
The smothering vapour mix'd with fiery sparks;
No sight could penetrate the veil obscure.
The hero, more provoked, endured not this,
But with a headlong leap he rush'd to where
The thickest cloud enveloped his abode;
There grasp'd he Cacus, spite of all his fires,
Till crush'd within his arms, the monster shows
His bloodless throat, now dry with panting hard,
And his press'd eyeballs start. Soon he tears down
The barricade of rock, the dark abyss
Lies open; and the imprison'd bulls, the theft
He had with oaths denied, are brought to light;
By the heels the miscreant carcass is dragg'd forth,
His face, his eyes, all terrible, his breast
Beset with bristles, and his sooty jaws
Are view'd with wonder never to be cloy'd.
Hence the celebrity thou seest, and hence

This festal day. Potitius first enjoin'd
Posterity these solemn rites, he first
With those who bear the great Pinarian name
To Hercules devoted, in the grove
This altar built, deem'd sacred in the highest
By us, and sacred ever to be deem'd.
Come, then, my friends, and bind your youthful brows
In praise of such deliverance, and hold forth
The brimming cup; your deities and ours
Are now the same, then drink, and freely too.
So saying, he twisted round his reverend locks
A variegated poplar wreath, and fill'd
His right hand with a consecrated bowl.
At once all pour libations on the board,
All offer prayer. And now the radiant sphere
Of day descending, eventide drew near.
When first Potitius with the priests advanced,
Begirt with skins, and torches in their hands.
High piled with meats of savoury taste, they ranged
The chargers, and renew'd the grateful feast.
Then came the Salii, crown'd with poplar too,
Circling the blazing altars; here the youth
Advanced, a choir harmonious, there were heard
The reverend seers responsive; praise they sung,
Much praise in honour of Alcides' deeds;
How first with infant gripe two serpents huge
He strangled, sent from Juno; next they sung,
How Troja and Oechalia he destroy'd,
Fair cities both, and many a toilsome task
Beneath Eurystheus, (so his stepdame will'd,)
Achieved victorious. Thou, the cloud-born pair,
Hylæus fierce and Pholus, monstrous twins,

Thou slew'st the minotaur, the plague of Crete,
And the vast lion of the Nemean rock;
Thee Hell, and Cerberus, Hell's porter, fear'd,
Stretch'd in his den upon his half-gnaw'd bones.
Thee no abhorred form, not even the vast
Typhœus could appal, though clad in arms.
Hail, true born son of Jove, among the gods
At length enroll'd, nor least illustrious thou,
Haste thee propitious, and approve our songs!—
Thus hymn'd the chorus; above all they sing
The cave of Cacus, and the flames he breathed.
The whole grove echoes, and the hills resound.
The rites perform'd, all hasten to the town:
The king, bending with age, held as he went
Æneas and his Pallas by the hand,
With much variety of pleasing talk
Shortening the way. Æneas, with a smile,
Looks round him, charm'd with the delightful scene,
And many a question asks, and much he learns
Of heroes far renown'd in ancient times.
Then spake Evander: "These extensive groves
Were once inhabited by fauns and nymphs
Produced beneath their shades, and a rude race
Of men, the progeny uncouth of elms
And knotted oaks. They no refinement knew
Of laws or manners civilized, to yoke
The steer, with forecast provident to store
The hoarded grain, or manage what they had,
But browsed like beasts upon the leafy boughs,
Or fed voracious on their hunted prey.
An exile from Olympus, and expell'd
His native realm by thunder-bearing Jove,

First Saturn came. He from the mountains drew
This herd of men untractable and fierce,
And gave them laws, and call'd his hiding place
This growth of forests, Latium. Such the peace
His land possess'd, the golden age was then,
So famed in story; till by slow degrees
Far other times, and of far different hue,
Succeeded, thirst of gold and thirst of blood.
Then came Ausonian bands, and armed hosts
From Sicily, and Latium often changed
Her master and her name. At length arose
Kings, of whom Tybris of gigantic form
Was chief; and we Italians since have call'd
The river by his name; thus Albula,
(So was the country call'd in ancient days,)
Was quite forgot. Me from my native land
An exile, through the dangerous ocean driven,
Resistless fortune and relentless fate,
Placed where thou seest me. Phœbus, and
The nymph Carmentis, with maternal care
Attendant on my wanderings, fixed me here.

[Ten lines omitted.]

He said, and show'd him the Tarpeian rock,
And the rude spot where now the capitol
Stands all magnificent and bright with gold,
Then overgrown with thorns. And yet even then
The swains beheld that sacred scene with awe;
The grove, the rock, inspired religious fear.
This grove, he said, that crowns the lofty top
Of this fair hill, some deity, we know,
*In*habits, but what deity we doubt.

The Arcadians speak of Jupiter himself,
That they have often seen him, shaking here
His gloomy ægis, while the thunder-storms
Came rolling all around him. Turn thine eyes,
Behold that ruin; those dismantled walls,
Where once two towns, Ianiculum ——,
By Janus this, and that by Saturn built,
Saturnia. Such discourse brought them beneath
The roof of poor Evander; thence they saw,
Where now the proud and stately forum stands,
The grazing herds wide scatter'd o'er the field.
Soon as he enter'd—Hercules, he said,
Victorious Hercules, on this threshold trod,
These walls contain'd him, humble as they are.
Dare to despise magnificence, my friend,
Prove thy divine descent by worth divine,
Nor view with haughty scorn this mean abode.
So saying, he led Æneas by the hand,
And placed him on a cushion stuff'd with leaves,
Spread with the skin of a Lybistian bear.

[The Episode of Venus and Vulcan omitted.]

While thus in Lemnos Vulcan was employ'd
Awaken'd by the gentle dawn of day,
And the shrill song of birds beneath the eaves
Of his low mansion, old Evander rose.
His tunic, and the sandals on his feet,
And his good sword well girded to his side,
A panther's skin dependent from his left
And over his right shoulder thrown aslant,
Thus was he clad. Two mastiffs follow'd him,
His whole retinue and his nightly guard.

OVID. TRIST. LIB. V. ELEG. XII.

Scribis, ut oblectem.

You bid me write to amuse the tedious hours,
And save from withering my poetic powers;
Hard is the task, my friend, for verse should flow
From the free mind, not fetter'd down by woe.
Restless amidst unceasing tempests toss'd,
Whoe'er has cause for sorrow, I have most.
Would you bid Priam laugh, his sons all slain;
Or childless Niobe from tears refrain,
Join the gay dance, and lead the festive train?
Does grief or study most befit the mind
To this remote, this barbarous nook confined?
Could you impart to my unshaken breast
The fortitude by Socrates possess'd,
Soon would it sink beneath such woes as mine,
For what is human strength to wrath divine?
Wise as he was, and Heaven pronounced him so,
My sufferings would have laid that wisdom low.
Could I forget my country, thee and all,
And e'en the offence to which I owe my fall,
Yet fear alone would freeze the poet's vein,
While hostile troops swarm o'er the dreary plain.
Add that the fatal rust of long disuse
Unfits me for the service of the Muse.
Thistles and weeds are all we can expect
From the best soil impoverish'd by neglect;
Unexercised, and to his stall confined,
The fleetest racer would be left behind;

The best built bark that cleaves the watery way,
Laid useless by, would moulder and decay,—
No hope remains that time shall me restore,
Mean as I was, to what I was before.
Think how a series of desponding cares
Benumbs the genius and its force impairs.
How oft, as now, on this devoted sheet,
My verse constrain'd to move with measured feet,
Reluctant and laborious limps along,
And proves itself a wretched exile's song.
What is it tunes the most melodious lays?
'Tis emulation and the thirst of praise,
A noble thirst, and not unknown to me,
While smoothly wafted on a calmer sea.
But can a wretch like Ovid pant for fame?
No, rather let the world forget my name.
Is it because that world approved my strain,
You prompt me to the same pursuit again?
No, let the Nine the ungrateful truth excuse,
I charge my hopeless ruin on the Muse,
And, like Perillus, meet my just desert,
The victim of my own pernicious art;
Fool that I was to be so warn'd in vain,
And shipwreck'd once, to tempt the deep again!
Ill fares the bard in this unletter'd land,
None to consult, and none to understand.
The purest verse has no admirers here,
Their own rude language only suits their ear.
Rude as it is, at length familiar grown,
I learn it, and almost unlearn my own;—
Yet to say truth, even here the Muse disdains
Confinement, and attempts her former strains,

But finds the strong desire is not the power,
And what her taste condemns, the flames devour.
A part, perhaps, like this, escapes the doom,
And though unworthy, finds a friend at Rome;
But oh the cruel art, that could undo
Its votary thus! would that could perish too!

HOR. LIB. I. ODE IX.

Vides, ut altâ stet nive candidum
Soracte; . . . . .

SEEST thou yon mountain laden with deep snow,
The groves beneath their fleecy burthen bow,
The streams, congeal'd, forget to flow;
Come, thaw the cold, and lay a cheerful pile
Of fuel on the hearth;
Broach the best cask, and make old Winter smile
With seasonable mirth.

This be our part,—let Heaven dispose the rest;
If Jove command, the winds shall sleep
That now wage war upon the foamy deep,
And gentle gales spring from the balmy west.

Even let us shift to-morrow as we may,
When to-morrow's pass'd away,
We at least shall have to say,
We have lived another day;
Your auburn locks will soon be silver'd o'er,
Old age is at our heels, and youth returns no more.

HOR. LIB. I. ODE XXXVIII.

Persicos odi, puer, apparatus.

Boy, I hate their empty shows;
Persian garlands I detest;
Bring not me the late-blown rose,
Lingering after all the rest.

Plainer myrtle pleases me,
Thus outstretch'd beneath my vine;
Myrtle more becoming thee,
Waiting with thy master's wine.

ANOTHER VERSION OF THE SAME ODE.

Boy! I detest all Persian fopperies,
Fillet-bound garlands are to me disgusting;
Task not thyself with any search, I charge thee,
Where latest roses linger;
Bring me alone, (for thou wilt find that readily,)
Plain myrtle. Myrtle neither will disparage
Thee occupied to serve me, or me drinking
Beneath my vine's cool shelter.

HOR. LIB. II. ODE XVI.

Otium Divos rogat in patenti.

Ease is the weary merchant's prayer,
Who ploughs by night the Ægean flood,
When neither moon nor stars appear,
Or faintly glimmer through the cloud.

For ease the Mede with quiver graced,
For ease the Thracian hero sighs;
Delightful ease all pant to taste,
A blessing which no treasure buys.

For neither gold can lull to rest,
Nor all a Consul's guard beat off
The tumults of a troubled breast,
The cares that haunt a gilded roof.

Happy the man whose table shows
A few clean ounces of old plate,
No fear intrudes on his repose,
No sordid wishes to be great.

Poor short lived things, what plans we lay!
Ah, why forsake our native home,
To distant climates speed away,
For self sticks close where'er we roam!

Care follows hard and soon o'ertakes
The well rigg'd ship, the warlike steed;
Her destined quarry ne'er forsakes;
Not the wind flies with half her speed.

From anxious fears of future ill
Guard well the cheerful, happy now;
Gild e'en your sorrows with a smile,
No blessing is unmix'd below.

Thy neighing steeds and lowing herds,
Thy numerous flocks around thee graze,
And the best purple Tyre affords
Thy robe magnificent displays.

On me indulgent Heaven bestow'd
A rural mansion, neat and small;
This lyre;—and as for yonder crowd,
The happiness to hate them all.

EPIGRAMS,
TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN OF OWEN.

ON ONE IGNORANT AND ARROGANT.

THOU mayst of double ignorance boast,
Who know'st not, that thou nothing know'st.

PRUDENT SIMPLICITY.

THAT thou mayst injure no man, dove-like be,
And serpent-like, that none may injure thee!

TO A FRIEND IN DISTRESS.

I WISH thy lot, now bad, still worse, my friend;
For when at worst, they say, things always mend.

RETALIATION.

THE works of ancient bards divine,
Aulus, thou scorn'st to read;
And should posterity read thine,
It would be strange indeed!

Bella docet fortes, timidosque ad pessima ducit,
Fœdifragas artes, multiplicesque dolos,
Nec vitii quicquam est, quod non inveneris ortum
Ex malesuadâ auri sacrilegâque fame.
Dixit, et ingemuit; Plutusque suum sibi numen
Ante oculos, irâ fervidus, ipse stetit.
Arcam clausit avarus, et ora horrentia rugis
Ostendens, tremulum sic Deus increpuit.
Questibus his raucis mihi cur, stulte, obstrepis aures?
Ista tui similis tristia quisque canit.
Commaculavi egone humanum genus, improbe? Culpa,
Dum rapis, et captas omnia, culpa tua est.
Mene execrandum censes, quia tam pretiosa
Criminibus fiunt perniciosa tuis?
Virtutis specie, pulchro ceu pallio amictus
Quisque catus nebulo sordida facta tegit.
Atque suis manibus commissa potentia, durum
Et dirum subito vergit ad imperium.
Hinc, nimium dum latro aurum detrudit in arcam,
Idem aurum latet in pectore pestis edax.
Nutrit avaritiam et fastum, suspendere adunco
Suadet naso inopes, et vitium omne docet.
Auri et larga probo si copia contigit, instar
Roris dilapsi ex æthere cuncta beat:
Tum, quasi numen inesset, alit, fovet, educat orbos,
Et viduas lacrymis ora rigare vetat.
Quo sua crimina jure auro derivet avarus,
Aurum animæ pretium qui cupit atque capit?
Lege pari gladium incuset sicarius atrox
Cæso homine, et ferrum judicet esse reum.

PAPILIO ET LIMAX.

Qui subito ex imis rerum in fastigia surgit,
Nativas sordes, quicquid agatur, olet.

TRANSLATION OF A SIMILE IN PARADISE LOST.

June, 1780.

"So when, from mountain tops, the dusky clouds
Ascending," &c.

Quales aërii montis de vertice nubes
Cum surgunt, et jam Boreæ tumida ora quiêrunt,
Cœlum hilares abdit, spissâ caligine, vultus:
Tum si jucundo tandem sol prodeat ore,
Et croceo montes et pascua lumine tingat,
Gaudent omnia, aves mulcent concentibus agros,
Balatuque ovium colles vallesque resultant.

TRANSLATION
OF
DRYDEN'S EPIGRAM ON MILTON.

July, 1780.

"Three Poets in three distant ages born," &c,

Tres tria, sed longè distantia, sæcula vates
Ostentant tribus è gentibus eximios.
Græcia sublimem, cum majestate disertum
Roma tulit, felix Anglia utrique parem.
Partubus ex binis Natura exhausta, coacta est,
Tertius ut fieret, consociare duos.

ADAM:

A SACRED DRAMA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF GIO. BATTISTA ANDREINI.

TO THE COURTEOUS READER.

HAVING satiated and fatigued my eyes, gentle reader, by too intent an observation of what is passing on earth; and raising therefore my thoughts to higher contemplations, to the wonders diffused by the supreme Being, for the benefit of man, through the universe; I felt my heart penetrated by a certain Christian compunction, in reflecting how his inexpressible goodness, though perpetually and grievously offended by us, still shows itself in the highest degree indulgent towards us in preserving those wonders with a continual influence to our advantage; and how on the first provocation to vengeance, Almighty power does not enlarge the ocean to pass its immense boundary, does not obscure the light of the sun, does not impress sterility on the earth, to ingulf us, to blind us, and finally to destroy us. Softened and absorbed in these divine emotions, I felt myself transported and hurried by a

delightful violence into a terrestrial paradise, where I seemed to behold the first man Adam, a creature dear to God, the friend of Angels, the heir of heaven, familiar with the stars, a compendium of all created things, the ornament of all, the miracle of nature, the lord of the animals, the only inhabitant of the universe, and enjoyer of a scene so wonderfully grand. Whence charmed more than ever, I resolved with the favour of the blessed God, to usher into the light of the world, what I bore in the darkness of my imagination; both to render it known in some measure, that, I know myself, and the infinite obligations that I have to God; and that others, who do not know, may learn, the true nature of man, and from the low contemplation of earthly things, may raise their minds to things celestial and divine.

I remained however a considerable time in doubt if I ought, or if I were able to undertake a composition most difficult to me on many accounts, since in beginning the sacred subject from man's creation to the point where he is driven from the terrestrial paradise, a period of six years, (as St. Augustine relates in his book on the City of God,) I did not clearly perceive, how an action so brief, could be formed into five acts, especially allowing to every act the number of at least six or seven scenes,—difficult from the dispute that the Devil maintained with Eve, first, that he might induce her to eat the apple, since we have only the text that mentions it, in saying "*nequaquam moriemini, et eritis sicut Dii scientes bonum et malum,*"—difficult from the words of Eve in persuading Adam (who had indeed the gift of knowledge infused,) to taste the apple;—

but difficult above all, from my own infirmity, since the composition must remain deprived of those poetic ornaments, so dear to the muses; deprived of the power to draw comparisons from implements of art introduced in the course of years, since in the time of the first man there was no such thing: deprived also of naming, (at least while Adam speaks, or discourse is held with him,) for example, bows, arrows, hatchets, urns, knives, swords, spears, trumpets, drums, trophies, banners, lists, hammers, torches, bellows, funeral piles, theatres, exchequers, infinite things of a like nature, introduced by the necessities of sin; and yet, as circumstances of affliction and punishment, they ought not to pass through the mind or through the lips of Adam, although he had knowledge infused into him, as one who lived most happy in a state of innocence: deprived moreover of introducing points of history sacred or profane, of relating fictions of fabulous deities, of rehearsing loves, furies, sports of hunting or fishing, triumphs, shipwrecks, conflagrations, enchantments, and things of a like nature, that are in truth the ornament and the soul of poetry: difficult from not knowing in what style Adam ought to speak, since in respect to his knowledge it might be proper to assign to him verses of a high majestic and flowing style; but considering him as a shepherd and inhabitant of the woods, it appears that he should be simple and sweet in his discourse, and I endeavoured on that account to render it such, as much as I could by variety of versification. And here taking
my greatest doubt, I formed, I kno
beginning; I advanced, if I may

determinate plan: and arrived at the end before I was aware. Whence I am inclined to believe that the favour of God, regarding rather my good intention than my defects, (for as he often withdraws the heart of man from evil, so he conducts it insensibly to good,) gave direction to my hand, and completed my work. Wherefore to that alone I am indebted for the little grace that may perhaps be found in the present labour; knowing, that as Omnipotence is accustomed to produce wonders from the rude and unformed chaos, so, from the still ruder chaos of my mind, it may have called forth this production, if not for any other purpose, yet to be sacred and to make as it were a mute speak in my person, in despite of poverty of genius, as on the other hand it is accustomed to strike mute the most eloquent tongues when they employ themselves on subjects low and profane. Let it be surveyed, therefore, with an eye of indulgence, and blame not the poverty of style, the want of dignity in the conduct of the circumstances, sterility of conceits, weakness of spirit, insipid jokes, and extravagant episodes, to mention (without speaking of an infinitude of other things,) that the world, the flesh, and the devil, present themselves in human shapes to tempt Adam, since there was then in the universe no other man or woman, and the serpent discovered himself to Eve with a human similitude; moreover this is done, that the subject may be comprehended by the understanding through the medium of the senses: since the great temptations that Adam and Eve at once sustained, were indeed in the interior of their own mind, but could not be so comprehended by the spectator; nor

is it to be believed that the serpent held a long dispute with Eve, since he tempted her rather by a suggestion to her mind than by the conference, saying these words, "*nequaquam moriemini, et eritis sicut Dii scientes bonum et malum*," and yet it will be necessary, in order to express those internal contentions, to find some expedient to give them an outward representation. But, if it is permitted to the painter, who is a dumb poet, to express by colours God the Father under the person of a man silvered by age, and to describe under the image of a white dove the purity of the Spirit, and to figure the divine messengers or Angels, in the shape of winged youths; why is it not permitted to the poet, who is a speaking painter, to represent in his theatrical production another man and another woman besides Adam and Eve, and to represent their internal conflicts through the medium of images and voices entirely human? not to mention that it appears more allowable to introduce in this work the Devil under a human shape, than it is to introduce into it the Eternal Father, and even an Angel; and if this is permitted, and seen every day exhibited in sacred representations, why should it not be allowed in the present, where, if the greater evil is allowable, surely the lesser should be allowed? Attend therefore, gentle reader, more to the substance than to the accident, considering in the work the great end of introducing into the theatre of the soul the misery and lamentation of Adam, to make your heart a spectator of them, in order to raise it from these dregs of earth, to the magnificence of heaven, through the medium of virtue and the assistance of God; by whom may you be blessed!

THE CHARACTERS.

Chorus of Seraphim, Cherubim, and Angels.
The Archangel Michael.
Adam.
Eve.
A Cherub, the Guardian of Adam.
Lucifer
Satan.
Beelzebub.
Seven Mortal Sins.
The World.
The Flesh.
Famine.
Labour.
Despair.
Death.
Vain Glory.
The Serpent.
Volano, an Infernal Messenger.
A Chorus of Phantoms.
A Chorus of Fiery, Airy, Aquatic, and Infernal Spirits.

ADAM.

CHORUS OF ANGELS

SINGING THE GLORY OF GOD.

To Heaven's bright lyre let Iris be the bow,
Adapt the spheres for chords, for notes the stars;
Let new-born gales discriminate the bars,
Nor let old Time to measure times be slow.
Hence to new Music of the eternal Lyre
Add richer harmony and praise to praise;
For him who now his wondrous might displays,
And shows the Universe its aweful Sire.
O Thou who ere the World or Heaven was made,
Didst in thyself, that World, that Heaven enjoy,
How does thy bounty all its powers employ;
What inexpressive good hast thou display'd!
O Thou of sovereign love almighty source,
Who know'st to make thy works thy love express,
Let pure devotion's fire the soul possess,
And give the heart and hand a kindred force.
Then shalt thou hear how, when the world began,
Thy life-producing voice gave myriads birth,
Call'd forth from nothing all in Heaven and Earth,
Bless'd in thy light as Eagles in the Sun.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE THE FIRST.

GOD THE FATHER—CHORUS OF ANGELS.

RAISE from this dark abyss thy horrid visage,
O Lucifer! aggrieved by light so potent,
Shrink from the blaze of these refulgent planets,
And pant beneath the rays of no fierce sun;
Read in the sacred volumes of the sky,
The mighty wonders of a hand divine.
Behold, thou frantic rebel,
How easy is the task,
To the great Sire of Worlds,
To raise his empyrean seat sublime:
Lifting humility
Thither whence pride hath fallen.
From thence with bitter grief,
Inhabitant of fire, and mole of darkness,
Let the perverse behold,
Despairing his escape and my compassion,
His own perdition in another's good,
And Heaven now closed to him, to others open'd;
And sighing from the bottom of his heart,
Let him in homage to my power exclaim,
Ah, this creative Sire,
(Wretch as I am) I see,
Hath need of nothing but himself alone
To re-establish all.

THE SERAPHIM SING.

O scene worth heavenly musing,
With sun and moon their glorious light diffusing;
Where to angelic voices,

Sphere circling sphere rejoices,
How dost thou rise, exciting
Man to fond contemplation
Of his benign creation!

THE CHERUBIM SING.

The volume of the stars,
The sovereign Author plann'd,
Inscribing it with his eternal hand,
And his benignant aim
Their beams in lucid characters proclaim;
And man in these delighting,
Feels their bright beams inviting,
And seems though prison'd in these mortal bars,
Walking on earth to mingle with the stars.

GOD THE FATHER.

Angels, desert your Heaven! with you to Earth,
That Power descends, whom Heaven accompanies;
Let each spectator of these works sublime
Behold, with meek devotion,
Earth into flesh transform'd, and clay to man,
Man to a sovereign lord,
And souls to Seraphim.

THE SERAPHIM SING.

Now let us cleave the sky with wings of gold,
The world be paradise,
Since to its fruitful breast
Now the great Sovereign of our quire descends;
Now let us cleave the sky with wings of gold;
Strew yourselves flowers beneath the step divine,
Ye rivals of the stars!
Summon'd from every sphere
Ye gems of heaven, heaven's radiant wealth appear;
Now let us cleave the sky with wings of gold!

GOD THE FATHER.

Behold, ye springing herbs and new-born flowers,
The step that used to press the stars alone
And the sun's spacious road,
This day begins, along the sylvan scene,
To leave its grand impression:
To low materials now I stretch my hand,
To form a work sublime.

THE ANGELS SING.

Lament, lament in anguish,
Angel to God rebellious!
See, on a sudden rise
The creature doom'd to fill thy radiant seat!
Foolish thy pride took fire
Contemplating thy birth;
But he o'er pride shall triumph,
Acknowledging he sprung from humble dust.
From hence he shall acquire
As much as thou hast lost;
Since the Supreme Inhabitant of Heaven
Receives the humble, and dethrones the proud.

GOD THE FATHER.

Adam, arise, since I to thee impart
A spirit warm from my benignant breath;
Arise, arise, first man,
And joyous let the world
Embrace its living miniature in thee!

ADAM. O marvels new, O hallow'd, O divine,
Eternal object of the angel host:
Why do I not possess tongues numerous
As now the stars in heaven?
Now then, before
A thing of earth so mean,

See I the great Artificer divine?
Mighty Ruler supernal,
If 'tis denied this tongue
To match my obligation with my thanks,
Behold my heart's affection,
And hear it speaking clearer than my tongue,
And to thee bending lower
Than this my humble knee.
Now, now, O Lord, in ecstasy devout,
Let my mind mount, and passing all the clouds,
Passing each sphere, even up to heaven ascend,
And there behold the stars, a seat for man!
Thou Lord, who all the fire of genuine love
Convertest to thyself,
Transform me into thee, that I a part
Even of thyself, may thus acquire the power
To offer praises not unworthy thee.

THE ANGELS SING.

To smile in paradise,
Great demigod of earth, direct thy step;
There like the tuneful spheres,
Circle the murmuring rills
Of limpid water bright;
There the melodious birds
Rival angelic quires;
There lovely flowers profuse
Appear as vivid stars;
The snowy rose is there
A silver moon, the heliotrope a sun:
What more can be desired,
By earth's new lord in fair corporeal vest,
Than in the midst of earth to find a heaven?

ADAM. O ye harmonious birds!

Bright scene of lovely flowers.
But what delightful slumber
Falls on my closing eyes?
I lay me down, adieu
Unclouded light of day, sweet air adieu!

GOD THE FATHER.

Adam, behold I come,
Son dear to me, thou son
Of an indulgent sire;
Behold the hand that never works in vain:
Behold the hand that join'd the elements,
That added heaven to heavens,
That fill'd the stars with light,
Gave lustre to the moon,
Prescribed the sun his course,
And now supports the world,
And forms a solid stage for thy firm step.
Now sleeping, Adam from thy open'd side
The substance I will take
That shall have woman's name, and lovely form.

THE ANGELS SING.

Immortal works of an immortal Maker!
Ye high and blessed seats
Of this delightful world,
Ye starry seats of heaven,
Trophies divine, productions pre-ordain'd:
O power! O energy!
Which out of shadowy horror form'd the Sun!

EVE. What heavenly melody pervades my heart,
Ere yet the sound my ear! inviting me
To gaze on wonders, what do I behold,
What transformations new;
Is earth become the heaven?

Do I behold his light
Whose splendour dazzles the meridian sun?
Am I the creature of that plastic hand,
Who form'd of nought the angels and the heavens?
Thou sovereign Lord! whom lowly I adore,
A love so tender penetrates my heart,
That while my tongue ventures on utterance,
The words with difficulty
Find passage from my lips;
For in a tide of tears,
(That sighs have caused to flow) they seem absorb'd.
Thou pure celestial love
Of the benignant power,
Who pleased to manifest on earth his glory,
Now to this world descends,
To draw from abject clay
The governor of all created things:
Lord of the hallow'd and concealed affection,
Thou in whom love glows with such fervent flame,
Inspirit even my tongue
With suitable reply, that these dear vales
And sylvan scenes may hear
Thanks, that to thee I should devote, my Sire,
But if my tongue be mute, speak thou, my heart.

GOD THE FATHER.

Adam, awake! and cease
To meditate in rapturous trance profound
Things holy and abstruse,
And the deep secrets of the Trinal Lord.

ADAM. Where am I? where have I been? what Sun
Of triple influence that dims the day
Now from my eye withdraws, where is he vanish'd?
O hallow'd miracles

Of this imperial seat,
Of these resplendent suns,
Which though divided, form
A single ray of light immeasurable,
Embellishing all Heaven,
And giving grace and lustre
To every winged Seraph;
Divine mysterious light,
Flowing from sovereign Good,
To him alone thou art known,
Who mounts to thee an eagle in his faith.
What rose of snowy hue and sacred form,
In these celestial bowers,
Wet with Empyreal dews, have I beheld
Opening its bosom to the suns! or rather
One of these suns making the rose its Heaven;
And in a moment's space,
(O marvels most sublime,)
With deluges of light,
And in a lily's form,
Rise from that lovely virgin bosom blest.
Can suns be lilies then,
And lilies children of the maiden rose?

GOD THE FATHER.

The Heaven's too lofty, and too low the world;
Suffice it that in vain
Man's humble intellect
Attempts to sound the depth of deeds divine:
Press in the fond embraces of thy heart
The consort of thy bosom,
And let her name be Eve.

ADAM. O my beloved companion,
Support of my existence,

My glory and my power,
Flesh of my flesh, and of my bone the bone,
Behold I clasp thy bosom
In plenitude of pure and hallow'd love.

GOD THE FATHER.

I leave you now, my children; rest in peace,
Receive my blessing, and so fruitful prove
That for your offspring earth may scarce suffice!
Man, be thou lord of all that now the sun
Warms or the ocean laves; impose a name
On every thing that flies, or runs, or swims,
Now through the ear descending to your soul
Receive the immutable decree; hear, Adam,
Let thy companion hear, and in your hearts
Made the abode of love,
Cherish the mighty word!
Of fruits whatever from a spreading branch
Each copious tree may offer to your hands,
Of dainty viands whatsoe'er abound
In this delightful garden,
This paradise of flowers,
The gay delight of man,
The treasure of the earth,
The wonder of the world, the work of God,
These, O my son, these thou art free to taste:
But of the Tree comprising Good and Evil
Under the pain of dying
To him who knows not death,
Be now the fruit forbidden!
I leave ye now, and through my airy road,
Departing from the world, return to Heaven.

THE SERAPHIM SING.

Let every airy cloud on earth descend,

And luminous and light
Repose with God upon this glowing sphere!
Then let the stars descend,
Descend the moon and sun,
Forming bright steps to the empyreal world,
And each rejoice that the supreme Creator
Has deign'd to visit what his hand produced.

ADAM. O scene of splendour, viewing which I see
The glories of my God in lovelier light,
How through my eyes do you console my heart!
See, at a single nod of our great Sire,
(Dear partner of my life,)
Fire bursting forth with elemental power!
The Sea, Heaven, Earth, their properties assume,
And air grows air, although there were before
Nor fire, nor heaven, nor air, nor earth, nor sea.
Behold the azure sky, in which ofttimes
The lovely glittering star
Shall wake the dawn, attired in heavenly light,
The herald of the morn,
To spread the boundless lustre of the day;
Then shall the radiant sun,
To gladden all the world,
Diffuse abroad his energy of light;
And when his eye is weary of the earth,
The pure and silvery moon
And the minuter stars
Shall form the pomp of night.
Behold where fire o'er every element,
Lucid and light, assumes its lofty seat!
Behold the simple field of spotless air
Made the support of variegated birds,
That with their tuneful notes

Guide the delightful hours!
See the great bosom of the fertile earth
With flowers embellish'd and with fruits mature!
See on her verdant brow she seems to bear
Hills as her crown, and as her sceptre trees!
Behold the ocean's fair cerulean plain,
That 'midst its humid sands and vales profound,
And 'midst its silent and its scaly tribes,
Rolls over buried gold and precious pearl,
And crimson coral raising to the sky
Its wavy head with herbs and amber crown'd!
Stupendous all proclaim
Their Maker's power and glory.

EVE. All manifest thy might
O Architect divine!

ADAM. Dear partner, let us go
Where to invite our step
God's other wonders shine, a countless tribe.

SCENE THE SECOND.

LUCIFER. Who from my dark abyss
Calls me to gaze on this excess of light?
What miracles unseen
Show'st thou to me, O God?
Art thou then tired of residence in heaven?
Why hast thou form'd on earth
This lovely paradise?
And wherefore place in it
Two earthly demi-gods of human mould?
Say thou vile architect,
Forming thy work of dust,

What will befall this naked helpless man,
The sole inhabitant of glens and woods?
Does he then dream of treading on the stars?
Heaven is impoverish'd and I, alone
The cause, enjoy the ruin I produced.
Let him unite above
Star upon star, moon, sun,
And let his Godhead toil
To re-adorn and re-illume his Heaven!
Since in the end derision
Shall prove his works, and all his efforts vain:
For Lucifer alone was that full light
Which scatter'd radiance o'er the plains of heaven.
But these his present fires, are shade and smoke,
Base counterfeits of my more potent beams.
I reck not what he means to make his heaven,
Nor care I what his creature man may be.
Too obstinate and firm
Is my undaunted thought,
In proving that I am implacable
'Gainst Heaven, 'gainst Man, the Angels, and their God.

SCENE THE THIRD.

SATAN, BEELZEBUB, *and* LUCIFER.

SATAN. To light, to light to raise the embattled brows,
A symbol of the firm and generous heart
That ardent dwells in the unconquer'd breast.
Must we then suffer such excessive wrong?
And shall we not with hands, thus talon-arm'd,
Tear out the stars from their celestial seat;
And as our sign of conquest,

Down in our dark abyss
Shall we not force the sun, and moon to blaze,
Since we are those, who in dread feats of arms
Warring amongst the stars,
Made the bright face of Heaven turn pale with fear?
To arms! to arms! redoubted Beelzebub!
Ere yet 'tis heard around,
To our great wrong and memorable shame,
That by the race of man (mean child of clay)
The stars expect a new sublimity.

BEELZEBUB. I burn with such fierce flame,
Such stormy venom deluges my soul,
That with intestine rage
My groans like thunder sound, my looks are lightning,
And my extorted tears are fiery showers!
'Tis needful therefore from my brow to shake
The hissing serpents that o'ershade my visage,
To gaze upon these mighty works of Heaven,
And the new demi-gods.
Silent be he, who thinks
(Now that this man is form'd,)
To imitate his voice and thus exclaim,
Distressful Satan, ye unhappy spirits,
How wretched is your lot, from being first,
Fallen and degenerate, lost as ye are;
Heaven was your station once, your seat the stars,
And your great Maker God!
Now abject wretches, having lost for ever,
Eternal morn and each celestial light,
Heaven calls you now the denizens of woe.
Instead of moving in the solar road,
You press the plains of everlasting night;

And for your golden tresses
And looks angelical,
Your locks are snaky, and your glance malign,
Your burning lips a murky vapour breathe,
And every tongue now teems with blasphemy,
And all blaspheming raise
A cloud sulphureous of foam and fire;
Arm'd with the eagle's talon, feet of goat,
And dragon's wing, your residence in fire,
Profoundest Tartarus unblest and dark,
The theatre of anguish,
That shuts itself against the beams of day!
Since the dread angel, born to brook no law,
To desolate the sky
And raise the powers of Hell,
Ought to breathe sanguine fire, and on his brow
Display the ensign of sublimest horror.

SATAN. Though arm'd with talons keen, and eagle beak,
Snaky our tresses, and our aspect fierce,
Cloven our feet, our frames with horror plumed,
And though our deep abode
Be fix'd in shadowy scenes of darkest night,
Let us be Angels still in dignity;
As far surpassing others as the Lord
Of highest power, his low and humble slaves.
If far from heaven our pennons we expand,
Let us remember still
That we alone are lords, and they are slaves;
And that resigning meaner seats in heaven,
We in their stead have raised a royal throne
Immense and massy, where the mighty chief

Of all our legions higher lifts his brow,
Than the proud mountain that upholds your heaven;
And there with heaven still waging endless war,
Threatening the stars, our adversaries ever,
Bears a dread sceptre kindling into flame,
That while he wheels it round, darts forth a blaze
More dazzling than the sun's meridian ray.

LUCIFER. 'Tis time to show my power, my brave compeers,
Magnanimous and mighty
Angels endow'd with martial potency,
I know the grief that gives you living death,
Is to see man exalted
To stations so sublime,
That all created things to him submit;
Since ye already doubt,
That to those lofty seats of flaming glory,
(Our treasure once and pride, but now renounced,)
This pair shall one day rise
With all the numerous train
Of their posterity.

SATAN. Great Lord of the infernal deep abyss,
To thee I bow, and speak
The anguish of my soul,
That for this man, grows hourly more severe,
Fearing the Incarnation of the Word.

LUCIFER. Can it be true, that from so little dust
A deity shall rise!
That flesh, that deity, that lofty power,
That chains us to the deep?
To this vile clod of earth,
He who himself yet claims to be adored?

Shall angels then do homage thus to men?
And can then flesh impure
Give to angelic nature higher powers?
Can it be true, and to devise the mode
Escape our intellect, ours who so dear
Have bought the boast of wisdom?
I yet am He, I am,
Who would not suffer that above in heaven,
Your lofty nature should submit to outrage,
When that insensate wish
Possess'd the tyrant of the starry throne,
That you should prostrate fall,
Before the Incarnate Word:
I am that Spirit, I, who for your sake
Collecting dauntless courage, to the north
Led you far distant from the senseless will,
Of him who boasts to have created heaven.
And ye are those, your ardour speaks you well,
And your bold hearts that o'er the host of heaven
Gave me assurance of proud victory.
Arise! let glory's flame
Blaze in your breast, nor be it ever heard,
That him whom ye disdain
To worship in the sky,
Ye stoop to worship in the depth of hell!
Such were your oaths to me,
By your inestimable worth in arms,
Your worth, alas, so great
That heaven itself deserved not to enjoy it.
Oh, 'twere an outrage and a shame too great,
Were we not ready to revenge it all;
I see already flaming in your looks,

The matchless valour of your ardent hearts;
Already see your pinions spread in air,
To overwhelm the world and highest heaven,
That, all creation sunk in the abyss,
This mortal may be found
Instantly crush'd, and buried in his birth.

SATAN. At length pronounce thy orders!
Say what thou wilt, and with a hundred tongues
Speak, speak! that instant in a hundred works
Satan may toil, and Hell strain all her powers.

LUCIFER. Behold, to smooth the rough and arduous way
By which they deem'd they may ascend to glory,
Behold a God assumes
A human form in vain!
A mode too prompt and easy,
To crush the race of mortals,
The ancient God affords to new-born man.
Nature herself too much inclines, or rather
Forces this creature, to support his life
Frequent to feed on various viands; hence
Since on delicious dainties
His bitter fall depends,
He may be tempted now to fruit forbidden,
And by the paths of death,
As he was nothing once, return to nothing.

BEELZEBUB. Great Angel! greatly thought!

LUCIFER. Rather the noble spirit
Of higher towering thought prompts me to speak,
That God perchance indignant that his hands
Have stoop'd to stain themselves in abject clay,
Seeing how different angel is from man,

Repenting of his work,
Forbad him to support his frail existence
Upon this sweet allurement; hence to sin
Prompted by natural motives, though tyrannic,
He should himself the earth's destroyer prove,
Converting his vile clay to dust again;
And plucking up again
The rooted world, thus to the highest heaven
Open a faithful passage,
Repenting of his wrong to us of old
Its ornaments sublime!

SATAN. Pardon, O pardon, if my humble thought
Aspiring by my tongue
Too high, perhaps offend your sovereign ear!
Long as this man shall rest
Alive, and breathe on earth,
Exhausted we must bear
Fierce war, in endless terror of the Word.

LUCIFER. Man yet shall rest alive, he yet shall breathe,
And sinning even to death,
This new-made race of mortals
Shall cover all the earth,
And reign o'er all its creatures;
His soul shall prove eternal,
The image of his God.
Yet shall the Incarnate Word, I trust, be foil'd.

BEELZEBUB. Oh! precious tidings to angelic ears,
That heal the wounds of all our shatter'd host.

LUCIFER. Let man exist to sin, since he by sinning
Shall make the weight of sin his heritage,
Which shall be in his race

Proclaim'd original;
So that mankind existing but to sin,
And sinning still to death,
And still to error born,
In evil hour the Word
Will wear the sinner's form, if rightly deem'd
The enemy of sin.
Now rise, ye Spirits, from the dark abyss,
You who would rest assured
That man the sinner is now doom'd to death.

SCENE THE FOURTH.

MELECANO, LURCONE, LUCIFER, SATAN, *and* BEELZEBUB.

MELECANO. Command us, mighty Lord; what are thy wishes?
Would'st thou extinguish the new-risen sun?
Behold what stores I bring
Of darkness and of fire!
Alas! with fury Melecano burns.

LURCONE. Behold Lurcone, thou supreme of Hell,
Who 'gainst the highest heaven
Pants to direct his rage, whence light of limb,
Though loaded deep with wrath,
He stands with threatening aspect in thy presence.

LUCIFER. Thou, Melecan, assume the name of Pride;
Lurcone, thou of Envy; both united,
(Since power combined with power
Acquires new force) to man direct your way;
Nor him alone essay, it is my will
That woman also mourn;
Contrive that she may murmur at her God,

Because in birth not prior to the man;
Since every future man is now ordain'd
To draw his life from woman, with such thoughts
Let her wax envious, that she cannot soar
Above the man, as high as now below him.
Hence, Lurcon, be it thine to make her proud;
Let her give law to her Creator God,
Wishing o'er man priority of birth.

MELECANO. Behold, where Melecan, a dog in fierceness,
The savage dog of hell,
Darts growling to his prey!
He flies, and he returns
All cover'd and all drench'd with human gore.

LURCONE. I rapid too depart,
And, on a swifter wing
Than through the cloudless air
Darts the keen eagle to his earthly prey.
Behold, I too return,
My beak with carnage fill'd, and talons full.

LUCIFER. Haste, Arfarat and Ruspican, rise all,
Rise from the centre to survey the earth!

SCENE THE FIFTH.

RUSPICAN, ARFARAT, LUCIFER, SATAN, *and* BEELZEBUB.

RUSPICAN. Soon as I heard the name of Ruspican,
With rapid pinions spread, I sought the skies,
To bend before the great Tartarian chief,
And aggravate the woes
Of this new mortal blest with air and light.

ARFARAT. Scarce had thy mighty voice

Re-echoed through the deep,
When the Tartarean fires
Flying I left for this serener sky,
Forth from my lips, and heart,
Breathing fierce rancour 'gainst the life of man.

LUCIFER. Fly, Ruspican, with all your force and fury!
Since now I call thee by the name of Anger,
Find Eve, and tell her that the fair endowment
Of her free will, deserves not she should live
In vassalage to man;
That she alone in value far exceeds
All that the sun in his bright circle warms;
That she from flesh, man from the meaner dust
Arose to life, in the fair garden she
Created pure, he in the baser field.

RUSPICAN. I joy to change the name of Ruspican
For Anger, dark and deadly:
Hence now by my tremendous aid, destructive
And deadly be this day!
Behold I go with all my force and fury;
Behold I now transfuse
My anger all into the breast of woman!

LUCIFER. Of Avarice I give,
O Arfarat, to thee the name and works;
Go, see, contend, and conquer!
Contrive that wandering Eve,
With down-cast eyes, may in the fruitful garden
Search with solicitude for hidden treasure:
Then stimulate her heart,
To wish no other Lord,
Except herself, of Eden and the world.

ARFARAT. See me already plumed

With wings of gems and gold;
See with an eye of sapphire
I gaze upon the fair;
Behold to her I speak,
With lips that emulate the ruby's lustre.
Receive now as thy own
(Thus I accost her) all the world's vast wealth!
If she reject my gift,
Then will I tempt her with a shower of pearls,
A fashion yet unknown;
Thus will she melt, and thus I hope at last
In chains of gold to drag her to destruction.

LUCIFER. Rise, Guliar, Dulciato, and Maltia!
To make the band of enemies complete,
That, like a deadly hydra,
Shall dart against this man
Your seven crests portentous and terrific.

SCENE THE SIXTH.

MALTIA, DULCIATO, GULIAR, LUCIFER, SATAN, BEELZEBUB.

BEHOLD! we come with emulation fierce
To your severe command,
In prompt obedience let us rise to heaven;
Let us with wrath assail
This human enemy of abject clay.

LUCIFER. Maltia, thou shalt take the name of Sloth:
Sudden invest thyself with drowsy charms
And mischievous repose;
Now wait on Eve, in slothfulness absorb'd,
Let all this pomp of flowers,
And all these tuneful birds

Be held by her in scorn;
And from her consort flying,
Now let her feel no wishes but for death.

MALTIA. What shall I say? shall I, to others mute,
Announce to thee my sanguinary works?
Savage and silent, I
Would be loquacious in my deeds alone.

LUCIFER. Thee, Dulciato, we name Luxury;
Haste thou to Eve, and fill her with desires
To decorate her fragile form with flowers,
To bind her tresses with a golden fillet,
With various vain devices to allure
A new found paramour;
And to her heart suggest,
That to exchange her love may prove delightful.

DULCIATO. Can Lord so mighty, from his humble slave,
Demand no higher task?
The way to purchase honour
Now will I teach all Hell,
By the completion of my glorious triumph.
Already Eve beside a chrystal fount
Exults to vanquish the vermilion rose
With cheeks of sweeter bloom,
And to exceed the lily
By her yet whiter bosom;
Now beauteous threads of gold
She thinks her tresses floating in the air;
Now amorous and charming,
Her radiant eyes she reckons suns of love,
Fit to inflame the very coldest heart.

LUCIFER. Guliar, be thou call'd Gluttony; now go,

Reveal to Eve that the forbidden fruit
Is manna all within,
And that such food in heaven
Forms the repast of angels and of God.
GULIAR. Of all the powerful foes
Leagued against man, Guliar is only he
Who can induce him to oppose his Maker:
Hence rapidly I fly
To work the woe of mortals.
SATAN. To arms, to arms! to ruin and to blood!
Yes, now to blood, infernal leeches all!
Again, again proclaiming war to Heaven,
And let us put to flight
Every audacious foe
That ventures to disturb our ancient peace.
BEELZEBUB. Now, now, great chief, with feet
That testify thy triumph,
I see thee crush the sun,
The moon, and all the stars;
For where thy radiance shines,
O Lucifer! all other beams are blind.
LUCIFER. Away. Heaven shudders at the mighty ruin
That threatens it from our infernal host;
Already I behold the moon opaque,
And light-supplying sun,
The wandering stars, and fixt,
With terror pale, and sinking in eclipse.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE THE FIRST.

CHORUS OF ANGELS SINGING.

Now let us garlands weave
Of all the fairest flowers,
Now at this early dawn,
For new made man, and his companion dear;
Let all with festive joy,
And with melodious song,
Of the great Architect
Applaud this noblest work,
And speak the joyous sound,
Man is the wonder both of Earth and Heaven.

FIRST ANGEL.

Your warbling now suspend,
You pure angelic progeny of God,
Behold the labour emulous of Heaven!
Behold the woody scene,
Deck'd with a thousand flowers of grace divine;
Here man resides, here ought he to enjoy
In his fair mate eternity of bliss.

SECOND ANGEL.

How exquisitely sweet
This rich display of flowers,
This airy wild of fragrance,
So lovely to the eye,
And to the sense so sweet.

THIRD ANGEL.

O the sublime Creator,

How marvellous his works, and more his power!
Such is the sacred flame
Of his celestial love,
Not able to confine it in himself,
He breathed, as fruitful sparks
From his creative breast,
The Angels, Heaven, Man, Woman, and the World.

FOURTH ANGEL.

Yes, mighty Lord! yes, hallow'd love divine!
Who, ever in thyself completely blest,
Unconscious of a want,
Who from thyself alone, and at thy will,
Bright with benignant flames,
Without the aid of matter or of form,
By efficacious power
Hast of mere nothing form'd
The whole angelic host;
With potency endow'd,
And that momentous gift,
Either by sin to fall,
Or by volition stand.

FIFTH ANGEL.

Hence, our Almighty Maker,
To render us more worthy of his Heaven,
And to confirm us in eternal grace,
Presented to our homage
The pure Incarnate Word;
That as a recompence for hallow'd toil
So worthily achieved,
We might adore him humble;
For there's a written law
In the records of Heaven,

That not a work of God that breathes and lives,
And is endow'd with reason,
Shall hold a seat in Heaven,
If it incline not first with holy zeal,
In tender adoration to the Word.

SIXTH ANGEL.

Justly each Spirit in the realms above,
And all of mortal race,
And every foe to Heaven,
Should bow the knee in reverence of the Word;
Since this is he whom from eternity
God in the aweful depth
Of his sublime and fruitful mind produced;
He is not accident, but substance true,
As rare as perfect, and as truly great
As his high Author holy and divine.

SEVENTH ANGEL.

This living Word, image express of God,
Is a resemblance of his mighty substance;
Whence he is called the Son, the Son of God,
Even as the Father, God;
The generated Word
By generation yields not unto time,
Since from eternity the eternal Father
Produced this Son, whence he rejoices there,
Great offspring of great Father there for ever!
For ever he is born,
There he is fed, and fostered
With plenitude of grace
Imparted by his Sire:
There was the Father ever, and the Son
Was ever at his side, or in the Father;

Nor younger is the Son
Than his Almighty Sire,
Nor elder is the Father
Than his eternal Son.

EIGHTH ANGEL.

O Son, O Sire, O God, O Man, O Word,
Let all with bended knee,
With humble adoration reverence you!

NINTH ANGEL.

O Lucifer, now doom'd to endless pain,
Had'st thou been join'd with us
In worship of the Word,
How had'st thou now been blessed in thy God!
But thou in pride alone, yes, thou alone
In thy great wisdom foolish,
Hast scorn'd the Paragon,
And wouldst not reverence the Incarnate God;
Whence by thy folly thou hast fallen as far
As thy proud soul expected to ascend.

TENTH ANGEL.

Monster of fierceness, dwell
In thy obscure recess!
And for thy weighty crime
Incessant feel and infinite thy pain,
For infinite has been thy vast offence.

ELEVENTH ANGEL.

Reside for ever in the deep abyss,
For well the world's eternal Master knows
Again to fill those high celestial seats,
That by your ruin you have vacant left;
Behold man fashion'd from the earth, who lives,
Like plants that vegetate;

See in a moment's space
How the pure breath of life,
Breathed on his visage by the power divine,
Endows the wonderous creature with a soul,
A pure immortal soul,
That graced, and lovely with exalted powers,
Shines the great faithful image of its God.
Behold it has the gift to merit highly,
The option to deserve or heaven or hell,
In free will perfect, as the first of angels.

TWELFTH ANGEL.

Yes, man alone was form'd in just derision
Of all the infernal host,
As lord of this fair world and all that lives,
The ornament of all,
The miracle of nature,
The perfect heir of heaven,
Related to the angels,
Adopted son of God,
And semblance of the Holy Trinity;
What couldst thou hope for more, what more attain,
Creature miraculous,
In whom the eternal Lord
Has now vouchsafed to signalise his power?

THIRTEENTH ANGEL.

How singular and worthy is his form,
Upright in stature, meek in dignity;
Well fashion'd are his limbs, and his complexion
Well temper'd, with a high majestic brow,
A brow turn'd upward to his native sky;
In language eloquent, in thought sublime,
For contemplation of his Maker form'd.

FOURTEENTH ANGEL.

Placed in a state of innocence is man;
Primeval justice is his blessed gift,
Hence are his senses to his reason subject,
His body to his mind,
Enjoying reason as his prime endowment.

FIFTEENTH ANGEL.

Supernal love held him too highly dear,
To let him dwell alone;
And thence of lovely woman
(Fair faithful aid) bestow'd on man the gift.
Adam, 'tis thine alone
To keep thy duty to thy Lord unstain'd;
In his command of the forbidden fruit,
Thy gift of freedom keep inviolate;
And though he fashion'd thee without thy aid,
Think not without thy aid he means to save thee!
But since, descending from the heights of heaven,
We come as kind attendants upon man,
Now let us haste to Eden's flowery banks.

ALL THE ANGELS SING.

Now take we happy flight
To Paradise, adorn'd with fairest flowers;
There let us almost worship
The mighty lord of this transcendent world,
And joyous let us sing
This flowery heaven, and Adam as its God.

SCENE THE SECOND.

ADAM. O mighty Lord of mighty things sublime!
O my supreme Creator!
O bounteous in thy love

To me thy humble servant, such rare blessings
With liberal hand thou givest,
Where'er I turn my eyes,
I see myself revered.
Approach ye animals that range the field!
And ye now close your variegated wings,
Ye pleasing birds! in me you look on Adam,
On him ordain'd to name
All things that gracious God has made for man;
And praise, with justice praise
Him who created me, who made you all,
And in his bounteous love with me rejoice.
But what do I behold? blest that I am,
My dear, my sweet companion!
Who comes to hail me with a gift of flowers,
And with these sylvan honours crown my brow.
Go! stately lion, go! and thou with scales
Impenetrable arm'd
Rhinoceros, whose pride can strike to earth
The unconquer'd elephant!
Thou fiery courser bound along the fields,
And with thy neighing shake the echoing vale;
Thou camel, and all here, or beast, or bird,
Retire, in homage to approaching Eve!

EVE. O what delight more dear,
Than that, which, Adam in my sight enjoys,
Draws him far off from me? Ye tender flowers,
Where may I find on you
The traces of his step?

LURCONE. See man and woman! hide thyself and watch!

ADAM. No more fatigue my eyes,

Nor with thy animated glances dart
Such radiant lightning round;
Turn the clear Heaven of thy serener face,
To him who loves its light;
See thy beloved Adam,
Behold him, my sweet love:
O thou, who art alone
Joy of the world, and dear delight of man!
LURCONE. Dread the approach of evil!
GULIAR. Dread the deceit of hell!
EVE. By sovereign content
I feel my tongue enchain'd;
But though my voice be mute,
My countenance may seem more eloquent,
Expressing, though in silence, all my joy.
ADAM. O my companion dear!
LURCONE. And soon perchance thy foe!
ADAM. O thou my sweetest life!
GULIAR. Perchance thy bitter death!
EVE. Take, gentle Adam, from my hand these flowers;
With these, my gift, let me entwine thy locks.
ADAM. Ye lilies, and ye shrubs of snowy hue,
Jasmine as ivory pure,
Ye spotless graces of the shining field;
And thou most lovely rose
Of tint most delicate,
Fair consort of the morn,
Delighted to imbibe
The genial dew of Heaven,
Rich vegetations vermil-tinctured gem,
April's enchanting herald,
Thou flower supremely blest,

And queen of all the flowers,
Thou form'st around my locks
A garland of such fragrance,
That up to Heaven itself
Thy balmy sweets ascend.
Let us in pure embraces
So twine ourselves, my love,
That we may seem united,
One well-compact, and intricate acanthus.

LURCONE. Soon shall the fetters of infernal toil
So spread around ye both,
The indissoluble bond,
No mortal effort shall have power to break!

EVE. Now, that with flowers so lovely
We have adorn'd our tresses,
Here let us both with humble reverence kneel,
And praise our mighty Maker.
From this my thirsting heart
No longer can refrain.

ADAM. At thy engaging words,
And thy pure heart's desire,
On these pure herbs and flowers,
I bend my willing knee in hallow'd bliss.

LURCONE. Away! far off must I
From act so meekly just
Furious depart, and leave the light of day.

GULIAR. I must partake thy flight,
And follow thee, alas, surcharged with grief.

ADAM. Now that these herbs and flowers to our bent knees,
Such easy rest afford,
Let us with zealous ardour raise our eyes,

Contemplating with praise our mighty Maker!
First then, devout and favour'd Eve, do thou
With sacred notes invite
To deeds so fair thy Adam.
EVE. My Lord Omnipotent,
In his celestial essence
Is first, supreme, unlimited, alone,
Eternal, uncompounded,
He no beginning had, no end will have.
ADAM. My sovereign Lord, so great,
Is irresistible, terrific, just,
Gracious, benign, indulgent,
Divine, unspotted, holy, loving, good,
In justice most revered,
Ancient of days, in his sublimest court.
EVE. He rests in highest Heaven,
Yet more exalted in his boundless self;
Thence his all-searching eye looks down on all;
Nought is from him conceal'd
Since all exists in him:
Without him nothing could retain existence,
Nor is there aught that he
For his perfection needs,
Except himself alone.
ADAM. He every place pervades,
But is confined in none:
In him the limits of all grandeur lie,
But he exists unlimited by space.
EVE. Above the universe himself he raised,
Yet he behind it rests;
The whole he now encircles, now pervades,

Now dwells apart from all,
So great, the universe
To comprehend him fails.
ADAM. If he to all inclines,
In his just balance all he justly weighs;
From him if all things flow,
All things in him acknowledge their support,
But he on nothing rests.
EVE. To time my great director is not subject,
For time in him sees no vicissitude:
In aweful and sublime eternity
One being stands for ever;
For ever stands one instant,
And hence this power assumes the name of God.
ADAM. It is indeed a truth,
That my eternal mighty Lord is God;
This deity incomprehensible
That, ere the Heaven was made,
Dwelt only in himself, and heaven in him.
Eve, let us joyous rise; in other scenes,
With admiration of celestial splendour
And of this lovely world,
With notes of hallow'd bliss
Let us again make the glad air resound.
EVE. Lead on, my faithful guide;
Quick is my willing foot to follow thee,
Since my fond soul believes
That I in praising heaven to heaven ascend,
So my pure bosom feels
Full of divine content.
ADAM. To speak on every theme
Our mighty Maker made thee eloquent,

So that in praising heaven thou seemest there.
My fair associate! treasure of my life!
Upon the wings of this exalted praise
Devotion soars so high, that if her feet
Rest on the earth, her spirit reaches heaven.

SCENE THE THIRD.

The SERPENT, SATAN, SPIRITS.

SERPENT. To arms, to battle, O ye sons of power!
Ye warring spirits of the infernal field!
A new and wondrous war
Awaits you now, within the lists of earth;
Most strange indeed the mode
Of warring there, if triumph, war's great end,
Proves its beginning now.
Behold the sun himself turn pale with terror,
Behold the day obscured!
Behold each rapid bird directs his flight
Where thickest foliage spreads,
But shelter seeks in vain;
The leaves of every bough,
As with a palsy struck,
Affright him more, and urge his wings to flight.
I would not as a warrior take the field
Against the demi-goddess girt with angels,
Since she has now been used
To gaze on spirits tender and benign,
Not such as I, of semblance rough and fierce,
For battles born to subjugate the sky.
In human form I would not
Defy her to a great important conflict,

The world she knows contains one only man.
Nor would I of the tiger
Or the imperious lion
Or other animal assume the shape;
For well she knows they could not reason with her,
Who are of reason void.
To make her knowledge vain,
That I exist to the eternal Maker,
A source of endless fear,
Wrapt in the painted serpent's scaly folds,
Part of myself I hide, giving the rest
A human semblance and a damsel's face.
Great things I tell thee, and behold I see
My adversary prompt to parley with me.
Of novelty to hear
How eager woman is!
Now, now I loose my tongue,
And shall entangle her in many a snare.

SATAN. But what discordant sound
Rises from hell, where all was lately concord?
Why do hoarse trumpets bellow through the deep?

SCENE THE FOURTH.

VOLAN, *the* SERPENT, SPIRITS, SATAN.

VOLAN. Great Lord, ordain'd to found infernal realms,
And look with scorn upon the pomp of heaven,
Behold thy Volan fly
To pay his homage at thy scaly feet!
The chieftains of Avernus,
The prime infernal powers
To rise in rivalship

Of heaven in all, as in that lofty seat,
The Word to us reveal'd,
The source of such great strife,
They wish, that on the Earth
A goddess should prepare a throne for man,
And lead him to contemn
His own Almighty Maker:
Yet more the inhabitants of fire now wish
That having conquer'd Man,
And with such triumph gay,
To the great realms of deep and endless flames
Ye both with exultation may descend:
Then shall I see around
Hell dart its rays, and hold the sun in scorn.
But if this man resist,
Then losing every hope
Of farther victory,
They wish that on the throne
Of triumph he may as a victor sit,
Who teaches it to move,
And thou perform the office
With an afflicted partner,
With him, who labours to conduct the car;
That clothed in horrid pomp
The region of Avernus,
May speak itself the seat of endless pain,
And at the sound of inauspicious trumpets
The heavens may shake, the universe re-echo.

SCENE THE FIFTH.

VAIN GLORY *drawn by a Giant*, VOLAN, *the* SERPENT, SATAN, *and* SPIRITS.

VAIN GLORY. King of Avernus, at this harp's glad sound
I weave a starry garland for thy locks,
For well I see thy lovely scales portend
Honour to me, ruin and shame to man.
I am Vain Glory, and I sit on high,
Exulting Victress of the mighty Giant:
He has his front in heaven, on earth his feet,
A faithful image of man's mighty worth:
But shake not thou with fear! strong as he is
So brittle is the crown of glass he wears
That at my breath, which drives him fiercely on,
Man loses power, and falls a prey to Death.

SERPENT. Angel, or Goddess, from thy lofty triumph
Descend with me at the desire of Hell!
Haste to a human conflict;
You all so light and quick,
That by your movement not a leaf is shaken
In all these woods around,
Your mighty triumphs now together hide;
Now that in silence we may pass unseen,
Quick let us enter neighbouring Paradise.

VAIN GLORY. Wherefore delay? Point out the path we go;
Since prompt to follow thee,
Full as I am of haughtiness and pride,
With expeditious foot

I will advance
Among these herbs and flowers,
And let infernal laurels
Circle thy towering crest and circle mine!
SERPENT. What tribes of beauteous flowers,
And plants how new and vivid!
How desolate shall I
Soon make these verdant scenes of plant and flower!
Behold! how with my foot
I now as much depress them,
As they shoot forth with pride to rear their heads:
Behold! their humid life
I wither with my step of blasting fire.
How I enjoy, as I advance through these
Fair bowers of rapid growth,
To poison with my breath the leaf and flower,
Embittering all these sweet and blooming fruits.
We are arrived, behold the lovely tree
Prohibited by heaven,
There mount, and be embower'd
In the thick foliage of a wood so fair!
VAIN GLORY. See, I prepare to climb:
I am already high,
And in the leaves conceal'd.
Climb thou, great chief, and rapidly encircle,
And with thy scaly serpent train ascend
The tree; be quick, since now arising higher
I can discern where lonely Eve advances.
SERPENT. Behold, enraged I twine around the trunk
With these my painted and empoison'd folds;
Behold, I breathe towards this woman, love,
Though hate is in my heart:

Behold me now; more beautiful than ever,
Though now of each pestiferous cruel monster
In poison and in rage, I am the model;
Now I behold her, now
In silence I conceal my gift of speech,
Among these leaves embower'd.

SCENE THE SIXTH.

EVE, SERPENT, *and* VAIN GLORY.

EVE. I ought, the servant of a Mighty Lord,
A servant low and humble,
With reverential knee bending to earth,
I ought to praise the boundless love of him,
Since he has made me queen
Of all the sun delights to view on earth.
But if to heaven I raise my eyes and heart,
Clearly can Eve not see
She was created for these great, eternal,
Celestial miracles?
So that in spirit or in mortal frame,
She ever must enjoy or earth or heaven.
Hence this fair flowering tree
Wreathing abroad its widely branching arms,
As if desirous to contend with heaven,
Seems willing in my locks
To spread a shining heaven of verdant leaves;
And if I pass among the herbs and flowers,
Those, I behold, that by my step are press'd,
Arise more beautiful; the very buds
Expand, to form festoons
To decorate the grassy scene around.

Other new flowers with freshest beauty fair,
That stand from me sequester'd,
Form'd into groups or scatter'd in the vale,
Seem with delight to view me, and to say,
The neighbouring flowers rejoice
To give thy foot support,
But we, aspiring Eagles,
From far behold thy visage,
Mild portraiture of the almighty form.
While other plants and flowers,
Wishing that I may form my seat among them,
Above their native growth
So seem to raise themselves, that of sweet flowers
A fragrant hedge they form;
And others in a thousand tender ties,
Form on the ground so intricate a snare,
That the incautious hand which aims to free
The captive foot, must be itself ensnared.
If food I wish, or draught,
Lo! various fruit, lo! honey, milk, and manna;
Behold, from many a fount and many a rill,
The crystal beauty of the cooling stream.
If melody, behold the tuneful birds,
Behold angelic bands!
If welcome day,
Or mild and wish'd-for night,
Behold the sun, behold the moon and stars!
If I a friend require,
Adam, sweet friend, replies;
And if my God in heaven, the Eternal Maker
Dwells not unmindful, but regards my speech.
If creatures subject to my will I wish,

Lo! at my side all subject to my will.
What more can I desire, what more obtain?
Now nothing more, my Sovereign,
Eve is with honour loaded.
But what's before me? do I wake or dream?
Among these boughs I see
A human visage fair; what! are there then
More than myself and Adam,
Who view the glorious sun?
O marvellous, though I am distant far,
I yet discern the truth; with arms, with hands,
A human breast it has,
The rest is Serpent all:
O, how the sun, emblazing with his rays
These gorgeous scales with glowing colours bright,
O'erwhelms my dazzled eyes!
I would approach it.

SERPENT. Now, then, at length you see
I have precisely ta'en the semblance fit,
To overcome this woman.

EVE. The nearer I approach, more and more lovely
His semblance seems of emerald and sapphire,
Now ruby and now amethyst, and now
Of jasper, pearl, and flaming chrysolite
Each fold it waving forms around the trunk
Of this fair flowering tree!

SERPENT. I will assail my foe.
Come to survey me better,
Thou dazzler of the eye,
Enchantress of the soul,
Soft idol of the heart,
Fair nymph, approach! Lo, I display myself,

Survey me all; now satisfy thine eyes;
View me attentive, paragon of beauty,
Thou noblest ornament of all the world,
Thou lovely pomp of nature,
Thou little paradise,
To whom all things do homage!
Where lonely from thy friend, thy Adam, far
Where art thou? now advancing where
The numerous bands of Angels
Become such fond admirers of thy beauty?
Happy I deem myself, supremely happy,
Since 'tis my blessed lot,
With two fond eyes alone to gaze on that,
Which with unnumber'd eyes, heaven scarce surveys.
Trust me if all the loveliness of heaven
Would wrap itself within a human veil,
Nought but thy beauteous bosom
Could form a mansion worthy such a guest.
How well I see, full well
That she above with thy light agile feet,
Imprints her step in heaven, and there she smiles
With thy enchanting lip,
To scatter joy around those blessed spheres;
Yes, with thy lips above,
She breathes, she speaks, she pauses,
And with thine eyes communicates a lustre
To all that's fair in heaven or fair on earth.

EVE. And who art thou, so eager
To lavish praise on me?
Yet never did mine eyes see form like thine.

SERPENT. Can I be silent now?
Too much, too much, I pant

To please the lovely model of all grace.
Know when the world was fashion'd out of nought,
And this most fruitful garden,
I was ordain'd to dwell a gardener here,
By him who cultivates
The fair celestial fields;
Here joyful I ascend,
To watch that no voracious bird may seize
On such delicious fruit;
Here it is my delight,
Though all be marvellously fair around,
Lily to blend with lily, rose with rose,
And now the fragrant hedge
To form, and now between the groups of flowers,
And o'er the tender herb
To guide the current of the chrystal stream.
Oh what sweet scenes to captivate the eye
Of such a lovely virgin,
Will I disclose around;
Thou, if thou canst return
To this alluring spot,
And ever with fresh myrtle and new flowers,
More beauteous thou shalt find it;
This wondrous faculty I boast infused
By thy supernal Maker,
To guard in plant and flower their life and fragrance.

EVE. Since I have found thee courteous
No less than wise, reveal to me thy name;
Speak it to me, unless
I seek to know too much.

SERPENT. Wisdom, I name myself,
Sometimes I Life am call'd,

For this my double nature, since I am
One part a serpent and the other human.
EVE. Strange things this day I hear; but tell me why
Thou serpent art combined with human form?
SERPENT. I will inform thee; when the sovereign God
On nothing resting, yet gave force to all,
To balance all things in an even scale
The sage of heaven desired,
And not from opposite extremities
To pass without a medium justly founded:
Hence 'tween the brute and man
It pleased him to create this serpent kind;
And even this participates in reason,
And with a human face has human speech.
But what can fail to honour with submission,
The demi-god of earth?
Oh! if proportion'd to thy charms, or equal
To the desert of man,
You had high knowledge, doubt not but in all
Ye would be reckon'd as immortal gods;
Since the prime power of lofty science is
One of the first and greatest
Of attributes divine; Oh, could this be,
Descending from the base
Of this engaging plant,
How as a goddess should I here adore thee!
EVE. What, dost thou think so little then the sum
Of knowledge given to man? does he not know
Of every living herb and flower and plant,
Of minerals and of unnumber'd gems,
Of fish, of fowl, and every animal,

In water or on earth, of fire, of air,
Of this fair starry heaven,
And of the moon and sun,
The virtues most concealed?

SERPENT. Ah, this is nothing; since it only serves
To make the common things of nature known;
And I, although I am
Greatly inferior in my rank to man,
Yet, one by one, even I can number these.
More worthy it would be
To know both good and ill;
This, this is the supreme
Intelligence, and mysteries most high,
That on the earth would make you like to God.

EVE. That which hath power sufficient to impart
This knowledge so sublime of good and ill,
(But mixt with mortal anguish,)
Is this forbidden tree, on which thou sittest.

SERPENT. And tell me why a law
So bitter rises from a fruit so sweet?
Where then, where is the sense
That you so lately boasted as sublime?
Observe, if it be just,
That man so brave, so lovely, man that rules
The world with skilful hand, man that so much
Pleased his creating God, when power almighty
Fashion'd the wonders both of earth and heaven,
That man at last a little fruit should crush,
And all be form'd for nothing, or at best
But for a moment's space?
No, no, far from thee, far be such a doubt!
Let colour to thy cheek, and to thy lip

The banish'd rose return!
Say,—but I know—thy heart
Within thee speaks the language that I speak!
EVE. The Lord commanded me I should not taste
This fruit; and to obey him is my joy.
SERPENT. If 'tis forbidden thee
To taste a fruit so fair,
Heaven does not choose that man should be a God.
But thou with courtesy, to my kind voice
Lend an attentive ear: say, if your Maker
Required such strict obedience, that you might
Depend but on his word to move and guard you;
Was there not power sufficient in the laws
Sublime of hope, of faith, and charity?
Why then, fair creature, why, without occasion
Thus should he multiply his laws for man,
For ever outraging with such a yoke
Your precious liberty, and of great lords
Making you slaves, nay, in one point inferior
Even to the savage beasts,
Whom he would not reduce to any law?
Who does not know that loading you so much
With precepts, he has lessen'd the great blessing
Of joyous being, that your God first gave you?
Perchance he dreaded that ye soon might grow
His equals both, in knowledge, and be Gods?
No, for though like to God you might become
By such experiment, the difference still
Between you must be great, since this your knowledge,
And acquisition of divinity,
Could be but imitation, and effect
Of the first cause divine that dwells above.

And can it then be true,
That such a vital hand
Can do a deadly deed?
Oh hadst thou tasted this, how wouldst thou gain
Advantage of the Lord, how then with him
Would thy conversing tongue,
Accuse the latent mysteries of heaven!
Far other flowers and other plants, and fields,
And elements, and spheres,
Far different suns, and different moons, and stars
There are above, from those thou viewest here
Buried below these; all to thee are near,
Observe how near! but at the very distance
This apple is from thee. Extend thy hand,
Boldly extend it,—ah! why dost thou pause?

EVE. What should I do? Who counsels me, O God?
Hope bids me live, and fear at once destroys me.
But say, how art thou able
To know such glorious things exist above,
And that on earth, one thus may equal God,
By feeding on this apple,
If thou in heaven wert never,
And ne'er permitted of the fruit to taste?

SERPENT. Ah! is there ought I can deny to her
Whose happiness I wish? Now listen to me.
When of this garden I was made the keeper,
By him who fashion'd thee,
All he has said to thee, to me he said;
And opening to me heaven's eternal bosom,
With all his infinite celestial pomp,
He satiated my eyes, and then thus spake:
Thy paradise thou hast enjoy'd, O Serpent,

No more thou shalt behold it; now retain
Memory of heaven on earth,
Which thou may'st do by feeding on such fruit.
A heavenly seat alone is fit for man,
For that's the seat of beauty;
Since thou art partly man, and partly brute,
'Tis just thou dwell on earth;
The world was made for various beasts to dwell in,
He added, nor canst thou esteem it hard,
Serpent and man, to dwell on earth for ever,
Since thou already in thy human portion
Most fully hast enjoy'd thy bliss above.
Thus I eternal live,
Forming my banquet of this savoury fruit,
And Paradise is open to my eyes,
By the intelligence, through me transfused
From this delicious viand.

EVE. Alas! what should I do? to whom apply?
My heart, what is thy counsel?

SERPENT. 'Tis true, thy sovereign has imposed upon thee,
Under the pain of death,
To taste not of this fruit;
And to secure from thee
A dainty so delightful,
The watchful guard he made me
Of this forbidden tree;
So that if I consent, both man and thou,
His beautiful companion,
May rise to equal God in happiness.
'Tis but too true that to participate
In food and beverage with savage beasts,

Gives us in this similitude to them;
It is not just you both,
Works of a mighty Maker,
Great offspring of great God,
Should in a base condition,
Among these groves and woods,
Lead a life equal to the lowest beast.

EVE. Ah! why art thou so eager
That I should taste of this forbidden food?

SERPENT. Wouldst thou that I should tell?

EVE. 'Tis all my wish.

SERPENT. Now lend thine ear, now arch
With silent wonder, both thy beauteous brows!
For two proud joys of mine,
Not for thy good alone, I wish to make thee
This liberal overture, and swear to keep
Silence while thou shalt seize the fruit denied.
First to avenge that high unworthy wrong
Done me by God, in fashioning my shape;
For I was deem'd the refuse of his heaven,
For these my scaly parts,
That ever like a snake I trail behind;
And then, because he should to me alone
Have given this world, and o'er the numerous beasts
Have made me lord, not wholly of their kind;
But this my empire mighty and supreme,
O'er all these living things,
While man is doom'd
To breathe on vital air,
Must seem but low and servile vassalage;
Since man, and only man
Was chosen high and mighty lord of all

This wondrous scene, and he thus raised to grandeur
Was newly form'd of nought.
But when the fairest of all Eden's fruits
Is snatch'd and tasted, when you rise to Gods,
'Tis just that both ascending from this world,
Should reach the higher spheres;
So that on earth to make me
Of every creature lord,
Of human error I my virtue make:
Know, that command is grateful even to God,
Grateful to man, and grateful to the serpent.

EVE. I yield obedience, ah! what is't I do?

SERPENT. Rather what do you not? Ah, boldly taste,
Make me a god on earth, thyself in heaven.

EVE. Alas, how I perceive
A chilling tremour wander through my bones,
That turns my heart to ice!

SERPENT. It is thy mortal part that now begins
To languish, as o'ercome by the divine,
Which o'er its lowly partner
In excellence ascends.
Behold the pleasant plant,
More lovely and more rich
Than if it raised to heaven branches of gold,
And bore the beauteous emerald as leaves,
With roots of coral and a trunk of silver.
Behold this jewel'd fruit,
That gives enjoyment of a state divine!
How fair it is, and how
It takes new colours from the solar rays,
Bright as the splendid train
Of the gay peacock, when he whirls it round

Full in the sun, and lights his thousand eyes!
Behold how it invites!
'Tis all delicious, it is sweetness all:
Its charms are not deceitful,
Thine eye can view them well.
Now take it! Now I watch
If any angel spy thee! Dost thou pause?
Up! for once more I am thy guide; at last
The victory is thine!

EVE. At length behold me the exalted mistress
Of this most lovely fruit!
But why, alas, does my cold brow distil
These drops, that overwhelm me?

SERPENT. Lovely Virgin,
Will not our reason tell us
Supreme felicity is bought with pain?
Who from my brow will wipe
These drops of keener pain?
Who dissipate the dread that loads my heart?

EVE. Tell me what wouldst thou? tell me who afflicts thee?

SERPENT. The terror of thy Lord; and hence I pray thee
That when thou hast enjoy'd
That sweet forbidden fruit,
When both of you become eternal gods,
That you would guard me from the wrath of heaven;
Since well indeed may he,
Whom we call God, kindle his wrath against me
Having to you imparted
Taste of this fruit against his high command.
But tell him, my desire

To make me lord of this inferior world,
Like man a god in heaven,
Render'd me mute while Eve attain'd the apple.
EVE. The gift I owe thee, Serpent, well deserves
That I should ne'er forget thee.
SERPENT. Now in these verdant leaves I hide myself
Till thou with sounds of joy
Shalt call and re-assure me.
EVE. Now then conceal thyself, I promise thee
To be thy shield against the wrath of God.
O what delicious odour! 'tis so sweet
That I can well believe
That all the lovely flowers
From this derive their fragrance.
These dewy leaves to my conception seem
Moistened with manna, rather than with dew.
Ah, it was surely right
That fruit so exquisite
Should flourish to impart new life to man,
Not waste its sweets upon the wind and sun.
Nothing for any ill
To man could spring from God's creative hand:
Since he for man assuredly has felt
Such warmth of love unbounded, I will taste it.
How sweet it is! how far
Surpassing all the fruits of every kind,
Assembled in this soil!
But where is Adam now? O, Adam! Adam!
He answers not; then thou with speed depart
To find him; but among these flowers and leaves
Conceal this lovely apple, lest the angels,

Descrying it, forbid
Adam to taste its sweets,
And so from man be made a mighty God.
SERPENT. Extinguish in the waves thy rays, O sun!
Nor more distribute light!
Thus Lucifer ordains, and thus the apple!
Man, man is now subdued!
VAIN GLORY. O joyous day! O day
To Hell of triumph, and of shame to Heaven!
Eve has enjoy'd the apple,
And now contrives that man may taste it too.
Now see by direst fate
Life is exchanged for death!
Now I exulting sing,
And hence depart with pride,
Since man's high boast is crush'd,
And his bright day now turned to hideous night!

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE THE FIRST.

ADAM *and* EVE.

OH, my beloved companion!
Oh thou of my existence,
The very heart and soul!
Hast thou, with such excess of tender haste,
With ceaseless pilgrimage,
To find again thy Adam,
Thus solitary wandered?

Behold him! Speak! what are thy gentle orders?
Why dost thou pause? what ask of God? what dost thou?

EVE. Adam, my best beloved!
My guardian and my guide!
Thou source of all my comfort, all my joy!
Thee, thee alone I wish,
And in these pleasing shades
Thee only have I sought.

ADAM. Since thou hast call'd thy Adam,
(Most beautiful companion,)
The source and happy fountain of thy joy;
Eve, if to walk with me
It now may please thee, I will show thee love,
A sight thou hast not seen;
A sight so lovely, that in wonder thou
Wilt arch thy graceful brow.
Look thou, my gentle bride, towards that path,
Of this so intricate and verdant grove,
Where sit the birds embowered;
Just there, where now, with soft and snowy plumes,
Two social doves have spread their wings for flight,
Just there, thou shalt behold, (oh pleasing wonder,)
Springing amid the flowers,
A living stream, that with a winding course
Flies rapidly away;
And as it flies, allures
And tempts you to exclaim, sweet river, stay!
Hence eager in pursuit
You follow, and the stream, as if it had
Desire to sport with you,
Through many a florid, many a grassy way,

Well known to him, in soft concealment flies:
But when at length he hears,
You are afflicted to have lost his sight,
He rears his watery locks, and seems to say,
Gay with a gurgling smile,
"Follow! ah follow still my placid course!
If thou art pleased with me, with thee I sport."
And thus with sweet deceit he leads you on
To the extremest bound
Of a fair flowery meadow; then at once
With quick impediment,
Says, "Stop! Adieu! for now, yes, now I leave you:"
Then down a rock descends:
There, as no human foot can follow farther,
The eye alone must follow him, and there,
In little space you see a mass of water
Collected in a deep and fruitful vale,
With laurel crown'd and olive,
With cypress, oranges and lofty pines.
The limpid water in the sun's bright ray
A perfect chrystal seems;
Hence in its deep recess,
In the translucent wave,
You see a precious glittering sand of gold,
And bright as moving silver
Innumerable fish;
Here with melodious notes
The snowy swans upon the shining streams
Form their sweet residence;
And seem in warbling to the wind to say,
"Here let those rest who wish for perfect joy!"
So that, my dear companion,
To walk with me will please thee.

EVE. So well thy language to my sight has brought
What thou desirest to show me,
I see thy flying river as it sports,
And hear it as it murmurs.
And beauteous also is this scene, where now
Pleased we sojourn, and here, perhaps, even here
The lily whitens with the purest lustre,
And the rose reddens with the richest hue.
Here also bathed in dew
Plants of minutest growth
Are painted all with flowers.
Here trees of amplest leaf
Extend their rival shades,
And stately rise to heaven.

ADAM. Now by these cooling shades,
The beauty of these plants,
By these delightful meadows,
These variegated flowers,
By the soft music of the rills and birds,
Let us sit down in joy!

EVE. Behold then I am seated!
How I rejoice in viewing not alone
These flowers, these herbs, these high and graceful plants.
But Adam, thou, my lover,
Thou, thou art he, by whom the meadows seem
More beautiful to me,
The fruit more blooming, and the streams more clear.

ADAM. The decorated fields
With all their flowery tribute cannot equal
Those lovelier flowers, that with delight I view
In the fair garden of your beauteous face.
Be pacified, you flowers,

My words are not untrue;
You shine besprinkled with ethereal dew,
You give the humble earth to glow with joy
At one bright sparkle of the blazing sun;
But with the falling sun ye also fall:
But these more living flowers
Of my dear beauteous Eve
Seem freshen'd every hour
By soft devotion's dew,
That she with pleasure sheds
Praising her mighty Maker:
And by the rays of two terrestrial suns
In that pure heaven, her face,
They rise, and not to fall,
Decking the Paradise
Of an enchanting visage.

EVE. Dear Adam, do not seek
With tuneful eloquence
To sooth my ear by speaking of thy love!
The heart is confident,
That fondly flames with pure and hallow'd ardour.
In sweet exchange accept, my gentle love,
This vermeil-tinctured gift, you know it well;
This is the fruit forbidden,
This is the blessed apple.

ADAM. Alas! what see I! ah! what hast thou done,
Invader of the fruit,
Forbidden by thy God?

EVE. It would be long to tell thee
The reason that induced me
To make this fruit my prey: let it suffice,
I gain'd thee wings to raise thy flight to Heaven.

ADAM. Ne'er be it true, ah never
That to obtain thy favour,
I prove to Heaven rebellious and ungrateful,
And to obey a woman,
So disobey my Maker and my God!
Then did not death denounced
With terror's icy paleness blanch thy cheek?
EVE. And think'st thou, if the apple
Were but the food of death,
The great producer would have raised it there,
Where being is eternal?
Thinkst thou, that if of error
This fruit-tree were the cause,
In man's delighted eye
So fertile and so fair,
He would have form'd it flourishing in air!
Ah, were it so, he would indeed have given
A cause of high offence,
Since nature has ordain'd,
(A monitress sagacious,)
That to support his being, man must eat,
And trust in what looks fair, as just and good.
ADAM. If the celestial tiller,
Who the fair face of Heaven
Has thickly sown with stars,
Amidst so many plants fruitful and fair,
Placed the forbidden apple,
The fairest and most sweet,
'Twas to make proof of man,
As a wise keeper of his heavenly law,
And to afford him scope for high desert;
For he alone may gain the name of brave,

Who rules himself and all his own desires.
Man might indeed find some excuse for sin,
If scantily with fruits
This garden were supplied;
But this abounding in so many sweets,
Man ought not to renounce
The clear command of Heaven.

EVE. And is it thus you love me?
Ne'er be it true, ah never,
That I address you as my heart, my life!
From you I'll only wander,
Bathed in my tears, and sighing,
And hating even myself,
I'll hide me from the sun.

ADAM. Dear Eve! my sweetest love!
My spirit and my heart!
Oh haste to dry thine eyes,
For mine are all these tears
That bathe thy cheek, and stream upon thy bosom.

EVE. Ah, my unhappy state!
I that so much have said, so much have done
To elevate this man
Above the highest Heaven, and now so little
Can he or trust or love me!

ADAM. Ah, do not grieve, my life!
Too much it wounds my soul
To see thee in affliction.

EVE. I know your sole desire
Is to be witness to my sighs and tears;
Hence to the winds and seas
I pay this bitter tribute.

ADAM. Alas! my heart is splitting.

What can I do? When I look up to heaven,
I feel an icy tremor
Even to my bones oppress me,
Anxious alone to guard the Heavenly precept:
If I survey my partner,
I share her tears and echo back her sighs.
'Tis torture and distraction
To wound her with refusal: my kind heart
Would teach my opening hand to seize the apple,
But in my doubtful breast
My spirit bids it close.
Adam! thou wretch! how many
Various desires besiege thy trembling heart!
One prompts thee now to sigh,
Another to rejoice; nor canst thou know
Which shall incline thee most,
Or sighs, or joyous favour,
From woman, or from God.

EVE. Yet he reflects, and wishes
That Eve should now forsake
Her hope of being happy
In elevating man,
Even while I hold the fruit of exaltation!

ADAM. Though mute, yet eloquent
Are all your looks, my love;
Alas! whate'er you ask
You're certain to obtain;
And my heart grants, before your tongue can speak.
Eyes, that to me are suns,
The Heaven of that sweet face
No more, no more obscure!
Return! alas! return

To scatter radiance o'er that cloudy cheek!
Lift up, O lift thy brow
From that soft mass of gold that curls around it,
Locks like the solar rays,
Chains to my heart and lightning to my eyes!
O let thy lovely tresses,
Now light and unconfined,
Sport in the air and all thy face disclose,
That paradise, that speaks a heart divine!
I yield thee full obedience;
Thy prayers are all commands:
Dry, dry thy streaming eyes, and on thy lips
Let tender smiles like harmless lightning play!

EVE. Ah, misbelieving Adam,
Be now a kind receiver
Of this delightful fruit!
Hasten, now hasten to extend thy hand
To press this banquet of beatitude!

ADAM. Oh, my most sweet companion,
Behold thy ardent lover!
Now banish from his heart
The whirlpool of affliction, turn'd to him
His dearest guide, his radiant polar star!
Show me that lovely apple,
Which 'midst thy flowers and fruits,
Ingenious plunderer, thou hidest from me!

EVE. Adam, behold the apple!
What say'st thou? I have tasted, and yet live.
Ah 'twill insure our lives,
And make us equal to our God in Heaven.
But first the fruit entire
We must between us eat,

And when we have enjoy'd it,
Then to a radiant throne, a throne of stars,
Exalting Angels will direct our flight.
ADAM. Give me the pilfer'd fruit,
Thou courteous pilferer!
Give me the fruit that charms thee,
And let me yield to her,
Who to make me a God has toil'd and wept!
Alas! what have I done?
How sharp a thorn is piercing to my heart
With instantaneous anguish!
How am I o'erwhelm'd
In a vast flood of sorrow!
EVE. Alas! what do I see?
Oh bitter knowledge! unexpected sight!
All is prepared for human misery.
ADAM. O precious liberty! where art thou fled?
EVE. O precious liberty! O dire enthralment!
ADAM. Is this the fruit so sweet,
The source of so much bitter?
Say why wouldst thou betray me?
Ah why of heaven deprive me!
Why make me forfeit thus
My state of innocence,
Where cheerful I enjoy a blissful life?
Why make me thus a slave
To the fierce arms of death,
Thou, whom I deem'd my life?
EVE. I have been blind to good,
Quick-sighted but to evil,
An enemy to Adam,
A rebel to my God,

For daring to exalt me
To the high gates of heaven,
I fall presumptuous to the depths of hell.

ADAM. Alas, what dart divine appears in heaven,
Blazing with circling flame?

EVE. What punishment,
Wretch that I am, hangs o'er me? Am I naked!
And speaking still to Adam?

ADAM. Am I too naked? hide me! hence!

EVE. I fly.

SCENE THE SECOND.

VOLANO. Thou'rt fallen, at length thou'rt fallen, O thou presuming
With new support from the resplendent stars,
To mount to seats sublime!
Adam, at length thou'rt fallen to the deep,
As far as thy ambition hoped to soar:
Now see thou hast attain'd
To learn the distance between heaven and hell.
Now let Avernus echo,
To the hoarse sound of the funereal trumpet!
Joyful arise to light,
And pay your homage to the prince of hell!

SCENE THE THIRD.

SATAN, VOLANO, *Chorus of* SPIRITS, *with their flags flying and infernal instruments.*

VOLANO. Man is subdued, subdued!
Palms of eternal glory!
Why pause ye now? to your infernal reeds

And pipes of hoarsest sound, with pitch cemented,
And various instruments of discord,
Now let the hand and lip be quick applied!
Behold how triumph now to us returns,
As rightly he foretold
Our Stygian Emperor! Spread to the wind
Your fluttering banners! Oh thou festive day
To Hell of glory, and to Heaven of shame!

SCENE THE FOURTH.

SERPENT, VAIN GLORY, SATAN, VOLANO, *and* SPIRITS.

SERPENT. To pleasures and to joys,
Ye formidable dark sulphureous warriors!
Let Fame to heaven now on her raven plumes
Direct her rapid flight,
Of Man's completed crime
The mournful messenger.

SATAN. Behold, again expanded in the air
The insignia of hell!
Hear now the sounds of triumph,
And voices without number
That raise to heaven the shout of victory!

SERPENT. Lo, I return, ye Spirits of Avernus,
And as I promised, a proud conqueror!
Lo, to these deep infernal realms of darkness
I bring transcendent light, transcendent joy;
Thanks to my fortitude, which from that giant
Now wretched, and in tears,
Forced his aspiring crown of fragile glass;
And thanks to her, this martial heroine,
Vain Glory, whom to my proud heart I press.

SATAN. The torrent hastes not to the sea so rapid,
Nor yet so rapid in the realm of fire
Flashes kindle and die,
As the quick circling hours
Of good are join'd to evil
In life's corrupted state;
The work of my great Lord, nor less the work
Of thee, great Goddess of the scene condemn'd;
Up, up with homage quick
To show ourselves of both the blest adorers!

SERPENT. Now, from their bended knees let all arise,
And to increase our joys
Let thy glad song, Canoro,
Now memorize the prosperous toil of hell.

CANORO. Happy Canoro, raised to matchless bliss,
Since 'tis thy lot to speak
The prosperous exploits of Lucifer!
Behold, I bend the knee,
And sing thy triumph in a joyous strain;
Behold, the glorious triumph
Of that unconquer'd power,
Who every power surpasses,
The mighty monarch of the deadly realm!
Now raise the tumid form,
Avernus, banish grief;
Man is involved in snares,
And Death is glutted with his frail existence.
This is the potent, brave,
And ancient enemy
Of man, the dauntless foe,
And dread destroyer of the starry court.
No more contentment dwell

In the terrestrial seat:
Thou moon, and sun, be darken'd,
And every element to chaos turn!
Man is at length subdued.
From a corrupted source,
A weak and hapless offspring,
Thanks to the fruit, his progeny shall prove.
To that exalted seat
By destiny our due,
Can Death's vile prey ascend,
Who now lies prostrate at the feet of Hell?

SERPENT. Silence, no more! Now in superior joys
Ye quick and fluttering spirits,
Now, now, your wings expand,
And active in your pleasure,
Weave a delightful dance!

SCENE THE FIFTH.

A Chorus of SPRIGHTS *in the shape of* ANTICS, SERPENT, SATAN, VOLAN, CANORO, VAIN GLORY, *and* SPIRITS.

To thee behold us flying,
Round thee behold us sporting,
O monarch of Avernus!
To recreate thy heart in joyous dance.
Come, let us dance, happy and light,
Ye little Sprights;
Man was of flesh, now all of dust,
Such is the will of hideous Death;
A blessed lot
No more is his, wretched in all.
Now let us weave, joyous and dancing,

Ties as many,
As now Hell's prosperous chieftain
Spreads around man, who weeps and wails,
And now lifeless,
Is almost render'd by his anguish.
Enjoy, enjoy in fragile vesture,
Man, O heaven;
Stygian Serpent has o'erwhelm'd him,
Wherefore let each dance in triumph,
Full of glory,
Since our king has proved victorious.
But, what think'st thou Heaven in sorrow?
On the sudden,
He will spring to scenes celestial;
And he there will wreak his vengeance
On the Godhead,
That is now in heaven so troubled.

SERPENT. Ah, what lofty sounding trumpets
Through the extensive fields of heaven rebellow?

VAIN GLORY. Ah, from my triumph now I fall to hell,
Through subterraneous scenes exhaling fire,
With all my fatal pomp at once I sink!

SERPENT. And I alas, am plunging
With thee to deepest horror!

SATAN. Avoid, avoid, companions,
This unexpected lustre,
That brings, alas, to us a night of horror!

VOLANO. Alas, why should we tarry?
Fly all, O fly with speed
This inimical splendour,
These dread and deadly accents,
The utterance of God!

SCENE THE SIXTH.

GOD THE FATHER, ANGELS, ADAM, *and* EVE.

GOD THE FATHER.

And is it thus you keep the law of heaven,
Adam and Eve? O ye too faithless found,
Ye children of a truly tender father!
Thou most unhappy, how much hast thou lost,
And in a moment, Adam!
Fool, to regard the Serpent more than God.
Ah could repentance e'er belong to Him
Who cannot err, then might I well repent me
Of having made this man.
Now, Adam, thou hast tasted
The apple, thou hast sinn'd,
Thou hast corrupted God's exalted bounty:
The elements, the heavens,
The stars, the moon, the sun, and whatsoever
Has been for man created,
Now seems by man abhorr'd, and as unworthy
Now to retain existence,
To his destruction he solicits death.
But since 'tis just that I, who had proportion'd
Reward to merit, should now make chastisement
Keep pace with guilt, contemplating myself,
I view Astrea, in whose righteous stroke
Lo, I myself descend, for I am justice.
Why pausest thou, O sinner, in his presence,
Who on a starry throne,
As an offended judge prepares thy sentence?
Appear! to whom do I address me? Adam,
Adam, where art thou? say! dost thou not hear?

ADAM. Great Sovereign of Heaven! if to those accents,
Of which one single one form'd earth and heaven,
My God, if to that voice,
That call'd on Adam, a deaf asp I seem'd,
It was terror struck me dumb:
Since to my great confusion,
I was constrain'd, naked, to come before thee.

GOD THE FATHER.

And who with nakedness has made acquainted
Him, who although he was created naked,
With innocence was clothed?

ADAM. Of knowledge the dread fruit that I have tasted;
The fault of my companion!

EVE. Too true it is, that the malignant serpent,
Made me so lightly think of thy injunction,
That the supreme forbiddance
Little, or nought I valued.

GOD THE FATHER.

Adam, thou sinner! O thou bud corrupted
By the vile worm of error!
Though eager to ascend celestial seats,
An angel in thy pride, thy feeble wings
Left thee to fall into the depths of hell.
By thy disdain of life,
Death is thy acquisition;
Unworthy now of favour,
I strip thee of thy honours;
And soon thou shalt behold the herbs and flowers
Turn'd into thorns and thistles,
The earth itself this day by me accurst.

Then shalt thou utter sighs in want of food,
And from thy alter'd brow thou shalt distil
Streams of laborious sweat,
A supplicant for bread;
Nor ever shall the strife of man have end,
Till, as he rose from dust, to dust he turn.
And thou, first author of the first offence,
With pain thou shalt produce the human birth,
As thou hast taught, with anguish infinite,
The world this fatal day to bring forth sin.
Thee, cruel Serpent, I pronounce accursed;
Be it henceforth thy destiny to creep
Prone on the ground, and on the dust to feed.
Eternal strife between thee and the woman,
Strife barbarous and deadly,
This day do I denounce:
If one has fallen, the other, yet victorious,
Shall live to bruise thy formidable head.
Now, midst the starry spheres,
Myself I will seclude from human sight.

SCENE THE SEVENTH.

An ANGEL, ADAM, *and* EVE.

ANGEL. Ah Eve, what hast thou lost,
Of thy dread Sovereign slighting the commands!
Thou Adam, thou hast sinn'd;
And Eve too sinning with thee,
Ye have together, of the highest heaven
Shut fast the gates, and open'd those of hell!
In seeking sweeter life,
Ye prove a bitter death;

And for a short delight
A thousand tedious sufferings.
How much it had been better for this man
To say, I have offended, pardon, Lord!
Than to accuse his partner, she the serpent:
Hence let these skins of beasts, thrown over both,
Become your humble clothing;
And hence let each be taught
That God approves the humble,
And God in anger punishes the proud.

ADAM. O man! O dust! O my frail destiny!
O my offence! O death!

EVE. O woman! O of evil
Sole gluttonous producer!
O fruit! my sin! O serpent! O deceit!

ANGEL. Now let these skins that you support upon you,
Tell you the grievous troubles
That you have to sustain;
Rude vestments are these skins,
From whence you may perceive
That much of misery must be endured
Now in the field of life,
Till death shall reap ye both.
Now, now lament and weep,
From him solicit mercy,
For still your mighty Maker may be found
Gracious in heaven, indulgent to the world,
Most merciful to man,
If equal to the pride
That made him err, his penitence will weep.

ADAM. Ah whither art thou fled?
Where lonely dost thou leave me?

O too disgusting apple,
If thou canst render man to angels hateful.
Alas, my dread destruction
Springs from a source so high,
That it will find no end.
Most miserable Adam! if thou fallest,
Ah, who will raise thee up?
If those eternal hands
That should uphold the heaven, the world, and man,
Closed for thy good, are open for thy ill,
How much should'st thou express! but tears and grief
Fetter the tongue and overwhelm the heart!
O sin! O agony!

EVE. Adam, my Adam, I will call thee mine,
Although I may have lost thee!
Unhappy Eve acknowledges her error,
She weeps, and she laments it.
She sees thee in great anguish:
O could her tears wash out the grievous stain
Thou hast upon thy visage!
Adam! alas thou answerest not, and I
Suffer in seeing thee so pale and pensive,
Thy hands united in the folds of pain!
But if through deed of mine thou hast occasion
For endless shame and silence,
Wilt thou reply to me? do I deserve it?
I merit only woe by being woman;
Eve has invented weeping,
Eve has discover'd anguish,
Labour and lassitude,
Distraction and affright;
Eve, Eve has minister'd to death and hell!

ADAM. Enjoy, enjoy, O woman,

My anguish, my perdition, and my death;
Banish me hence for loving thee too well!
Ah, if thou wert desirous of my tears,
Now, now extend thy hands, receive these streams
That I must pour abundant from mine eyes;
If thou didst wish my sighs, lo sighs I give thee;
If anguish, view it; if my blood, 'tis thine;
Rather my death, it will be easy to thee
Now to procure my death,
If thou hast render'd me of life unworthy.

The ARCHANGEL MICHAEL, ADAM, *and* EVE.

MICHAEL. Why this delay? come on, be quick, depart,
Corrupted branches, from this fair and beauteous
Terrestrial paradise! Are ye so bold,
Ye putrid worms? come on, be quick, depart,
Since with a scourge of fire I thus command you.
ADAM. Alas! I am destroy'd
By the fierce blow of this severe avenger!
EVE. Now sunk in vital power
I feel my sad existence,
E'en at the menace from this scourge of fire.
MICHAEL. These stony plains now must thy naked foot
Press, in the stead of sweet and beauteous flowers,
Since thy erroneous folly
Forbids thy dwelling in this pleasant garden.
Behold in me the punisher of those
Who against their God rebel, and hence I bear
These radiant arms that with tremendous power
Make me invincible. I was the spirit

Who, in the mighty conflict,
Advancing to the north,
Struck down great Lucifer, the haughty leader
Of wicked angels, so that into hell
They plunged precipitate and all subdued;
And thus it has seem'd good to my tremendous
Celestial chief, that I shall also drive
Man, rebel to his God, with this my sword
Of ever blazing fire,
Drive him for ever from this seat of bliss.
You angels all depart, and now with me
Expand your plumes for heaven;
As it has been your lot,
Like mine, on earth here to rejoice with man,
Man once a demi-god and now but dust,
Here soon with falchions arm'd,
Falchions that blaze with fire,
As guardians of these once delightful gates
The brave and active Cherubim shall aid you.

SCENE THE NINTH.

Chorus of ANGELS *that sing*, ARCHANGEL, ADAM, *and* EVE.

ADIEU, remain in peace!
O thou that livest in war!
Alas, how much it grieves us,
Great sinner, to behold thee now but dust.
Weep! weep! indulge thy sighs,
And view thy lost possession now behind thee;
Weep! weep! for all thy sorrow
Thou yet may'st see exchanged for songs of joy:
This promise to the sinner Heaven affords
Who contrite turns to Heaven with holy zeal.

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE THE FIRST.

VOLAN, *Chorus of* FIERY, AIRY, EARTHLY, *and* AQUATIC SPIRITS.

VOLAN. Forth from a thousand clouds of flame and smoke,
From the deep bosom of the spacious earth,
I to these scenes a messenger return.
Now to the fatal sound
Of these entwisted pipes,
By hissing snakes united,
And all attuned to the fierce notes of death,
Now cease, now cease ye all,
Ye potent spirits, to reside in fire,
Or in the air, in water, or in earth.
Appear! why pause ye? such is the command
Of your brave emperor, the chief of hell.
Hark! hear ye not the sound
That calls you forth from out your various dwellings?
Behold! how from the sphere of blazing fire
Arsiccio, of the blazing legion prince,
Comes to pay homage to his mighty lord.

ARION. Lo, from the field of air I too descend,
I who am called Arion,
The mighty ruler of this winged band,
At the command of hell.

TARPALCE. Of the infernal palace
To bend before the prince,
Forth from a thousand subterraneous paths

The great Tarpalce, chief of earthy sprights,
Raises his brow to heaven.

ONDOSO. From many a vein of water,
From many a rising fount,
From rills, and rivers, torrents, floods, and streams,
And from a thousand marshes, pools, and lakes,
Such as I am, Ondoso, of soft spirits
The humid, floating ruler, now on wing,
Here even I attend, to reverence
The subterranean power.

VOLAN. Lo, from the dark abyss to lightsome air,
Great Lucifer now rising, and with him
The most sagacious band
Of hellish counsellors.

SCENE THE SECOND.

LUCIFER, FIERY, AIRY, EARTHLY, AQUATIC, INFERNAL SPIRITS, *and* VOLANO.

LUCIFER. Ah light! detested light!
Yet once again I look toward thy rays,
The sightless mole of hell,
And like a frantic angel,
Dazzled and grieved at heart,
Immortally I die.

BELIAR. Of what dost thou complain? why grieves
our god?
Clear up thy countenance, and see around
How thy palms shake; thy banners float in air,
Signs of that valour which has conquer'd heaven,
And now in triumph may enjoy the world;
Ah too imperfect is the victor's glory,
If he exult not in his victory.

LUCIFER. Destructive victory! unworthy boast!
Laughter to weeping turn'd,
Is that which thou esteem'st the praise of hell.
Ah, Heaven's high power has found
A new expedient, to our endless shame,
To make our vanquished foe remain the victor,
And triumph, though defeated.

MIRIM. What barbed arrows in my wounded heart,
Great Lord, hast thou enfixt!

LUCIFER. Ah! for no other purpose have I called you
From realms of air and fire,
From earth, from water, and the central depths,
Save that we might project in council here
How man may fall entirely overwhelm'd,
If to destroy him by the fruit I fail'd.

DIGRIGNAN. Ah how can Adam live,
If he indeed has eat the fruit forbidden,
Condemning him to death?
Now well may we exclaim,
That Heaven this day inures itself to falsehood.

LUCIFER. Hear it, oh hell, and shudder at the sound,
And let thy lively joys now turn to languor.
Tell me, thou Beliar, how seems to thee,
After the tasted fruit, man on the sudden
Discover'd naked, and amid the branches
Of thickest growth hastening to hide his shame?

BELIAR. In viewing his own nakedness, he shews us
The tasted fruit has robb'd him of all grace;
The very foliage where he hides informs him
He is become a beast,
And, like a beast, is doom'd in death to lose
His body and his soul.

LUCIFER. Thou, Coriban, relate why man has form'd
With the fig's ample leaf
A mantle for his waist.
CORIBAN. I'll tell you, 'tis the nature of the fig
To rise not high, and prove of short duration;
Still less may man expect to glory's height
To raise himself; for short shall be his date.
All the contentious elements at war,
Occasion'd by his sin, now in their conflict
Shall overwhelm him, and the hope with souls
More to embellish heaven shall be in vain.
LUCIFER. And thou, Ferea, what denotes the serpent,
Whom in his anger God is pleased to curse?
FEREA. I will be brief in telling all that's true:
When he pronounced a curse upon the serpent,
Man had already heard his malediction;
And thus to that he added,
Prone on thy belly serpent thou shalt grovel,
As if to man suggesting,
Dark as a riddling God, man is of clay;
And clay shall now be destitute of soul,
As destitute of soul each other reptile.
LUCIFER. Thou, Solobrico, tell me, what think'st thou
Of this strange speech to man?
Thou by thy sweat must gain
The bread that forms thy food.
SOLOBRICO. This bread to us discovers
The life of man's frail body,
A body form'd of earth, as now indeed
Grain must be drawn from earth to make this bread

The vital element:
His sweat denotes the element of water,
His countenance is air, his labour fire;
So that this dark expression
Of being doom'd to gain his bread by sweat,
To man says, thou shalt live,
In many griefs and troubles,
A short space in the world;
Then is thy lot to die,
Turning again to earth, air, water, fire.

LUCIFER. And, Gismon, thou, to woman when he said,
That with the pangs of birth
She should produce her offspring, say what meaning
Lurk'd in that new expression to bring forth?

GISMON. This said expression birth
Denotes the being born,
When her young progeny shall rise to light:
He also might denote a new partition
By this new word bring forth,
Innumerable pains,
In which the suffering parents
Shall both participate to rear their children.
Of body and of soul
The certain death I see in this expression:
That this may be, turning to man he said,
That he should die, and then to Eve he added,
That she with bitter anguish should bring forth.
Now this mysterious saying nothing means,
If not that man is meant
By death corporeal, and his frail companion
By death that strikes the soul;

Thus from mortality,
With loss reciprocal, the soul is taken:
And thus, when each has languish'd,
The body in its dying,
The soul in its departure,
Leaving at length its transient dear abode;
So verified shall be the mighty sentence
From him, the mighty judge,
Of bringing forth with dire excess of pain.

LUCIFER. All you, that most sagacious
I reckon'd once in my infernal kingdoms,
I find now least sagacious.
To thee I turn, Arsiccio, tell me now
What means that mystery,
The cursing of the earth?

ARSICCIO. And to the blame of man I too return;
Can it be true this cursing of the earth?
What does the mystery mean?
Means it indeed the earth?
Foolish is he who thinks so! what offence
Has she committed? no 'twas not the earth
Was cursed, but only man, who is of earth;
And human nature all is cursed with him;
And that decree, it should no more bear fruit
Was utter'd for no purpose
But to proclaim to man,
That, as a sinner, heaven is shut against him.

LUCIFER. Arion, thou exalt thyself in air;
Do thou inform me why with skins of beasts
This man and his companion were array'd.

ARION. This clearly shows to us
That God no longer makes account of man.

Hear me, unconquer'd sovereign,
This clothing Adam with the lifeless skins
Of fleeced animals to us imports,
That, as with dying beast,
The body, soul, and spirit, also die,
So death shall also prove
The dread destroying ravager of men
By the dread fruit's effect.

LUCIFER. Ondoso, thou who art profest a diver,
Canst thou pervade the depth
Of these confused decrees? inform me now
What means the mystery
Of cherubim with fiery falchions
Forbidding entrance to the gates of Eden.

ONDOSO. No mystery, great king,
But the destruction of the human race,
Portended by these falchions.
They mean indeed the death
Of man's terrestrial form,
And their fierce blades of fire
Damnation to his soul:
So that when struck by death
The body shall be ashes, and the soul
Shall by eternal justice
Within the dark Avernus
Become a prisoner, lost to light and heaven.
Now blest are we, since we behold it clear,
That, rising to the realms above, 'tis ours
To make Olympus joyful, since when we
Resign'd our seat in heaven,
At those exalted gates
No armed cherubim was placed to guard;

Thus all is justly weigh'd,
And in an even balance;
For now the world's inhabitants shall be
The birds, the fish, the beasts:
Of the Tartarean gulf
Man, and his numerous race;
We only on gay wing shall soar to heaven,
On this supreme condition,
That heaven's great Lord shall pardon ask of thee,
Repenting of his error, and that both
Shall rule the realm of heaven,
Both Lucifer and God.

LUCIFER. Tarpalce, say what thinkest thou of man?

TARPALCE. 'Tis not my sentiment man can be saved.
In short, this man has sinn'd;
And he who draws from man his flesh and life,
He shall be call'd a sinner;
And he who is a sinner shall be damn'd;
And since it is denied
That these the seats of heaven, that once were ours,
Neglected shall be left, and void of glory,
Well may we re-ascend, with brave condition,
The heaven once more returning to itself.
Sufficiently we know
It otherways would still be void of splendour,
Since God no longer knows
What to achieve that may embellish heaven.

LUCIFER. Alas! 'tis fit that I
From a deep silence now
Loose this chill'd tongue, chill'd, though it seems to burn
With cruel deadly rage!
My heart is bursting only at the thought

Of what I must relate:
Now with great efforts vanquishing myself,
Let that be heard which anguish bids me utter!
The fear he felt to show himself when naked
Was from the mighty shame
To see himself bespotted
With sin's deformity.
His flight with rapid step towards the woods,
As to the sea the swollen torrent flies,
Denotes his great repentance of his sin.
That leafy screen, in which he hid himself,
Denotes his coarse and rustic penitence,
Till with long abstinence he shall atone
With punishment for sin.
The harsh and ample leaf
Of fig, still more expressive,
Tells it will be man's lot
With coarse and hairy vest
To cover every fault;
And as upon the fig,
Among its harshest leaves, a dulcet fruit
Arises, thus at last shall man himself,
Midst all his penitence, enjoy the fruit
So sweet and dear of heaven, that he had lost:
The verdure of the leaf
Affords a certain hope
That man may have of God's returning grace;
That he at length in heaven
Shall know a blooming spring of highest glory.
The double summons, thus bestow'd on man,
Tells us he shall have time
To weep, though sinning, his repented sin.

If he was pleased to execrate the serpent,
There hell may understand
That it was not the serpent
Who then offended God; from whence he said
Prone on thy belly, serpent, thou shalt creep!
Alas, too clearly saying,
Quit every hope, O ye that now abide
By the infernal streams,
Quit every hope of heaven!
And when between this woman and the serpent
His word denounced, alas! eternal war,
Ah then he comprehended human nature,
Which bears a female name.
What then are now our direst enemies?
Inhabitants of heaven!
So that our most tormenting adversary
Is now no other but this human nature
Made an eternal denizen of heaven.
What more, alas! have I the force to speak it?
The saying that the woman
Shall one day bruise his head,
With mystery severe
Shows us the incarnation of the Word.
Saying to man his bread
He now by sweat must earn, is it not saying
After hard toil thou shalt to heaven ascend?
Alas! perhaps it means
That bread may life denote,
Since man is destined to have life in heaven.
If for the apple God was pleased to say
That man transgressing shall be doom'd to death,
He of the body spake;

The spirit is immortal.
When in his speech to Eve
He doom'd her to bring forth, that indicates
Eternity assign'd to human nature.
The guard of cherubim that wheel around
Their fiery swords, forbidding
All feet to tread on that delicious garden,
I would declare to mean—
But to cold marble turns my faltering tongue.

BRIAR. Shall it be said that Briar checks his tongue?
Believe not thou, our Lord,
That man to heaven shall soar!
Too feeble are his wings;
Had he no other bar,
I am alone prepared to give him death,
Arm'd with a mighty club, or with a stone,
Though sure to be condemn'd
Myself alone to all the pains of hell;
Since I can well discern,
That in continual thinking of my glory,
Infernal pain will turn to heavenly joy.

LUCIFER. O noble, generous ardour!
Trust me, not less avails
A heart magnanimous for glory panting,
Than a decided triumph.
Let us remain in hell,
Since there is more content
To live in liberty, though all condemn'd,
Than, as his vassals, blest.
Up from these filthy dregs,
A hideous mass, sulphureous, rough, and round,
Let there be raised to light;
So wills the mighty chieftain of damnation.

SCENE THE THIRD.

The infernal Cyclops, armed with Hammers, and all those of the preceding Scene.

BEHOLD the smiths of hell,
That, worn with toil and smoke,
To heaven are raising this enormous ball,
Now fashion'd in Avernus.

LUCIFER. Now as a perfect rival
Of God, I will, that Lucifer be seen.
He highly seated, on his throne in heaven,
To us reveal'd the world, and thence arose
Our banishment from heaven, and I this day,
Raising Vain Glory to a throne of splendour,
Have now contrived to exterminate mankind.
If he from nothing made the ample world,
I too a nothing will now make of worlds,
Or of the world a nothing.
Now let this dark and misty mass dissolve,
And in the place of elements, and heavens,
Of all the stars, the moon, and radiant suns,
Let there come forth a strange unfinish'd monster.

ONDOSO. O what a stormy burst, what monsters rise,
All horrible and hissing,
With forms enormous howling,
And breathing blasts of fire!

LUCIFER. Thou that now seem'st a dark and hideous monster,
I will array thee in a human semblance,
Though but of vapour form'd;
Thou shalt be call'd the World.
Instead of shags, and vestments wild,

Sweat thou beneath a load of gems and gold,
For well I know how henceforth in my service
Gold may be used in tempting man to sin.
Such thou shalt have around thee;
On thee I will bestow voice, gesture, snares,
In strictest tie to catch
The human foot of clay that walks incautious;
And all that thou canst wish
To overwhelm this man, all thou shalt have.
Thou beast of monstrous shape,
Thou like a lovely damsel shalt appear,
Thou shalt be call'd the Flesh,
With wiles, deceits, and ardours in thy train,
Whence man may fall in unbecoming errors;
And, monster, thou that art
So hideous and so meagre, Death be call'd:
Be thou all human bone,
All ice, all madness, all a mass of horror
To the unhappy sinner.
Ye four terrific forms, of wildest semblance,
For horrid deeds I chuse you,
Ill omen'd words, and acts of cruel nature,
Your fashion to display.
Up, up, let each return
To his own element, his proper sphere!
Come! why delay to fire?
Haste all with me,
And hence in silence glide,
Abandoning the light.

SCENE THE FOURTH.

ADAM. Wretch that thou art! now cast thine eyes around,
No longer shalt thou see
Aught to console thy pain.
Ah! in that very thought,
Sorrow so wounds my heart,
My tears so overwhelm me,
That in a sigh I seem to breathe my last.
Where, Adam, is thy beauty? where thy grace,
That made thee dear to angels and to God?
Ah! thou alone hast dared
To stain thy nature, and to wound thy soul!
Is this, is this the way
To please that Being who on thee bestow'd
Whate'er thou seest around thee, with a promise
To give thee in the stars a heavenly mansion?
Rather on fruit forbidden
To feed, than on the living words of God
Has been thy choice; and lo,
Thou from an angel to a beast art changed!
And, more than other beasts,
Driven as a monster from this pleasant garden,
And thus in skins array'd; alas! I dare not
Lift up my eyes to heaven, yet it becomes me,
Low on my knees, to view the good I lost,
And in lamenting say,
Dear seat of God, thou should'st have been the seat
Of Adam also; but thou art lost to me;
Thee have I lost, alas! and found in stead
Of thee, both death and hell.

O hide, in pity hide thy splendour, Heaven!
Since Adam is a sinner.
Conceal your light, ye stars;
Vanish, thou moon and sun;
Eternal horror be the fate of man,
Since Adam is a sinner.
Now in the faithful choir of angels cease
Ye soothing melodies,
Since Adam is a sinner.
Behold, with pain behold,
How, from thy dread offence,
All things this day appear to change their form,
All hold thee in abhorrence,
All from thy aspect fly!
Ah, thou mayst well exclaim,
There, from the verdant stem and parent tree,
The rose is fled, and leaves thee but the thorn!
There sinks each flower, within the grassy earth
Hiding its head precipitate, and scarce
Where it display'd its pride now shews its stalk:
Well mayst thou add, in plucking here the apple
Thou gavest a fatal shake to every tree,
Then bringing to the ground
Each leaf, each flower, and every blooming fruit.
Ah, how despoil'd and waste
All now appears to me; all shade and horrors;
Produced by man's rebellion to his God.
Where, where are now the gay and sprightly birds
That on their painted plumes
Round me were used to sport and flutter here?
Ah, your closed wings I see
Amidst the thickest leaves, and fearing all

The deadly snares of Adam.
Where, where is now the tiger, bear, and lion,
The wolf, the pard, and thousand other beasts,
Obedient all to man, and in his train?
Alas! now made voracious
Of human carnage and of smoking blood
I now behold you all,
Sharpening 'gainst man the talon and the tooth.
Where now, ah where, their young
May all the fleecy kind
Let fall in safety? for, alas, I see
No longer will they offer
Their milky dugs to thee, their dugs or offspring,
Since to escape from man,
Now, now, I see them eager,
Man turn'd into a wolf
By having seized an apple.
All fly, and all abhor thee,
And from thee, barbarous, learn barbarity.
Hence in the earth and sea,
Beyond their custom, now
All fish, and all the beasts,
To battle seem to invite thee;
See now the wolf and lamb,
She who of late not far from him might wander,
See how she bleating flies from his unfaithful
Tusk, now expecting bloody violence!
Behold the hare, behold
How timid she is made, and the dog fierce
In striving for her life,
While more than native fear to flight inclines her.
Behold that dusky beast,

That with white tusks of an enormous size
Extends its weighty jaw,
That now forgetting to revere the moon,
Intractable, ferocious
Beyond its native temper,
Rushes in anger with its fibrous trunk
That serves it for a nose,
Against the horn which the rhinoceros
Sharpens of hardest stone!
Behold the sea enraged,
Now by thy rage, the very sea inflamed
Takes up the fish within its watery arms,
And in a thousand caverns,
Against the mossy stones
Now strikes, and now entombs them.
At length, behold that ox,
That now beneath thy crooked yoke of wood
To turn the sterile earth
Thou must contrive to couple,
See how he darts an eye of fire upon thee,
And foaming now, and panting, fiercely points
His crooked horn, and threatens thee with death.
And more, yet more, the Earth
Provokes thee now to conflict,
Thanks to thy dire offence;
And since her bosom must by thee be wounded,
Strives with thee for thy viands, arm'd herself
With thistles and with thorns.
I've sinn'd, O Lord, I've sinn'd!
I've sinn'd, and for my fault
My mournful heart in weeping I distill.
Why wretched do I speak? see what a band

Of beasts made barbarous,
Of hostile beasts, now wet
With crimson's deadly stain,
I see around me, darting from their caves!
Alas! what see I more? wretch that I am!
Behold, from them affrighted Eve is flying!

SCENE THE FIFTH.

ADAM *and* EVE.

EVE. Ah whither shall I fly? and where conceal me?
ADAM. Haste to my arms, O haste!
Let him who sinn'd like thee,
Like thee become of savage beasts the prey!
EVE. Ah, every path becomes
The pass of death to one of life unworthy;
Here in this cavern's depth,
Here let us plunge, O Adam.
ADAM. Ah, they at length depart; yet not from man
Will misery depart, or mortal anguish.
Oh wonderous wretchedness, e'en pleasure weeps,
Joy wears the form of sorrow,
And life itself now dies.
EVE. Ah, how I grieve, O Adam!
O Heaven! what tears I shed,
How do I sigh, O God, wounded in heart,
Now, nor alive nor dead.
ADAM. But hark, what horrid roarings
Make air rebellow, and the vallies shake.

SCENE THE SIXTH.

FAMINE, THIRST, LASSITUDE, DESPAIR, ADAM, *and* EVE.

FAMINE. In vain from our quick grasp
You strive to fly, vile offspring of the earth,
And from the thousand ills that Heaven intends thee;
Fly not, for 'tis in vain. Ye now around
Block up the paths, and guard each avenue!
Famine am I, who in this hideous form
Now shew myself to man,
To prove how keen I am,
With bitterness to poison all his sweets;
And from the semblance I reveal, thou wretch,
Clearly shalt thou perceive,
Beyond all other creatures,
How sharply Famine's piercing shaft shall wound thee;
And as I now devour these tender shoots
Of the young fruitful vine,
And suck, with eager thirst, the dulcet juice,
So from thy feeble bones, that now derive
Infirmity from sin,
Soon will I tear the flesh,
And suck thus fiercely from thy veins the blood.
And this fierce monster that you now behold,
Keen at the limpid fountain
To satiate its thirst, and foil'd, attempting
With harpy talon to pollute the water,
This is call'd Thirst; and now, in such a form,
Both horrible and fierce,
To thee appears, that thou may'st comprehend
How wildly raging thou shalt feel its fury.

And this is Lassitude,
That Lassitude which now on thee shall pour
The mighty streams of sorrow.
See how her figure melts in drops of anguish,
In raising on her back
That heavy burden of enormous weight!
'Tis hers to make thee, Adam,
So worn with toil, that from thy pallid visage
The copious streams of painful sweat shall pour;
And Lassitude shall so annoy thy frame,
That thou shalt hate thy life.
Hence at the last, perforce ye both shall pass
Through unaccustom'd ways of wretchedness
To this dire monster, savage and tremendous,
Who henceforth on the earth
Shall bear of Desperation
The desperate name; look, and behold how fiercely
He in convulsion rolls, and shrieks and roars;
See how he tears his hair and grinds his teeth,
Wounds all his frame, and makes his breast re-echo
With his repeated blows!
This fierce, relentless monster
Shall so afflict thee, that thou shalt be eager
To turn, and hasten to an end more wretched:
And if, perchance, thou think'st I speak not true,
See him, who from his deep and dark domain
In blackest vapour wrapt,
Circled with globes of fire, appears before thee!

SCENE THE SEVENTH.

DEATH, ADAM, *and* EVE.

DEATH. Thou art the creature, Woman,
Who first hast summon'd me,
And with a sinful voice,
From the Tartarean shades;
Thou, perishable flesh and form of clay,
Hast call'd this fearful monster,
Of human bones compacted,
This day to look upon the light of heaven.
Say now what wouldst thou speak?
Dost thou abhor thy life?
Behold the sickle-bearer, and the sickle
That now invites thee to desert the day.
Now with a lynx's eye,
I see, in looking into future time,
To my dread name and these ungodly arms,
What fatal trophies rise.
But what! not here shall end the full perdition
With which heaven threatens thee, such mighty evils
Hell now prepares for thee,
And such excess of horrors,
That I, I who am Death,
Wish for destruction to escape their sight.
Thou art condemn'd to die,
Thy residence is Hell,
Become a rebel to thy mighty Maker.

ADAM. Oh source of tears! Oh sorrow!
Oh miserable sinner!

EVE. Ah me, most wretched Eve!
The origin of sin.
ADAM. Ah, how the heaven grows dark, how it withdraws
Its light from us, who are of light unworthy!
But ah! what flame in heaven quickens and dies,
Dazzling our sight, and sudden darts away,
A serpent all of fire?
EVE. Alas! not here the wrath of heaven shall end,
First we must suffer death.
ADAM. Ah, what rebellowing sounds I hear above!
Perchance with such a voice
Offended Heaven now drives us from the world,
And sends us banish'd to the gulfs below!
What shafts, how numberless
Strike down the woods and groves! with what wild force
The raging winds contend!
Now rushes from the sky
Water congeal'd to forceful globes of hail!
EVE. Alas! how from on high
The swelling waters pour,
That rising o'er their banks,
The proud o'erflowing rivers
Now put the beasts to flight,
And in the groves and woods
Precipitately drive the fish to dwell.
ADAM. Fly! let us haste to fly
Up to those lofty mountains,
Where heaven now seems at last
Satiate with ceaseless thundering to repose!

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE THE FIRST.

THE FLESH *and* ADAM.

THE FLESH.

If in a bosom form'd in lonely woods,
An amorous lure, the engine of deceit,
May wake a blazing spark,
And raise an inextinguishable fire;
This day to me shall shine a day of triumph,
When in desire's fierce flames
I shall behold that heart,
Which love's devouring flame yet has not touch'd.
And now if aught of potency resides
In golden tresses, or a breast of snow,
A radiant eye, a cheek of rose and lily,
And teeth of pearl, and lips that vie with coral,
In beauty, grace, allurements, arts, and gestures,
To make a wretched mortal heart their captive,
Such tresses, such a breast,
A cheek, and teeth, and lips,
And my intelligent engaging manners,
Will hold thee fetter'd in a thousand snares.
Behold, not distant far, the simple bird
I opportunely see,
Who for my tempting lure
His habitation quits, and his companion,
To fall at once by amorous deceit.
O how to earth dejected,
He bends his watery eyes in deep affliction.

Thou art not yet transfix'd
By my prevailing shaft, but now it seeks thee.

SHE SINGS.

Dearest Adam, grieved and fainting,
Let my song thy spirit comfort!
And with thee,
O let me
Lead a life of true enjoyment!
Gentle Adam, son of glory,
Hearken, hearken! meek and humble
Sounds the artless song unpolish'd
That invites thee
But to kindness;
Give, O give me ease and quiet,
Gentle Adam, son of glory!
But if thou with different feelings
Wish to wound this tender bosom,
See it naked!
Strike! O cruel,
Wherefore pause you? Haste to kill me!
By your hand I fall contented.

ADAM. O thou all seeing Lord,
If real grief may touch thee,
Survey the contrite sinner,
Who through his eyes distills his heart in tears.
No! of thy mercy do not close the hand,
Since what sustains me now must fall and perish.
Behold, behold, dread Lord! unhappy man,
Who from the fatal fruit
Has to encounter all the snares of hell:
Defend him; he is thine, thine thou hast call'd him,
And having once been thine, thou must have loved him.

THE FLESH.

Go, full of terror and desire! I must
With the impetuous be meek and coy,
And with the timid bold, and urge him on,
Till love's keen canker-worm
Prey on the simple heart,
That never yet has felt the sting of passion.

ADAM. Who may this be? alas, both hope and fear
Urge me to seek, and bid me still be silent.

THE FLESH.

This lowliness, and this affected coyness
With an undaunted lover, this presumption
With one more soft and timid, are so prevailing
They seem two strong incentives
To kindle the fierce flame of love's desire.
Whence I a skilful mistress
Brandish my tongue,
And give a mortal wound.
Say why art thou so pensive,
O my most gentle Adam?

ADAM. Restrain, restrain thy step
Whoe'er thou art, nor with thy songs inveigle
Him, who has only cause for ceaseless tears.

THE FLESH.

Without thy strict injunction,
Creature of noble semblance,
To stand aloof from thee
Grieves me; I want the courage to approach
The flowery bloom of thy engaging face,
Fearing lest serpents in thy radiant eyes,
For ever on the watch
With stings devoid of pity, pierce my heart.
But every bitter root

That leads thee to suspicion,
I from thy breast will pluck, for know, I am
The very soul of love, yes! of that love
Which has induced thy Maker
From nothing to make all:
And since in that debased
Condition into which thy sorrows sunk thee,
This love alone can draw thee,
To the low world I took my flight from heaven.
Perchance thou may'st suppose, enjoying love,
That thou must therefore lead a savage life,
A lover of the brutes;
No, no, adorning all thy form with flowers,
And wearing on thy locks a wreath of palm,
Thou shalt enjoy a vest of gold and silver,
Such as I wear, and such as high in heaven
The radiant tissue shines, when sun and moon
Weave their united rays.
Thine eyes shall sparkle with resplendent fire,
On thy warm cheek a graceful blush shall glow,
And when in ecstasy thy lip is press'd,
Its richer hue shall make the coral pale.
Say at the very sound dost thou not feel
Thy heart dissolve in amorous joy? I see
Thou art delighted, Adam.

ADAM. I love, in truth I love,
But only burn with love
For my almighty Maker.

THE FLESH.

The soul alone can love,
Can love this heavenly lord:
But in these sublunary woodland scenes,
Love has delights of a corporeal kind.

ADAM. The love thou speak'st of it is mine to prove
With my beloved consort.

THE FLESH.

Yes! that is true; yet only sons of death
Can spring from your affection.

ADAM. Sad fruit of my offence!

THE FLESH.

Ah, but immortal children
From me shall spring, if thou wilt yield to me.
Amidst these herbs and flowers
Be our's sublimest love!
Simple! extend thy hand,
Behold, and touch my breast that thou wilt find
Far different from the breast of mortal Eve.
If thou wilt love, shall I not make thee worthy
Of the unbounded joy
To steal thee from thyself? Ah come, ah come,
To this pure bosom that I show thee, Adam!
Oh say to me, I love thee!
Perchance thou may'st believe,
Each man to spring from thee
Ought to be happy with a single woman;
Each woman too contented
To love one man alone!
Simple, if such thy thought:
For all the sweets of love
Become more poignant by the change of lovers.
See how each animal, that dwells on earth,
Leads a delicious life,
By changing its affection;
And thou, sole sovereign of each living creature,
Shalt thou content thee with a single lover?

ADAM. Let sorrow's flame convert my heart to ashes,
Rather than it may burn with double love!
Hence then! depart! for a blind mole am I
To all thy proffer'd beauty;
And truly in thy presence
I feel no touch of love.

THE FLESH.

O thou most icy heart!
Now kindle with the flame of my affection.
Behold this ample cavern of the earth;
Lo, it was made for love; whate'er it holds
Within its spacious circuit,
Of love perceives the fire.
Love rules the earth, the sea, the air, and fire,
With endless love a hundred genial stars,
Not moving from their sphere,
Scatter their flames through heaven;
And other wandering planets
Through those exalted regions
Direct their golden steps.
What river, fount or stream,
Unconscious flows and destitute of love?
What frozen sea does love not penetrate
With his imperious ardour?
What glowing ocean does not oft discover
A visage pale and wan,
As if infirm with love?
What flower, what plant, or stone,
Wishes for love in vain, of love deprived?
Whate'er inhabits heaven, or earth, or sea,
Burns in the flame of love.
Behold that sportive bird of painted wing,

That goes with fluttering joy from bough to bough,
And in his song declares he sings of love!
Behold the sweet and oft repeated kisses
Of those two doves, what dost thou think of them?
Of love they are the kisses.
The beauteous peacock see,
That gaily fondles his attractive mate;
He whirls the plume of love.
Hear you that nightingale, does she not mourn?
Now does she not exult? now 'tis her joy
With her melodious warble
To stun the vallies, and make glad the hills.
Simple, what dost thou think?
'Tis love that makes her tuneful.
Behold that river with its banks of flowers,
Its stream of purest silver,
And of fine gold its sand;
Behold, dost thou not see within its bosom
A thousand fishes glide?
They lead the dance of love.
Behold that sportive goat, that butting runs
Exulting o'er the plain,
His conflicts are from love.
Look there, and see amidst a thousand folds
Those close entwisted snakes,
That in a single being seem combined:
Coy Adam, even these
Weave the close web of love.
Behold, at length where yonder clustering vine
Her amorous arms around the elm extends,
She also burns with love.
Even that flower, that ever courts the sun,

Thus in its glances speaks,
I dart the glance of love!
And thou unmelting soul! wilt thou alone,
Wilt thou disdain to feel
That which all creatures prove?
Nought can resist my golden pungent dart,
Nor air, nor fire, nor sea, nor earth, nor heaven.

SCENE THE SECOND.

LUCIFER, THE FLESH, *and* ADAM.

Now burn with love, and bless the fond desire
Of her, whom the Creator
Made blazing all with love.

ADAM. And who art thou, whose thick and bushy locks
And beard of silver shade thy head and face?

LUCIFER. Adam, I am a man; I am thy brother,
But of a higher rank;
Since I have drawn the vital air of heaven,
Thou in this lower world;
For well thou know'st, that station
Affords an airy grandeur to our birth.
In years too I surpass thee;
My voice too, and my language
Declare me old, as these my locks of silver;
Now if all elder things
Are deem'd superior to their successors,
In this my merit must be more than thine.

ADAM. How I should answer thee, my tongue knows not,
Thou lofty Lord of Heaven!

Since my sad error with so thick a cloud
Of ever-during fear
O'ershades my eyes and heart.

LUCIFER. Oh, Adam, do not fear!

THE FLESH.

Wait thou a little! soon
That shall be known to thee, which now is hid:
All for thy good alone,
And to save man from many griefs and pains.

LUCIFER. Now, Adam, understand.
How having made me in his lofty heaven,
He next created thee;
For a new wish he form'd
To make another man, and give the world
To be his grateful residence, and then
Clay he made flesh, and of that flesh made man:
Then from the side of man he woman drew,
And then ordain'd the law
Prohibiting the apple,
Which if he tasted, man
Must be deprived of his celestial home.
Hence is it thou hast felt,
Hence is it thou hast seen
Clouds rolling through the air,
And fiery scintillations in the sky,
Rebellowing thunder and its rattling bolts,
And the tempestuous crash.
These mournful pomps of horror,
Say, say, what canst thou think
That they portend below to new made man?
All these appear'd in heaven, because from heaven
Now the celestial Adam is dislodged.

As to terrestial man,
(As if the world would drive him from the world,)
The earth itself grew barren,
And every fruit grew harsh,
The waters full of turbulence and gall,
And every creature sharpened
His beak, or tusk, or talon.
Behold at last, O heaven! a pair of brothers,
The citizens of earth.
O, Adam, do not grieve,
That I by fault of thine have now lost heaven,
Since to have haply found
Thee, my beloved brother,
Now makes me not to feel the loss of heaven;
And happy we will live
In this, a sylvan, and a sunny scene.
Or emulous of heaven, in God's own heaven
Raised to a noble seat,
I will, that we ascend,
And underneath our feet
Joy to behold the congregated choirs,
Even like the blessed choirs,
The children of this man.
Now if we wish success to our desires,
And should delight to see
Springing like grass, and frequent as the flowers,
Our children rapidly arise to light,
Turn we our eyes and heart
To this fair goddess of delightful love!
For easy 'tis to her
To form in sweet array the troops we wish.
A plant so sweetly fruitful

Is not; nor is the Earth herself so fertile;
Nor does it raise so soon
Its nutritive production,
As she will raise, if we are so disposed,
The fruit of lovely children.
Then to the lily whiteness
Of her enchanting cheek
Advance the living roses of the lip!
And of so sweet a flower
For this love's goddess let us form a garland!
Oh to the living ruby
Of this sweet fount of kisses,
If he for kisses thirst,
The hart of love shall run,
There bathe his thirsty lip,
And there on kisses quench his mighty ardour.

THE FLESH.

Why this delay, O Adam?
Approach, approach, my heart!
Satiate thy thirst of love!

LUCIFER. What! dost thou fear, and tremble?
Now let the empty cloud
Of all thy vain suspicion
Disperse before the sun of heavenly truth!
Extend, extend thy arms
And in one dear embrace encircle both!
Happy who pants for thee! alas, what dost thou?
At once thou givest, and again draw'st back
Thy blandishments, like lightning,
That in appearing flies and vanishes.

ADAM. What fear assaults my heart I cannot tell,
But feel that like a timid deer I pant
At the dire barking of blood-thirsty hounds.

SCENE THE THIRD.

CHERUBIM, GUARDIAN OF ADAM, ADAM, THE FLESH, *and* LUCIFER.

CHERUBIM. 'Tis time to succour man: Alas! what dost thou,
Most miserable Adam?

LUCIFER. Why dost thou silent stand? what are thy thoughts?

ADAM. I seem'd to hear a plaintive, pleasing voice,
That in this manner spoke: Alas! what dost thou?
Most miserable Adam!

THE FLESH.

A vain desire, and dread
Now lords it o'er thy heart.

CHERUBIM. Since thy heart trembles, evils must be nigh.

ADAM. I tremble at deceit.

LUCIFER. Thou must have lost thy reason,
If thou canst fear thy mistress, and thy brother.

CHERUBIM. Fear! for they are thy foes.

ADAM. Thou say'st thou art my brother, she my mistress;
But if ye were my foes?—

THE FLESH.

Cruel to treat us so!
What enemy can man now have on earth?

CHERUBIM. The enemy of Eve.

ADAM. He, who occasion'd misery to Eve,
And he, who was the cause, that from this brow
The painful sweat must now descend in streams.

LUCIFER. So little wilt thou trust us?

So lightly dost thou love us?
Yet it is fit thy fault
Call forth the tears to flow into thy bosom.

THE FLESH.

With treachery 'tis fit to treat with man
In gesture, tears, and voice,
Only to plunge him in Tartarean fires.

ADAM. They weep in such abundance,
That every tear, they shed, strikes on my bosom;
And though like marble hard,
I fear, I fear, that if it does not split,
It may at least be soften'd.

ANGEL. These are the poisonous waters of Avernus,
(Incautious man!) that from their eyes distill.

LUCIFER. Ah Heaven! why didst thou form me?
Why didst thou join my lot
With this ungrateful, misbelieving Adam,
That feels not his own good, or my affliction?

ADAM. Restrain thy grief, thy tears! and suffer me,
(If it is true, thy soul desires my good,)
To speak to thee apart,
And I to thee will open all my thoughts.

LUCIFER. Hast thou no other wish?

ADAM. No! I require no more.

LUCIFER. Behold us now apart! behold us far!
If any other wish
Strike thee, command! behold! we are obedient
Not to thy words alone, but to thy nod.

ADAM. What wouldst thou, O my heart?
What is thy wish, my soul?
Now quiet thy desires! quiet thy pains!

CHERUBIM. Tell him, if he's thy brother,

And both descendants from the starry sphere,
They should with thee, in pure and perfect zeal,
Adore the Maker of the heaven and earth.

ADAM. That which my heart suggests, I now will do.

THE FLESH.

O tempter! now I fear
Some singular mischance.

CHERUBIM. Now, now the fraud is known.

ADAM. Now, brother, if you wish,
With this your pure celestial paramour,
Hail'd as the soul of love,
That I should think the one an heavenly Adam,
And her the only love of our great Maker,
Now bend with me your humble knees to earth!

LUCIFER. How in one instant can two opposites,
Humility and pride,
Together reign in me?

ADAM. Can Adam so delay?

LUCIFER. I'll tell thee; ah, it seems a thing unfit
That a celestial knee
Should bend to this vile earth.

ADAM. Thou hast already told me,
That in the high celestial plains above
Thou must no longer dwell,
But here with me enjoy delightful days,
Amid these sunny spots;
Let it not then displease thee
With earthly habitudes
To have thy breast, O Adam, fraught like mine!

THE FLESH.

Well dost thou speak, O Adam! I am ready
To pay thee prompt obedience.

LUCIFER. And I will also show,
This fair one's pleasure shall my pleasure be.
ADAM. Behold I bow myself! behold me bend!
Now let united hands be raised to heaven.
LUCIFER. To make palm meet with palm, in vain we strive.
ADAM. In truth there seems much pain.
LUCIFER. Perhaps you wish
Our hands united thus?
ADAM. No! what,—do you not see
That both united form a knot together,
Finger entwisting finger?

THE FLESH.

Perhaps you choose them thus?
ADAM. Alas! the example,
That with my hands before your eyes I show you,
Serves it so little? heavens! what do I see?
So destitute of sense
Are heavenly creatures?
LUCIFER. Now behold them join'd.

THE FLESH.

In truth I cannot tell,
If Hell this day more tries the strength of Adam,
Or Adam more torments the powers of Hell.
LUCIFER. Vigour, soul! animation!
For in proportion as our strife is bloody,
So will our palm of conquest rise in glory.
ADAM. Why do you thus apart
In such confusion speak?
Now raise your eyes to heaven,
And with delight contemplate
Of all those starry sapphires

Those rays so splendid dazzle us too much.

ADAM. This is my foe: I now discern him we
The eagle of the sun
Is used with pleasure on the sun to gaze;
And thou, an heavenly eagle,
Accustom'd to the brightest rays of heaven,
Dost thou disdain, or shun them
Dazzled, and in confusion?

THE FLESH.

Who knows what splendours in high heaven are kin
He, who surveys them oft,
Is satiated at last;
There's nought created so divine and dear,
That in long intercourse becomes not tiresome.

ADAM. Celestial good ne'er satiates, but delig
And magnifies itself in God's perfection;
As the fair landscape's beauty
(Though 'tis a low example)
Becomes more perfect, and more flowery seems,
When the sun gilds the vallies and the hills.
But as I wish what ye too both desire,
Now let your eyes be closed

That by a single effort
I will repeat thy words.
ADAM. I am contented;
Yet thou observe my words! Thee I adore,
Thus with my knees to earth, and streaming eyes,
Lord of the empyrean!
Great sovereign of the heavens, and only God!
Holy, firm, formidable, just, and pious!
And still dost thou delay?
LUCIFER. I meditate thy speech,
Which to me seems so long,
I doubt my power to speak it.
ADAM. Shall I again pronounce it?
LUCIFER. This I cannot desire,
But find a great defect
In this imploring speech.
ADAM. Pray tell me what?
LUCIFER. No humble worshipper, not the adorer,
But the adored, 'tis just that I should be.
Alas! I can no longer
Such outrages endure:
No! who I am, I must at length reveal.

THE FLESH.

Alas! the same thing even I must do.
ADAM. Alas! what do I see?
What horrid form, amidst the clustering trees,
Does this false denizen of heaven assume?
And his immodest partner?
Alas! their winged feet
The false ones move to me,
And from their pomp and gold,
Breathe forth infuriate flame!

Succour me! help, O God!
Take pity on my failing!
LUCIFER. Fly, as thou canst, from these my rapid wings
Thy flying must be vain.
Alas! to my great grief, this day I see
Who has the prize of conquest,
Who soonest yields, and from his rival flies.
So that I well can say
To the eternal gulf,
That in this hard and perilous contention,
The toil belongs to Hell; to man the glory.
I lose, alas! I lose: now with what face
Can this my foot be turn'd again to hell?

THE FLESH.

Ah! sad and dire event! ah strife! ah death!
LUCIFER. Yes, yes, 'tis just, that my infernal rage
Should all now turn on me,
Since I have vainly tried
To work the condemnation of this man.
But can this be? (ah! hard is my belief,)
Exalted providence!
CHERUBIM. Thou canst not mount, fierce monster! I affirm it,
By this high brandish'd dart of penal fire.
LUCIFER. Ah, for the seats of hell
I spread my rapid wings.
CHERUBIM. And I these happier wings lucid and light,
Will exercise around
For man's protection, and in scorn of hell.

SCENE THE FOURTH.

THE WORLD.

How fine I now appear! no more I seem
A monster now of horror,
But of a lofty spot
The blissful habitant, and call'd *The World;*
That so adorn'd and splendid,
Amidst thy prime delights,
Laughter, and songs, and amorous affections,
My snares of silver, and my nets of gold
I may extend for man,
That he may slide and fall, to rise no more;
And try in vain to heaven
Again to rise upon the wings of zeal.
And should he seem for ever
Bent to survey the lovely azure heaven,
The sun's bright lustre, and the lunar ray,
And trembling stellar fires,
I will delude him so
With other lovely skies, that from the first
Quick he shall turn his view.
I will, that my fair heaven
Shall be of living sapphire; there shall shine
A sun of bright pyropus, and a moon
Form'd of the beamy diamond's spotless light.
A thousand and a thousand sparkling stars,
Of jewels rich and rare;
And if amidst this lightning it may thunder,
And burning bolts may seem to dart around,
My lightning be the ruby,

My thunder sounding silver,
With thunderbolts of gold, and storms of pearl!
As a proud sovereign of so rich a heaven,
The World shall still exult,
And this new man shall bend to me in worship;
And thus of these my pomps,
My luxuries, and joys,
The numerous sons of man, become enamour'd,
Shall never know repose;
But with destructive force
Each shall endeavour of his wretched brother
To gain the envied finery and wealth.
Man I behold already for this gold,
And for the world's delights,
In horrid mansion full of smoke and fire,
Tempering the deadly steel;
Now at the anvil, see!
How striking frequent with his iron mace,
He forms the coat of mail; makes it his vest,
And for destruction draws the blade of steel.
Another, see! converting
Cold iron into fire,
Tapers, and twists it round;
And now an hatchet forms; now see him eager
To level trees and woods,
And now, with numerous planks,
Behold him raise a work
Fit to sustain the fury of the sea.
Others I see toiling to pass o'er alps,
To pass o'er mountains, and the riven rock:
Leeches that prey on ore,
And from earth's bosom suck great veins of gold.

Lo! others in the deep
Trying the fertile sea, plunge through the waves,
Fearless encountering its tempestuous pride,
If they from crusted shell, or craggy rock
May coral draw, or pearl.
Ah, labour as thou wilt, and sigh, or sweat
In this pursuit of gold,
Thy cares and woes shall gather in proportion
To all thy gather'd wealth.
Lo! to preserve thy jewels and thy wealth,
Thou hidest them under earth,
And gold forbids thee to enjoy thy gold.
Hence treacherous we see
The servant to his lord,
And through his breast and heart
He thrusts the faithless sword,
Through eagerness of gold.
Hence on the table of a royal house
There stands the statue of an unicorn,
As if in scorn of man;
Since, giving safety to a mighty lord,
The beast exposes human cruelty.
Hence is it that the son,
Greedy of gold, becomes his father's foe,
Wishes him short existence,
Flies him, and steals his wealth,
So that to make him glad, his sire may pine.
Hence is it, that for gold,
Brothers, becoming frantic,
Brandish the hostile steel,
And deem this gold more precious than their blood.
Here by the blaze of gold

The eyes of woman dazzled
See not her husband, nor regard her children,
While, on the wings of passion,
She with the adulterer flies, nor yet perceives
That for this gold (vile dust!)
She has resolved to quit her very flesh.
What more? what more? not only
By gold's possession thou shalt prove the foe
Of wife, of father, brother, and of friend,
But rebel even to God;
Since with intemperate zeal
Mere idols form'd of gold,
Thou shalt proclaim the only powers of heaven.
But what do I behold? blest that I am!
I see fair Eve approach! on her soft back
Bearing a load of many leafy boughs:
What she now means to do
Here will I watch, conceal'd amidst this bower.

SCENE THE FIFTH.

EVE *and* THE WORLD.

EVE. Canst thou presume, afflicted, wretched Eve,
To the bright sun to raise again thine eyes?
No! no! thou art unworthy well thou seest:
Thou couldst behold him once,
And gaze delighted on his golden splendour;
Now if thou darest to view him,
His radiance dazzles thee; rather thou seem'st,
When thou hast dared to meet his potent beams,
To have thy fading eyes
Wrapt in a dusky veil.

Alas! it is too true,
That I in darkness dwell,
And in the formidable clouds of sin
I have o'erwhelm'd the light of innocence.
Ah wretched, mournful Eve!
If now thou turn'st thy foot,
Eager to taste the pure and limpid stream,
Alas, how troubled dost thou find the water,
Or else the fountain dry!
If with quick appetite thou chance to turn,
Anxious from lovely plants to pluck the fruit,
How dost thou find it crude,
Or made the dark recess of filthy worms!
If weary, 'midst the flowers
Thou seek'st to close thine eyes,
Behold! with fluttering pinions at thy feet,
A serpent 'midst the flowers darts and hisses.
Now to avoid the heat
Of the fierce sun if thou wouldst seek the shade
Of the thick wood, or of the leafy grove,
Thou fear'st the rage of monsters, and must tremble
Like the light leaf that shakes at every breeze.
And hence it is thy wish
To fasten bough to bough, and trunk to trunk,
Raising some safe asylum
From serpents, monsters, tempests, and the sun.
To you then will I turn me, verdant boughs,
That hither on my back with toil I bore,
Do you defend me now! now rise you here,
Afford a safe retreat
To Eve so wretched! Lo! I thus begin.
It will suffice, if I with tender hand

Just shadow, what with far superior strength
And more enlighten'd sense,
The sinner, Adam, here may terminate.

THE WORLD.

Abode more firm and faithful,
Hell now prepares for thee, or rather Death.
Behold, behold, how she
Employs herself in placing these green boughs!
To Eve I will unveil me:—Ah! what dost thou?
Why art thou raising thus,
Eve, gentle fair one, these thy leafy boughs?
Tell me, what wouldst thou do,
Why dost thou toil and sigh?

EVE. Alas! what do I see?
Do not approach me! no! from me be far!

THE WORLD.

What canst thou fear, O lovely,
Sweet angel of the earth?
Joy of all hearts, and honour of the world?

EVE. Thou Lord, who didst create me,
This stranger, who now rich in gold and gems
Courteous accosts me with a human face,
Do thou to me reveal;
Nor let our God consent,
That Eve again, or man,
Precipitately fall in fatal error!
Alas! with human face
An artful base deceiver
Led me to taste the interdicted apple;
And thence my heart must dread
Other infernal guile,
Since in the world one man alone exists.

THE WORLD.

Before my light, as at the radiant sun
Darkness itself is used to disappear,
Drive from thy heart this cloud,
That makes thy visage pale;
And from the lovely cave of glowing rubies,
Now closed to guard, as in the depth of Ganges,
The treasure of inestimable pearls,
Send forth thy tender sighs;
And if, thou fair one, 'tis thy wish to sigh,
Let all thy sighs be sweet!

EVE. And who art thou, so eager
To change the tears of woman into smiles?

THE WORLD.

Know, gentle fair one, you in me behold
As much as you can see,
Raising your eyes to heaven,
Or turning them to earth;
An indigested mass,
Chaos I once was call'd, now fair and fine,
Heaven, earth, and sea salute me as *The World.*
I too have had my residence amidst
The miracles above;
But O! a fault of mine,
Which now to tell thee would be out of season,
Induced the sacred Resident above
From his eternal dome in wrath to drive me;
And from a bright and fine
Trophy of Paradise,
Into a shapeless mass
Of hideous matter he converted me.
At last my mighty Maker, having seen

That my condition balanced my offence,
Bestow'd upon me soon another form,
Far from his highest heaven, and thus at once
Annihilated that tremendous prison,
Dreary and dark; he made me in exchange
The luminous gay World.

EVE. Alas! my first alarm
So deeply wounds, and lords it o'er my heart,
I know not what to credit, what to do.

THE WORLD.

Now, since there's nothing that to me affords
Such infinite disgust,
As to behold aught dirty and neglected,
I pray thee, lovely fair, be it thy study
With purple, gold, and robes adorn'd with pearl,
To grace thy gentle form, and cast to earth
Those skins of animals that shock the sight.
Observe how much more pleasing and majestic
Man may be render'd by a graceful dress!
Compared to me, dost thou not seem a beast?
Rather among the beasts
Dost thou not seem the vilest animal?
Dost thou not see, that every abject creature,
Or of the foaming sea,
Or of the fields of air,
Or of the woods and mountains,
Are deck'd with humid scales,
Gay feathers, shaggy skins, or painted bristles?
And if on earth thou wert created naked,
Yet well array'd with reason
Appear'd thy noble soul, by which thou might'st
(Made empress of the world)

Deck thee with radiant gems, and robes of gold.
Too vile a mansion are the woods for thee,
In nakedness surpassing even the beasts.
For what end dost thou think,
The great exalted hand
Created in a moment
Gold, silver, and rich gems?
Perchance, perchance thou think'st
It may be right, that these
Bright wonders of the world
Rest ever buried in a blind oblivion.
No! no! thou simpleton, it is that man,
Sweating in their pursuit,
May decorate himself; and as the sun
Flames in full splendour in a sapphire sky,
Or 'mid the stars of gold
The bright and silvery moon,
He thus may glitter in this earthly heaven.
What more! behold what gems the sea conceals,
Or the rich earth embraces,
Which, tempting man to joy,
Display their rare endowments;
Whence it is just to say,
They were for man created; and if blind
Through ignorance he slights them,
Or shows himself ungrateful,
Why has such treasure been for man created?
Shall it be true, that you, the sovereign fair,
The gentle ruler of this worldly realm,
Can prove to God ungrateful? to the World
Like earth's vile offspring? Rise! assume this gold,
The topaz, ruby, pearls, and splendid purple.

Bright robes of gold, and rich habiliments!
In worldly trophies like our lofty queen
Shine, Eve, and let all creatures worship thee!
O how in viewing thee, thou radiant fair,
Cover'd with gems and gold,
I seem to joy! O how,
While you majestically move along,
The flowers appear before your feet to weave
A sweet impediment!
Rather I seem to see the stars from heaven
Innumerous descend,
Here for your feet to form a bright support.
What dost thou, pensive fair?
Now of thy radiant locks, that stream at length,
A string of jewels, of fine threads you weave,
For hearts a net of gold.
Now let a charming smile
Enliven thy sweet cheek!
Then shalt thou hear in accents of delight
The birds around miraculously say,
"O what a lip of coral!
And what fair teeth of pearl,
Has Eve's sweet mouth, so delicately small!
How sweet is her discourse,
That seems to be below, what, in high heaven,
The voice of God is to the blessed host."
Arise, arise! be warm,
Thou spring of tenderness, and flame of souls!
Come! leave! O leave the woods
To creatures of the forest;
And with resplendent brass,
And snowy shining marble,

Let a proud palace now be raised to heaven,
To form a worthy mansion for thy merit!
To make this easy to thee
The World will find not difficult. That wood,
Which you have wish'd to join,
Fearing the fury of the savage beasts,
Let that now form a seat
With walls of silver, and a roof of gold,
Of emerald its pillars,
And hung on golden hinges, gates of pearl!

EVE. Oh heaven! what do I see? what's this, O God?

THE WORLD.

What hast thou more to say? Ah, simple, enter
With light and speedy foot, there, where alone
Thou find'st a fit abode!
Then wilt thou truly be of thy great Maker,
The image and ingenious imitator,
Since he among so many
Legions in heaven, as much as he excels them
In majesty, so much himself he raised
On his exalted throne, in highest heaven.
Thus here below let man amid these tribes
Of fishes and of birds,
And of unnumber'd beasts,
Possess a mansion worthy
Both of his name and empire!

EVE. In truth when I behold your mighty pomps,
That might so soon be counted as my own,
I will not say that my high heart feels not
The goading of ambition; but in turning
My eyes upon the precept of my Father,

I will disdain, and from your proffers fly,
As from vile dirt the snowy ermine flies.
And this poor skin alone
Shall be my golden robe adorn'd with pearl;
A cave my proud abode;
The troubled water and rude herbs to me,
Dear beverage and food.
No! no! I will not to my first dread fault
Now add a second like it; making thus
A path more recent to the gulf of ruin:

THE WORLD.

O simple fair, come forth!
Come forth, ye fair and gentle virgins all,
From this my golden palace!
Be you devoted handmaids
Around this fair, and 'midst your tuneful songs
Present to her rich robes, adorn'd with gold!

SCENE THE SIXTH.

CHORUS OF NYMPHS, EVE, THE WORLD, *and* ADAM.

BEHOLD in dance, O joyful World,
Little virgins;
See these maidens,
With their treasure bright and cheerful;
Hearken now how they are singing;
Eve alone invoke, and honour!
See their robes with gold inwoven;
See their vestments
Shedding lustre
From the treasure of their jewels!
Bright the crown, and rich the sceptre,

That to Eve is now presented.
If in heaven, nor sun nor planet
Shed its ardour
And its radiance,
Heaven would be a mass of horror;
But with light so pure and radiant
Heaven is term'd the seat of splendour.
He, who made so many wonders,
Fair and beauteous,
Is desirous
All that's fair to have before him:
Deck thyself then, O thou coy one,
If thy God delights in beauty.

ADAM. What dost thou, Eve, not see
That if uncautious to these charms thou yieldest,
We shall sink deeper in the snares of hell?

EVE. Alas! what do I hear?

ADAM. Hence, ye rebellious crew!
By virtue of my God depart confounded,
To the infernal realms!

CHORUS. Ah, thou must then avoid this light of day,
Thou sightless mole of hell!

THE WORLD.

Ah flesh infected!
Await, O yet await
Fit punishment to your presumptuous rage!
And hast thou dared so highly,
Thou creature of corruption,
That this bright palace which for Eve I raised,
Speaking thou hast ingulf'd,
And from the day hast banish'd
A num and graceful nymphs.

Come forth, now all come forth,
Ye horrid monsters, from the caves of hell!
Let us this hour display
Our utmost fortitude, and force supreme.
Now let this man be chain'd;
Fix him a prisoner in the depths of hell,
And let his victor reap the glory due.
EVE. Succour, O God! O succour!
Lord shew thy mercy to my great offence!
ADAM. Ah do not fear, my love,
But hope, still hope in Heaven; hope, for at last
Celestial grace was never slow to save.

SCENE THE SEVENTH.

LUCIFER, DEATH, THE WORLD, *and* CHORUS OF DEMONS, *armed with various Arms.*

LUCIFER. Thou fool, in vain thou toil'st
To invocate high heaven; thy God may arm,
If he is not abased, and with him arm
His flying warriors all,
From our infernal chains
And these sharp talons, now to draw thee forth;
To his first loss, and first discomfiture,
A second like the first shall soon be join'd.
Of his supernal loss has he not heal'd
The painful memory,
The ruin of his Angels?
That now, inflamed with anger,
He seeks in heaven another mightier ruin?
To arms! at length to arms,
Satanic warriors all!

And let his wretched residue of Angels,
All falling out of heaven,
Be all ingulfed in hell!
Lo meteors in the air and storms at sea
I kindle and I raise:
Lo Tartarus his wings
Spreads for celestial seats:
Behold the stars of God
By Lucifer's proud foot crush'd and extinguish'd;
And girt for war and glory,
Let Tartarus through heaven proclaim a triumph!

SCENE THE EIGHTH.

ARCHANGEL MICHAEL, CHORUS OF ANGELS, CHORUS OF DEMONS.

MICHAEL. Tremble, thou son of wrath,
At this sharp dart's inevitable glance,
At the dread stroke of the celestial leader;
Not against God, against thyself alone,
Thou raisest wrath, and wounding wound'st thyself.
Sink into shade, misguided, wretched spirit!
Utterly void of all angelic light,
Be blind in gazing on that heavenly lustre
To me imparted by the Lord of light,
The dazzler of the sun.
Fly, ye infected crew,
Ye enemies of God,
Nor let the breathing whirlwind,
With blast from hell, the yet unruin'd life
Of man o'erwhelm with deeper shades of darkness.
No more thy fatal hiss, thou snake of hell,

Shall by its discord stun;
Since pierced and panting now
Thou faintest, poison'd by thy own contagion.
LUCIFER. Heaven's talking minister,
With rays more loaded than inspired with courage;
Soft creature of the sky,
Thou angel of repose,
In solemn indolence,
Humility's calm nest, a seat of peace,
A warrior but in name,
Whose countenance is fear, whose heart confusion;
Spread, spread thy pinions for the arms of God,
Take refuge there, and there be confident!
For too unequal would the combat be
'Twixt cowardice and valour,
The warrior and the slave,
Infirmity and strength, and, let me say,
Betwixt vile Michael and brave Lucifer.
But if such daring can inflame thy heart,
As now to rescue from this warlike arm
That man, mere flesh and clay,
That animated dust, I warn thee well
Of mortal conflict sharp, where thou shalt see,
By this avenging hand
All the large family of God extinguish'd.
MICHAEL. Such mournful victory,
O Belial, in thy frenzy desperate,
As once in heaven thou gain'st, now with mankind
Subduing the deceived,
And hence the conquer'd conquers,
Freed is the captive, and thyself ensnared.
Now be it manifest

What palms of victory 'tis thine to raise.
Behold against thee, thou unfaithful spirit,
Michael become compassionately cruel.

LUCIFER. If at the early sound of war, the first
Encounter of our arms,
'Twas given a mighty warrior to destroy
A third part of the stars,
See in what brief assault
I can demolish the great seat of God!
Be dazzled now before this warlike blaze,
That from the brow of death I now diffuse,
Whirling in bloody circle
From my high front these death-denouncing comets!
Behold, behold at length
Heaven yields no more a refuge to its angels!
Since to a fate more joyous
A happy pass expands, and seems to say
Begone, at length begone,
Ye frighten'd angels, now relinquish heaven!
The warrior doom'd to hell
Becomes the blessed lord of these bright seats.

MICHAEL. Why longer pause to crush the proud loquacity
Of this presumptuous and insulting rebel?
Soon with a pen of adamant, with striking
Dread characters of blood,
Within the volume of eternal woe
The glory shall be blazon'd
Of thy lost victory.
To arms! at length to arms,
To spread dismay through hell!
Joy, Man! smile, Heaven; and Tartarus, lament!

LUCIFER. Seldom upon the vaunting
Of a proud tongue too bold
Boldness of hand attends. To arms! to arms!
Thou fight with me; and you, my followers, all
Unconquerable warriors,
Transperse and put to flight this abject crew,
The timid partisans
Of an unwarlike leader!
Ah! him who favours brief and endless shame
Possess'd in heaven, and now on earth display'd
Great fortitude but with unequal force,
Him a celestial stroke
Now drives confounded to the blind abyss;
And justice here decrees,
That he who lost the fight should lose the sun.
Angels and God, at length ye are triumphant!
Now, now is Lucifer
O'erwhelm'd, and all his legion
Sinks from the light of day to endless night.

MICHAEL. Fall thou at length, fall wounded and subdued,
Fierce monster of the shades,
To death's deep horrors, there be doom'd to die
By an immortal death!
Nor hope thy wings to heaven
Ever to spread again, that wish, too bold
For thee, so desperate and unrepenting.
Thou'rt fallen, at length thou'rt fallen,
Most arrogant of monsters,
In pain thou sink'st as low,
As high in joy it was thy hope to soar.
Again thou learn'st to fall,

Transfixt with thunder, to the drear abyss.
Fool! thou hast wish'd to take this man thy captive,
And thou alone hast plunged
Within the deepest gulf:
Hence, pierced and overwhelm'd,
Sinking to Tartarus,
The flame of wrath eternal
Bore thee to hell, the hell of hottest fires.
A spotless angel, O thou prince of falsehood,
Thy folly hoped to put to flight and wound;
But thou, opposed to him
Hast yielded, plying thy winged feet in haste.
Thou too hast hoped to turn the spacious world,
In hostile flame, to ashes,
And at thy ardent blast and baleful breathing
Clouds, lightning, and tempestuous bursts of thunder,
With rattling deadly bolts of arrowy flame,
Roll'd through the air, whence all the mountains shook,
And all the vales re-echoed in convulsion.
And yet, behold, in heaven
The spheres move round more musical than ever,
And all the azure sky
The lucid sun with brighter beam adorns;
Behold the ocean, tremulously placid,
And from his Persian gulf
In gay abundance scattering pearl and coral;
Nor weary are the sportive fish in gliding
Along the trembling sapphire.
Behold, what verdant and what flowery brows
These pleasant vales in exultation raise;
Hark, to the grateful accents
Of every flying songster,

Inhabitant of air,
That in his flight now gives
Voice to the woods and music to the vales.
Now, all rejoicing in a day so noble,
To the confusion and the shame of hell,
Let every spotless ensign rise to heaven,
And fluttering sport with the exulting winds;
Let all the instruments of heavenly glory
Sound through the sky the victories of heaven!

SCENE THE NINTH.

ADAM, EVE, CHORUS OF ANGELS.

O SOUNDS beloved, that call us now in joy,
To scenes we left in sorrow; ah! I fear
To taint the fragrance of the heavenly host,
Stain'd as I am with sin.
O thou, that haply of celestial ruby
Wearest the blazing mail,
Hallow'd and brave Archangel,
Brave, yet compassionate, thy golden locks
Radiant as light, thy glittering helmet covers;
Thou in thy right hand shakest the spear of victory,
And raisest in thy left a golden balance;
Close, close thy painted plumes so rich in gold,
And cast a gentle look
On him who, prostrate, honours and adores thee.

EVE. O happy dawn of the eternal sun,
Thou courteous kind restorer,
To these my blinded eyes
With sorrow darken'd, and bedew'd with tears;
Now, of thy rays a fixt contemplator,

The mole of error stands;
Now on your voice depends
An asp, once deaf to heaven's most friendly dictates.
I, wavering wanderer,
Who undissembling own
The fault in which I fell, to thee I bend,
Nor in my speech deny
That I am Eve, the cause
Of human-kind's perdition.
Now let thy guardian hand
(O in the deeds of God thou faithful servant!)
Relieve me from the depth
Of my so great offences.

ADAM. Of heavenly mysteries
And secret will of God,
Thou hallow'd blest revealer,
Angel of eloquence!
The fatal presages
Of mournful Eve and Adam
Now quiet with the breath
Of thy exalted converse;
So that this troubled flood
That strikes the heart, in issuing from the eyes,
No more may make me seem
A rock of sorrow in a sea of tears.

MICHAEL. Arise, O both arise, you who of God
Are creatures so regarded,
Dismiss your fears of the infernal portent.
If your eternal Lord
Corrects you with one hand,
He with the other proffers your protection.
With happy auspices,

He who delivers souls,
On his light wings directs his flight to you,
In God's dread warfare harbinger of peace.
The mighty Fount of life,
The Artificer of souls,
The Architect of worlds,
The mighty Lord of heaven,
Maker of angels and of all things made,
The infinite Creator,
To safety summons you,
And to short war a lasting peace ordains.
Now from those double fountains
The warm and gushing streams
Of sorrow, Eve, restrain!
Thou hast been culpable
In rashly seizing the forbidden fruit;
To man thou hast occasion'd
Anguish and grief; thou hast indeed converted
Peace into war, and life into perdition:
Now by the aid of Him,
Whose handmaid nature is, and servant fate,
Who can restrain the sun,
And motion give to this unmoving mass,
Even yet may Eve enjoy
In prison, liberty;
May be unbound, though fetter'd,
And triumph, while she is o'ercome, and vanquish.
Now, since there shines in heaven
The star of love and peace,
And to the shame of hell,
The victor to the vanquish'd yields his palm,
Ah now let each, with humble eyes to heaven,

Incline the knee to earth,
And supplicant in prayer, give God the praise
Of goodness infinite;
For you shall find, to recompense your zeal,
That God your father is, your mansion heaven;
ADAM. Thou mighty Lord, who resting high above,
With regulated errors
And with discordant union guidest heaven;
O of the fair eternal realms of light
Thou Lord immutable, resplendent power,
Thou dazzler and obscurer of the sun!
Now in these weeping eyes
And on this humid cheek
I dry my bitter tears, I cheer my heart.
Now, by thy zealous mercy,
Though spotted, I have safety;
Security in hazard, love in hate,
And sinking into hell,
Am yet a citizen of highest heaven.
EVE. With dissolution life,
With strife and contest peace,
With ruin victory,
With deep offence salvation,
With powers of darkness heaven,
These to unite is not a human talent,
But of the eternal hand,
Omnipotence supreme; hence is it, Lord,
That wounded Eve is whole,
Triumphs in loss, and, though subdued, has glory.
My guide, I will obey thee;
Since, O benignant Lord,
Thy service is dominion,

And to obey thee, glory.
If pain allow not that I speak the pain
Which wounds my heart so deeply,
Thou most indulgent Father
Givest to the heart and soul a new existence:
Awaken'd by affliction,
Raising my voice to heaven
I'll teach resounding echo
To carry to the sky my humble song,
Devoted to thy praise.

MICHAEL. Ye victims cleansed by tears,
Ye martyrs in affliction,
Amidst your blessed pains,
Ye holocausts of life and of content!
Now call the stars no more
Vindictive; war is now
Converted into peace,
And death turn'd into life.
Hence mortal Adam is now made immortal,
And Eve, though dead in many parts, revives.
The potent fire of love,
In which the tender God of mercy blazes,
Inflames him with pure zeal to save the sinner.
Contend, resist, and bravely
Wage with the hostile Serpent constant war;
It is man's province now
To conquer Hell, and triumph over Death.
Creatures of grace! feel deeply now for ever,
That your most gracious Father
Would not direct towards the ground your face,
As he has made the brute, but up to heaven;
So that, for ever mindful of their source,

Your happy souls may point towards their home:
For the high realm of heaven
Is as a shining glass, in which of God
The glories ever blaze.
Inure yourselves to water, sun, and winds,
And in the stony caves,
In the most barren desert
That the sun visits when he blazes most,
There both exert your powers;
There many years and many,
United ye shall dwell in hallow'd love;
And from your progeny henceforth the world
Exulting shall derive fertility.
And now to you, ye mortal pair, I promise,
As ye together sinn'd,
If ye in penitence have join'd together,
Together e'en in Heaven,
In a corporeal veil
Contemplating the sacred face of God,
Ye shall enjoy the bliss of Paradise.

ADAM. Greater than my offence I now acknowledge
Your mercy, O my God!
Since you, become the sovereign friend of man,
To him, though ruin'd, now extend your hand!

EVE. As I have known to sin,
So shall I know to weep;
For who in sinning knew forbidden joy,
Humble in punishment, should know to suffer.
Be mute, be mute, my tongue,
Speak thou within, my heart,
And say with words of love,

See how to mortals, even in perdition,
The hand of heavenly succour was extended!

MICHAEL. At length, since now with joy
Man, being thus deliver'd
From hell's keen talon, feels unbounded transport,
And in his rapture deems
Earth turn'd to heaven, this world a paradise;
By these pure splendid dazzling rays of heaven,
By these delightful fires,
That in the light of God more lovely blaze,
Rich with new beams, and with new suns this day,
Day of festivity,
The day of paradise, rather a day
Blest in itself, and blessing every other!
Let all with festive joy
Of God's indulgence sing;
Of Adam and of Eve,
Now made on earth the denizens of heaven;
And let your tuneful songs
Become the wonder of futurity.

ANGELS SING.

Move, let us move our feet
There, where this man shall now
Wash out his past offence
With humble, hallow'd drops;
And of the mighty Maker
Praise we the love and mercy,
That in this day to man's envenom'd wound
Suddenly gives his pity's healing aid;
Rejects him and receives,
Deeming his every wrong and error light;

And now at last with more benignant zeal,
And in despite of Satan,
Gives him, redeem'd from Hell,
A seat amid the golden stars of Heaven.
Ye progeny of Adam,
Whose race we shall behold adorn the world,
Ye shall not pray in vain
To your high Lord, the fountain of all mercy.
Be leaves of that pure branch,
On which the Word Incarnate shall be grafted!
Thunder, infuriate Hell,
Be stormy! yet his leaf shall never fall:
To him a joyous offspring
Is promised by the Lord of heaven's great vineyard,
Stricken, transfixt, enkindled in a blaze,
And burning with eternal love for man.

END OF VOL. X.

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PATERNOSTER ROW, *Feb.* 1, 1837.